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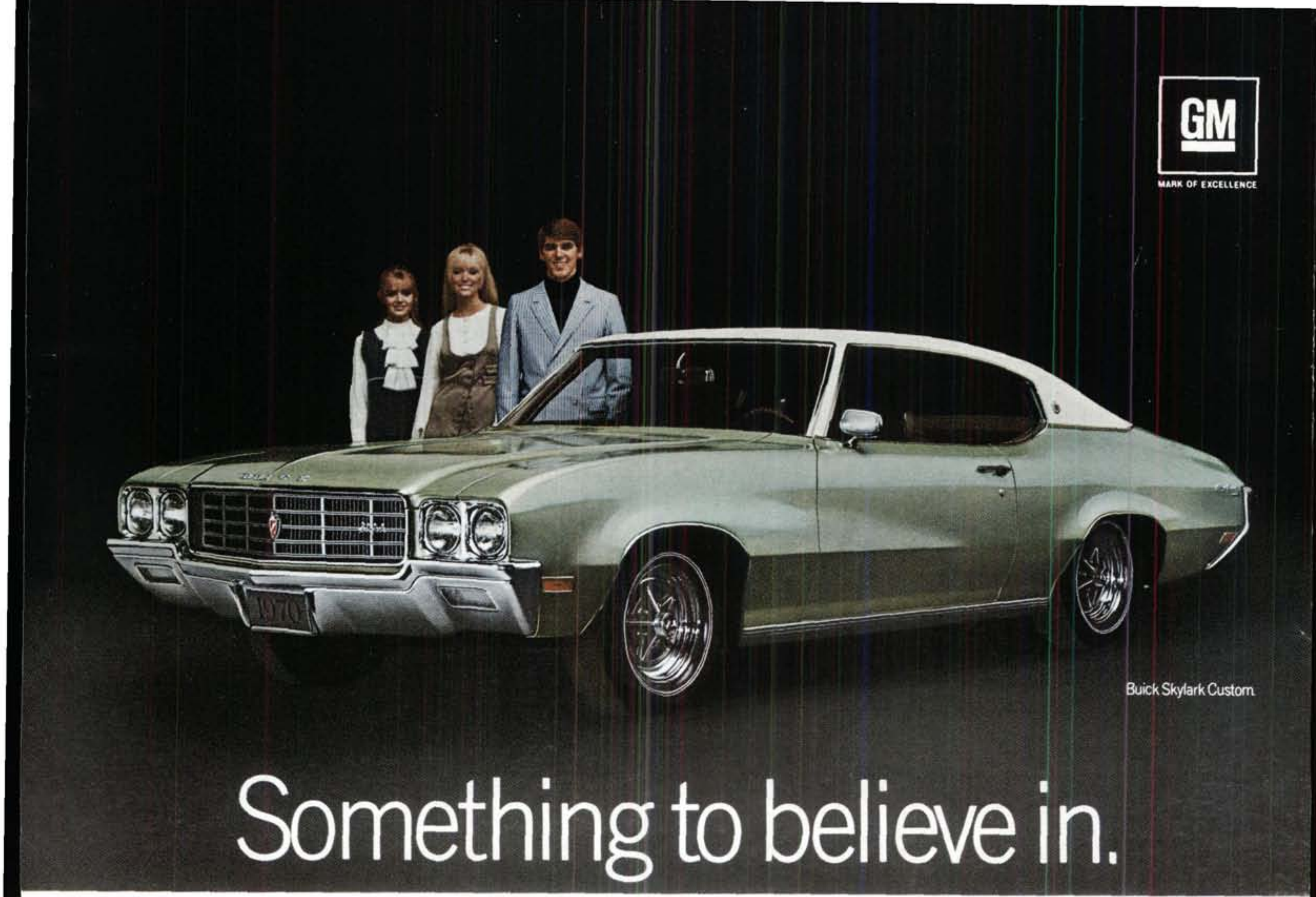

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This is what happens when Buick mixes excitement with craftsmanship.

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"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Washington's Birthday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Criminals—A play by the Cuban playwright José Triana, adapted by Adrian Mitchell. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Wednesday, Feb. 25—at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7; and Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Moves on Tuesday, March 3, to the Longacre, 48th St., W., 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Harvey—James Stewart and Helen Hayes in a five-week revival of Mary Chase's comedy. Directed by Stephen Porter. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Norman, Is That You?—Lou Jacobi, Maureen Stapleton, and Walter Willison in a comedy about the sidesplitting consequences of a man's discovery that his son is a homosexual. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in "Abie's Irish Rose," only without Rose. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald's helter-skelter comedy about a mythical Himalayan kingdom that has the misfortune to be noticed by Washington. With a splendid cast headed by David Burns and Martin Gabel. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation and next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the concept:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Moves on Wednesday, March 4, to the Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St., YU 2-0115. Wednesdays—except Feb. 25—through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **forty carats:** June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **play it again, sam:** Bob Denver as a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **plaza suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 2, February 28, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

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We think so.

Indeed, our guests have told us that our hotel is a veritable antidote to ennui, a sparkling tonic to the jaded cosmopolite, a cold Dr. Pepper to a melancholy world.

(They didn't use those exact words, of course; but that's what they meant.)

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We feature some of the most popular stars ever to appear in Las Vegas.

Vic Damone, Jimmy Durante, Robert Goulet, Phil Harris, Bob Newhart, Wayne Newton, Diana Ross, Frank Sinatra, Jr., The Supremes, Jerry Vale—it reads like something out of *Variety*.

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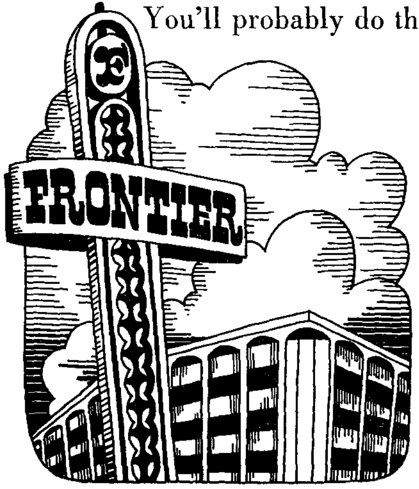
So is dining with us.

Our new chef, Jean Raymond Douat, was Executive chef at New York's Le Pavillon for 7 years.

He is a dictator. A benevolent one, true. But a dictator, nonetheless.

And he's brought to Las Vegas the same blend of imagination, good taste, and insistence on excellence that made eating at Le Pavillon a fact you always managed to work into the conversation at parties.

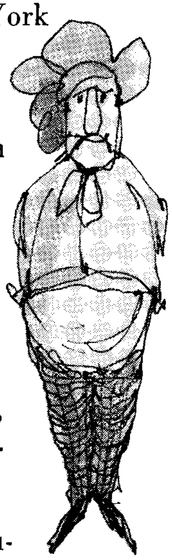
You'll probably do the same thing after you eat with us.



Petite Marmite Henry IV, Steak Diane, Breast of Capon Escaloppee au Vermouth, Stone Crabs fresh from Florida, Crepes Suzette—these are just a few of the elegant foods M. Douat prepares.

In addition to M. Douat, we have 1296 other people to serve you.

And since we have 600 rooms, that works out to about 2 hotel people per room.



Not many New York or even European hotels can match that ratio.

Not many can match our hotel, either.

It's the newest one on The Strip. So the rooms are the newest, too. They're also the biggest. And, we think, done in the best taste.

Should your system require outdoor activity, naturally we've got just about every sport and recreation you could want—all bathed in the balmy, Greek-clear air of the desert.

Finally, a Frontier lagniappe: *our* people *aren't* jaded. They've got an open, honest, warm kind of Western friendliness about them.

And so does our hotel.

You can find happiness here.

THE FRONTIER HOTEL
IN LAS VEGAS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Georgy—A musical version of a novel by Margaret Forster and the British film "Georgy Girl." Tom Mankiewicz wrote the book, Carole Bayer the lyrics, and George Fischoff the music, and the cast is headed by Dilys Watling, John Castle, Melissa Hart, and Stephen Elliott. Directed by Peter Hunt. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 26. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

This Was Burlesque—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians, and in spite of appropriately belted-out renditions of some good old songs. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Unfair to Goliath—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:**—The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were only alive to see you. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:—It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass of a servant. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Keith Michell plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Michell at the matinée performances. Somegoro Ichikawa will replace Mr. Michell as Quixote-san starting Monday, March 2. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, April 5—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Pineapple Poll" (company première), and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Lesson," and "Pineapple Poll.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Moves," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:30: "Olympics," "William Tell Variations," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "William Tell Variations," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "The Lesson," and "Pineapple Poll.". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8:30: "Moves," "Astarte," and "Pineapple Poll.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind" (première), "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Lesson," "Solarwind," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Secret Places," "Fanfarita," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folks, both long- and short-haired, sit on wooden benches and sip coffee. On the bandstand, an outfit called Charlie Brown rocks through Monday, March 2. Beginning Friday, March 6, Tim Hardin can be seen, heard, and appreciated as one of the best young singers around. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, Bobby Timmons plays electric piano while one musician or another assists him on bass guitar. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

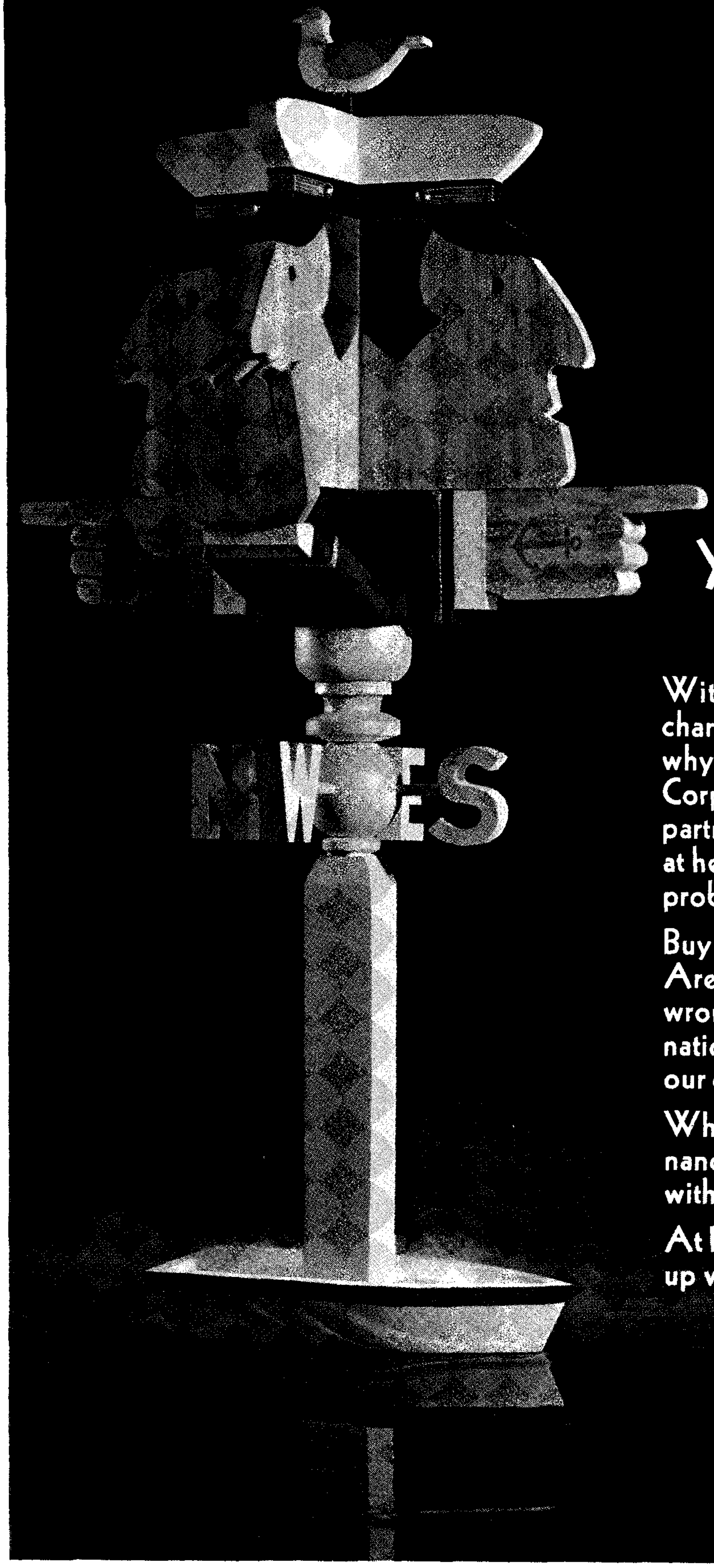
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Zoot Sims quartet, a repository of jazz sounds from the past fifteen years or so, plays nightly. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU



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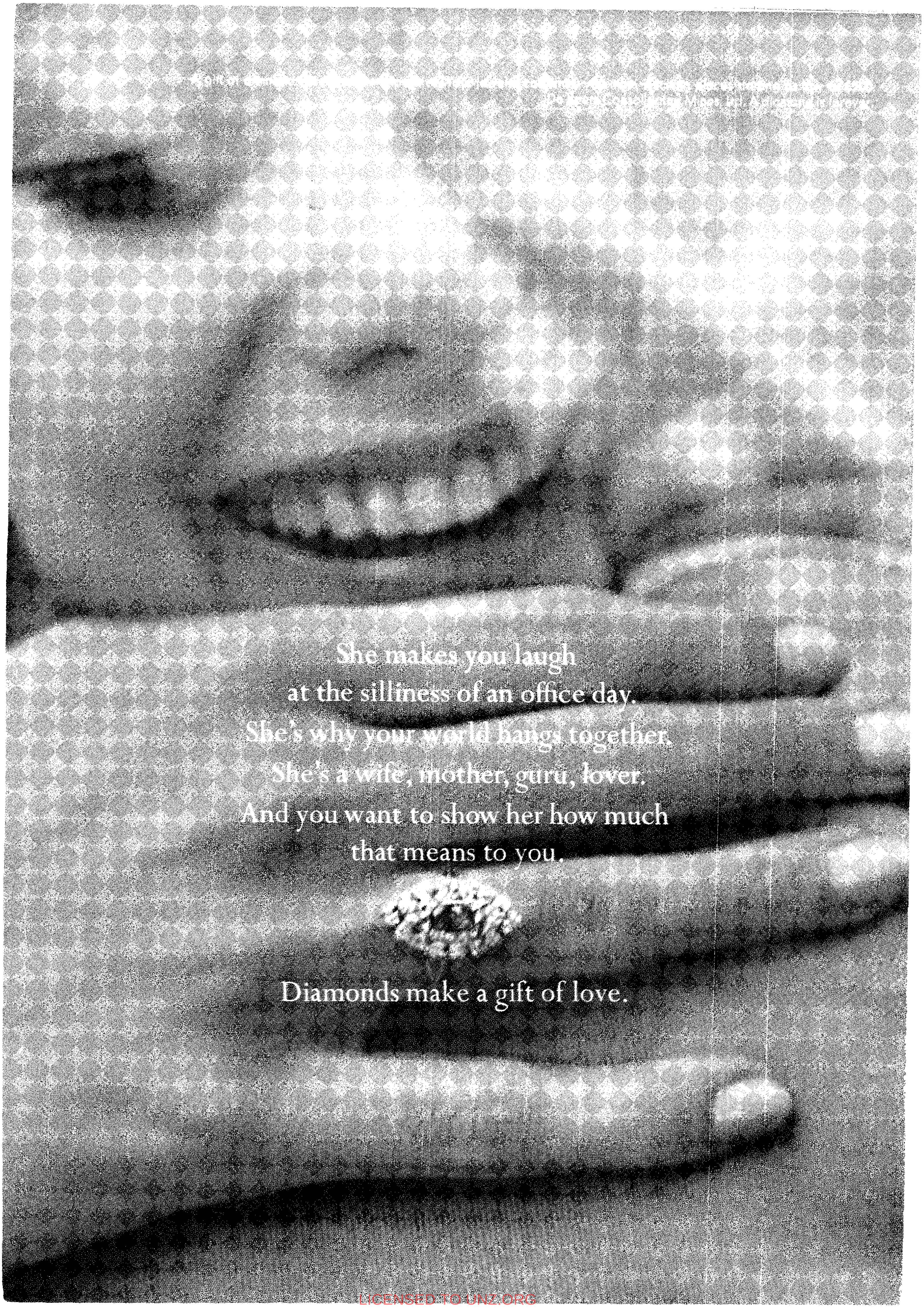
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She makes you laugh
at the silliness of an office day.
She's why your world hangs together.
She's a wife, mother, guru, lover.
And you want to show her how much
that means to you.
Diamonds make a gift of love.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-9200)—You know who fights on the side of the heaviest artillery, and here it is: the World's Greatest Jazz Band, which includes Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Gus Johnson, Jr., Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, and Kai Winding, plus a quartet run by Dick Hyman and Toots Thielemans, to which Jack Lesberg and Sol Gubin are steady contributors. Except on Sundays and Mondays, the music goes from seven to two and so does the dancing. Dinner and supper to the fullest extent.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Lee Morgan quintet. On Tuesday, March 3, the McCoy Tyner quintet will move in. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd Street in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Clarence Hutchenrider, a clarinet player who was once with the old Casa Loma Orchestra, will present his Casa Loma Jazz Band on Sunday, March 1, from eight to eleven. Other personnel: Johnny Windhurst, trumpet; Charlie Queener, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; and Ray Michaels, drums. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 25-28, a rock group will be onstage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Gary Burton quartet plays subtly. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, Herbie Mann's sextet is on the stand. (Music Friday from ten and Saturday from nine-thirty.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Singer Leon Thomas, with his own quintet behind him, performs through Sunday, March 1. On Tuesday, March 3, other musicians will arrive. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Tiny and ornate. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The clientele looks satisfied. Dancing to records from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Starting Wednesday, March 4, Harlequin will play for dancing, which starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

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L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Windows look out on the Park, a mirrored ball strews light-flecks on the floor, and the tables look like animals. A lot of energetic dancing to records, from ten until three or four each night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from loud recorded music, some from a singer named Prentice Minner. On Monday, March 2, a six-man group known as the Victorians will replace Minner. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Sarojopi or—beginning Monday, March 2, the Elephant's Memory—does. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Not *all* the perfumes of Arabia, but enough of them, and of the indigenous architecture, to make the latest restoration of the once imperial palace a pleasurable one. Lester Lanin's varsity is on the bandstand from about nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He is in evidence two or three times an evening, except on Sundays. Nourishment at all hours.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers' march, in narrative form, through the annals of American married life has the force and effects of Sherman's march to the sea. The tenor who now and again precedes her onstage is not to be believed—or listened to, either. Hardly ever before ten. She breezes off on Saturday, Feb. 28; on Monday, March 2, the new arrival will be Shelley Berman, who, among the wits of the day, is a true "brain." Ten and twelve is the usual, but three deals Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play wily Oriental instruments that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so—half the time in words of pretty good wisdom. The cast is B-minus. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out—that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Saturday, Feb. 28, is the end for the Royal Box's current seminar: Leslie Uggams, a pleasure to the eyes, and a pleasure to the ears when she is not at odds with a song-that-has-a-message; and Jackie Kahane, whose monologues are confined to nonsense that is really amusing. On Tuesday, March 3, the diminution of nocturnal activity that is coincident with Lent will be officially acknowledged by the insertion of Jack Carter, a comedian who is all work and no play. As before, there will be music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an organization perfect at minding its p's and cues.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—To the roster of classic lyric sopranos in the Romance languages (the extant Amalia Rodrigues and the late Elsie Houston) may now be added the wholly Spanish, wholly feminine, wholly enriching Nati Mis-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tral, on her first visit to America. Flamencans, too, onstage, but entirely overshadowed by this Presence. Twice a night, always, is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Pepe Preiego and the voice of Antonio Maya. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The world may not long remember the words of Sandy Baron (though other humorists will), but it laughs at their irreverently funny twists and turns. Bobby Vinton, who is the rest of the bill, is fan-club material, so his songs spend all their time circling the square. On Thursday, March 5, a change of scene: Don Rickles, whose career is built on trading punches (only verbal, so far) with his ringside constituency. Two deals every night, time without end. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Into the steak-house circuit comes Anita O'Day, whose astounding architectural feats with the songs in hand mock all the laws of gravity. A whole bunch of other music as well, but not quite like this. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Lainie Kazan serves as the sort of show-business, bird-of-paradise, and special-effects singer we are trying to adjust ourselves to. Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's play with obvious enthusiasm on and on into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Dorothy Donegan swings and sways from one end of the piano bench to the other, which makes follow-the-leader quite an activity for her threesome. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork, too. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Brazilian *chansons d'amour* are to be uttered in confidential whispers—an art form completely suited to Astrud Gilberto, who proffers them and other South American delicacies during dinner and supper. Neither she nor her accompanying sextet should ever again be allowed to leave this country. The Grill is open every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a useful new band led by Hal Turner) except when, during dinner and supper, Patachou, an oriole as worldly, Parisian, and agreeable as can be, has the floor. Her last night is Wednesday, March 4; next evening's accession is Gino Tonetti, a Roman declaimer of playboy arias. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, there is music (voice and guitar) fresh from the country every hour, untouched by urban hands. The maker is Eddy Arnold, poet/philosopher of the Great Outdoors. He appears during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, which is around all evening, is made up entirely of urban hands. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

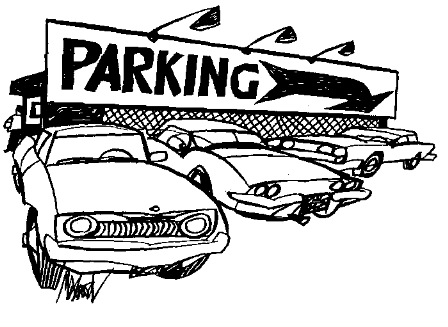
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, in perfect harmony with Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his stalwart sidemen, is making hey-nonny-nonny while the moon shines on this pleasure garden. The life about which he sings is high, and so is his calorie count. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **THURSDAY'S,** 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): The epitome of the New Night Life on the upper East Side—people just sitting around their dinner tables for a calm evening that is stirred only by the piano of Buddy Barnes in the bar. It would be great if he had a piano among the tables, too, but at least Mr. B. is back among us, from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . ***REMBRANDT ROOM,*** *in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth* Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band (Elemer Horvath's) that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and ten every night but Sunday.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Herb Aach—Paintings with fluorescent lighting; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Arman—The artist's assemblages of paint tubes and other art supplies imbedded in plastic; starting Saturday, Feb. 28. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Collages by a well-known New Yorker; through Saturday, March 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Beck—Figures in interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Bell—Color-reflecting wall sculptures of glass by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; through March 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

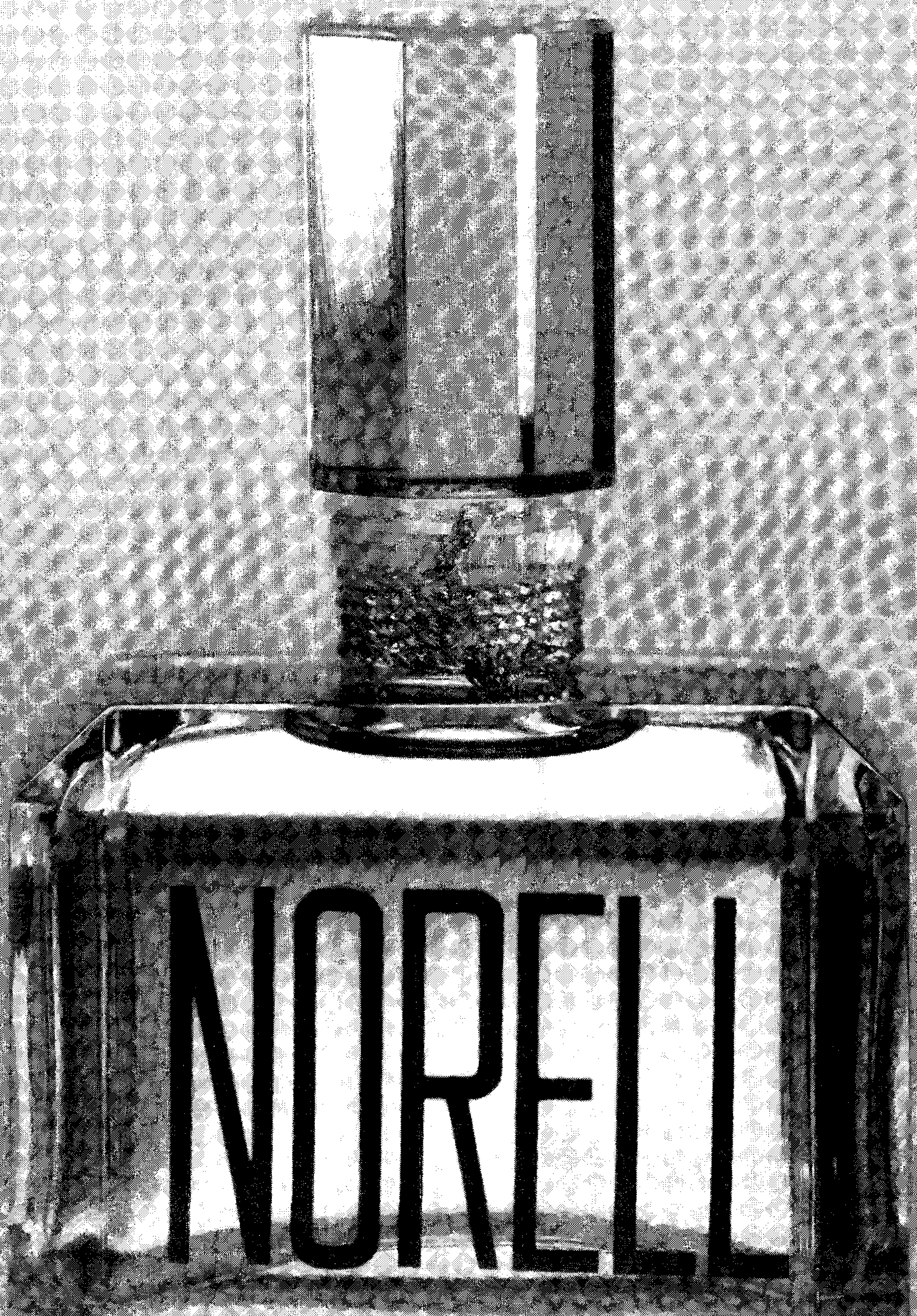
Leland Bell—Figures and still-lifes; through March 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Ben Benn—Oil paintings, some recent, by this veteran painter of landscapes and still-lifes; starting Saturday, Feb. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Hart Benton—Ink drawings and washes, many of them representing the artist's celebrated rural themes; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Warren Brandt—Still-lifes and figures; starting Saturday, Feb. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

C. K. Chatterton—Paintings of the American scene from the first decade of this century to the present by an artist who studied with



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Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.
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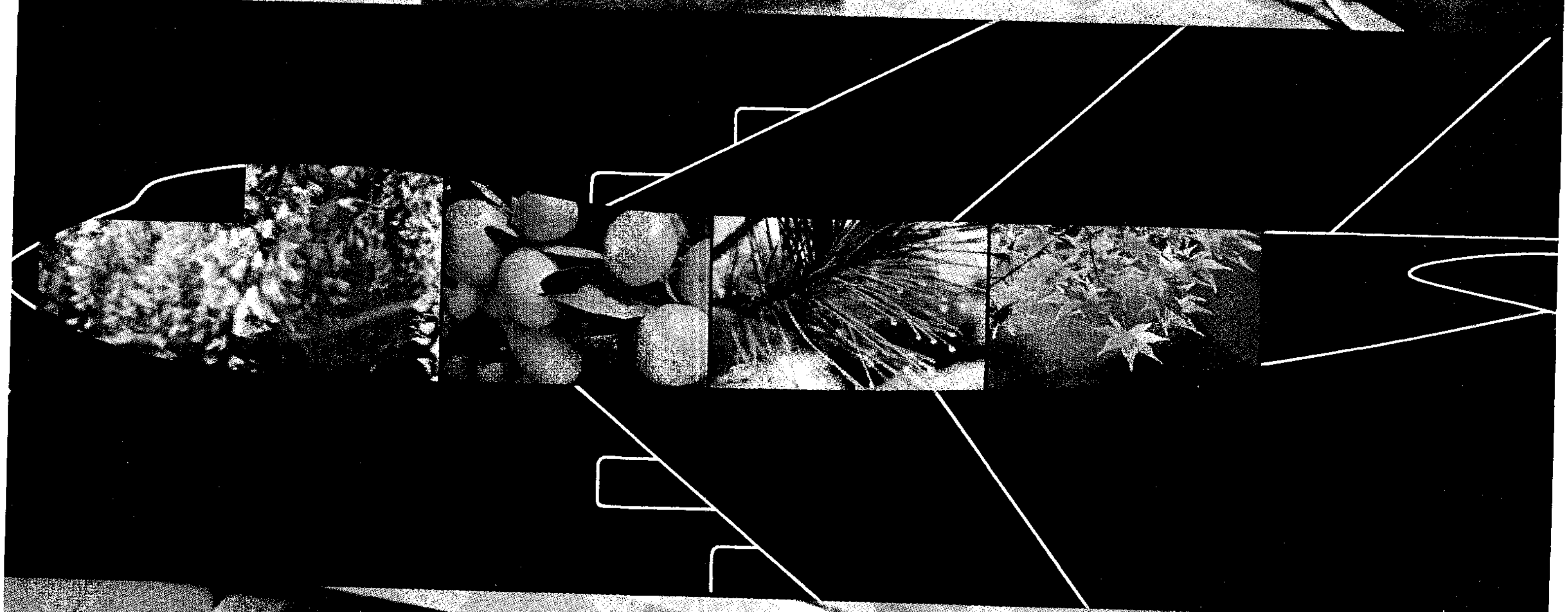

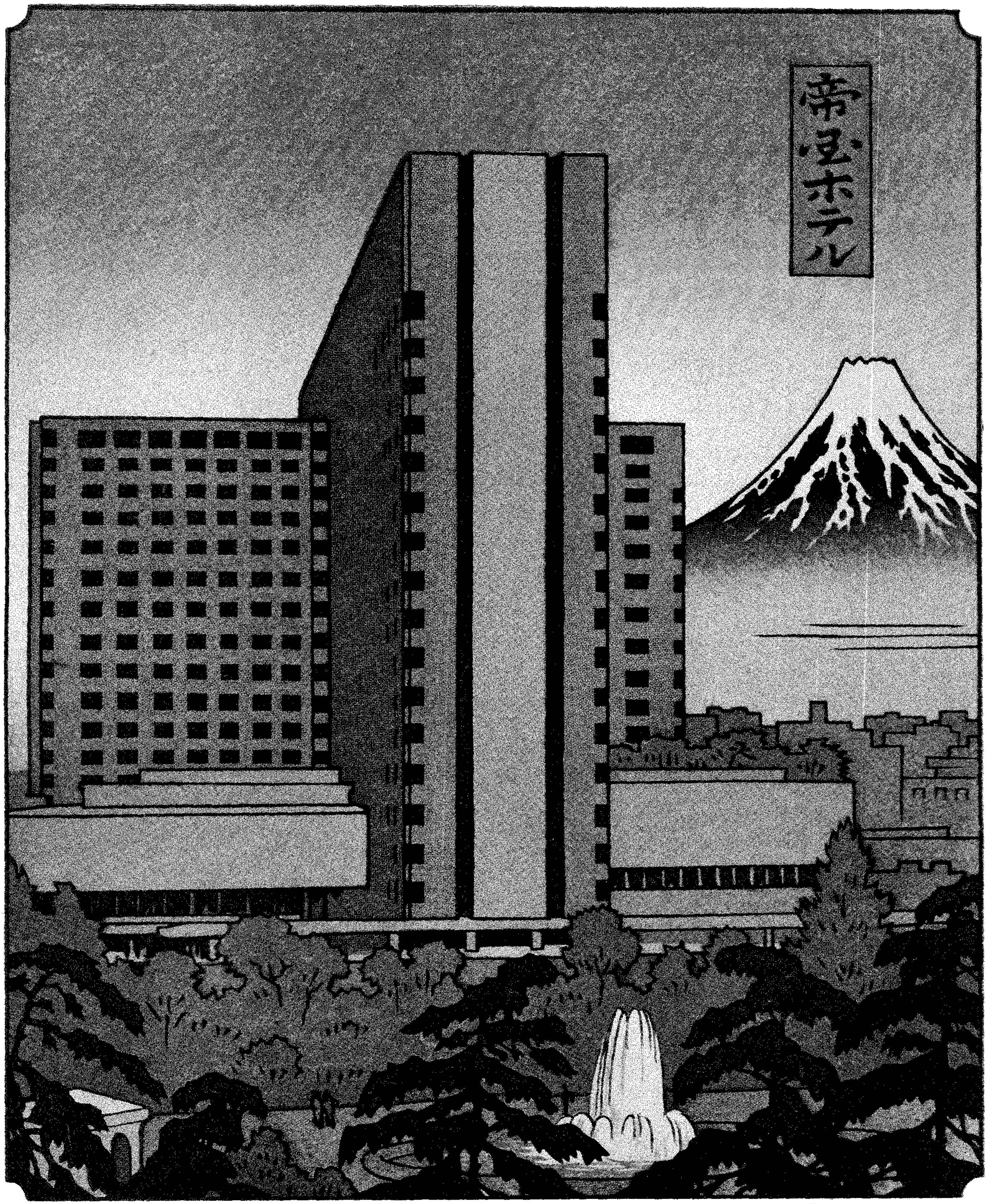

On March 10, Tokyo's legendary hotel begins a new chapter.

In the heart of Tokyo, the Orient's biggest, most luxurious hotel. Fourteen hundred rooms, each with air-conditioning, color television and refrigerator. Ten superb Oriental or Western-cuisine restaurants, including the famous Theatre Restaurant Imperial. An experienced staff of 1,700 ready to assist you in every way. A unique blend of 21st century facilities and 19th century service—in the tradition of luxury begun 80 years ago. The new Imperial . . . and the legend continues. **IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO**

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Henri and Chase; through March 24. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Jim Dine—A show of oils, watercolors, and drawings that will run concurrently with his show at the Whitney; starting Saturday, Feb. 28. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Dobbs—Paintings and drawings of social commentary; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Max Ernst and René Magritte—Works by these leading Surrealists; through March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fangor—Color paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through March 14. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Twenty sculptures by a leading younger practitioner; through Saturday, March 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Klaus Geldmacher—Kinetic sculptures with light bulbs and jukebox sounds by a German newcomer to New York; through Saturday, March 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Esther Gentle—Bronzes and constructions; through Saturday, March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lionel Gilbert—Abstract Expressionist paintings, some with recognizable motifs; through Saturday, March 7. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Glasco—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Grosvenor and Lynda Benglis—One forty-foot sculpture of painted wood and steel by the former and pigmented polyurethane piles by the latter; through Wednesday, March 4. (Cooper, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Hutchinson—Photographs recording the artist's project on a volcano in Mexico; through March 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Drawings by a contemporary Paris sculptor; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Jenkins—More of this artist's luminous veils of color; starting Saturday, Feb. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Painted wood sculptures marking the reopening of French & Company's contemporary art gallery; through March 31. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ray Johnson—Collages with Pop-type ingredients; through March 21. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Asger Jorn—Paintings and collages with some figuration, by a member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, March 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Kaufman—Geometric abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through March 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Fifty-four prints and drawings by the leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Thursday, March 5. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Lasker—Figures in interiors; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Josef Levi—Optical paintings; through Thursday, March 5. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Seven of the artist's characteristic paintings of bands on unsized canvas; through March 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Plexiglas constructions, some with steel and aluminum, illuminated from within; through Friday, Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Eduardo Mac Entyre—Circular patterns on canvas or Plexiglas by a Latin-American artist; through Saturday, March 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages in mixed mediums; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by the Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through March 10. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip McCracken—Symbolic sculptures, most of them metal; through March 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Porter and Richard Tuttle—Geometric wood sculptures by the former and white paper octagons by the latter; through Saturday, March 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner—Fifty watercolors, gouaches, and drawings done in the past forty years by an eminent painter of social themes; through Saturday, March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ Thirty-six paintings on the theme of the hangings in Iraq of persons accused of espionage for Israel; starting Thursday, Feb. 26. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

Barbara Chase Riboud—Bronze and cast-aluminum sculptures by a black American artist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Three all-white nine-foot-square paintings; through Thursday, March 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Scarfe—Drawings and sculptures by a leading British caricaturist; through March 21. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Alfaro Siqueiros—The first major New York exhibition in twenty years, covering three decades of work, by this leading Mexican leftist; through April 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Takis—Works that move magnetically with spectator participation; through March 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Tobias—Sculptures in steel, Masonite, or Formica; through March 12. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Landscapes and figures; through March 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Large color abstractions; through Thursday, March 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **automation house**, 49 E. 68th St.: An exhibit of eight monumental, electrically complex environments by as many artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Boyd Mefferd, Robert Whitman, and Stanley Landsman; starting Tuesday, March 3. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **compass**, 1300 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, constructions, and graphics by sixteen contemporary artists—Alechinsky, Jorn, Liberman, Ossorio, and von Wiegand (to mention a few); through Saturday, March 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)... **first street gallery**, 305 Bowery, at 1st St.: Figurative paintings by Leland Bell, Georges, Kaldis, Matthiasdottir, Pearlstein, Tillim, and others; through March 13. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading Israeli artists of different generations; through March 31. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Representational paintings by Jan Müller, Milet Andrejevic, and Sidney Tillim; through Friday, March 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures on the theme of birds and beasts by thirty artists, among them Robert Beauchamp, Kathleen Cooke, and Stanley Kearl; through Thursday, March 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by thirty-two contemporary Japanese artists; through Saturday, Feb. 28.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, bronzes, marbles, and reliefs by twentieth-century Europeans from Arp to Vlaminck; through Saturday, March 7.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of some sixty works suggesting the variety of art produced during the past hundred years by figures ranging from Eakins, Harnett, and van Gogh to Picasso, de Kooning, and Matisse; through Saturday, Feb. 28.... **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by forty members of the American Abstract Artists, a group dating back to the thirties, including George L. K. Morris, Ilya Bolotowsky, Ibram Lassaw, Nassos Daphnis, and Alice Adams; through Wednesday, March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through Saturday, Feb. 28.... **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century German and French oils, watercolors, and drawings, by Braque, Daumier, Delacroix, Klee, Renoir, Seurat, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—Works by three California artists, Peter Alexander, Tony DeLap, and John McCracken; through Thursday, March 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Environmental situations constructed by five artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through Sunday, March 1....¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1850-1927); through March 22. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSUEM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; starting Friday, Feb. 27. A good complement to this exhibit will be his show at the Sonnabend Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. . . . ¶ Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; through March 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; through March 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Shahn, Dehn, Bouché, and Duchamp; also works submitted for Institute awards by twenty-five American painters and sculptors. Starts Saturday, Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventy small bronzes and carvings of "Animal Style" art—the art of the nomads from the steppes of Asia that penetrated Europe between the sixth and eighth centuries and appeared eventually in the art of America's Northwest Coast Indians; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sixteen "contemplation environments" designed by artists, psychologists, a sound specialist, and mixed-media practitioners; through March 8. Likely to be overcrowded at noon and on weekends. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Fifty major pre-Columbian objects from the Metropolitan Museum—they include stone carvings, a gold breast plate, a pendant, animals, ceramics, and textiles; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, John Macurdy, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Marion Lippert, Cornell MacNeil, George Shirley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Raskin, Christa Ludwig, Shirley Love, Walter Berry, Nicolai Gedda, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 2, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8: A new production of Bellini's "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, Otto Edelmann, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Ion Buzea, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, George Shirley, and Rudolf Knoll.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Beverly Evans, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, David Clatworthy, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carol Neblett, Jerome LoMonaco, and Abe Polakoff. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 1:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Giorgio Lamberti. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 7:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, William DuPree, and Robert Puleo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Kay Creed, Giorgio Lamberti, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Anne Elgar, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, Lois Crane, and Robert Puleo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Jerome LoMonaco, Dominic Cossa, and Gary Glaze. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 2:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Kay Creed, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Mary Cross Lueders, Giorgio Lamberti, and Louis Quilico. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 27, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; and Monday, March 2, at 7:30 (all with Catherine Gayer, soprano). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Tuesday, March 3, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with David Oistrakh, violin). . . . ¶ Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, March 5, at 8:30; Friday, March 6, at 2; Saturday, March 7, at 8:30; and Monday, March 9, at 7:30 (all with Jacqueline du Pré, cello).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Colin Davis conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30, with Ingrid Haebler, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, with Miss Haebler.)

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Walter Susskind conducting, with Gina Bachauer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—I Solisti Veneti, conducted by Claudio Scimone. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JUILLIARD THEATRE ORCHESTRA—James Levine conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 246.)

I SOLISTI VENETI—Claudio Scimone conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

"L'ORFEO"—Charlotte Bergen directing a chorus and orchestra in Monteverdi's opera in concert form, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; John Rear-don, baritone; and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting the final concert of the season, with Leon Bates, piano; Marilyn Dubow, violin; and Ronald Lipscomb, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Juilliard Repertory Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 3, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 246.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman directing, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Nicolai Gedda and George Shirley, tenors; Malcolm Smith, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting, with Sidney Fell, clarinet. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8:30.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Brian Priestman directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Voytek Matushevski—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—With Charles Russo, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—M. Rampal, flute, and M. Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord and piano, in a sonata recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 3, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish—Violin and piano, in the first recital (postponed from Feb. 5) in a series of three presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Judith Alstadter—Piano, in a program of music by Gabriel Fauré. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Elaine Shaffer and George Malcolm—A recital of Bach sonatas for flute and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Jorge Morel—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Ten Years After, Doug Kershaw, and Zephyr—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, at 8 and 11:30.

Chambers Brothers, Ten Wheel Drive, and Rhinoceros—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7 and 11.

Pete Seeger and Frederick Kirkpatrick—A benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Jerry Butler, the Impressions, and Others—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 7 and 11.

The Association, the Byrds, Sha-na-na, and the Frost—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 2, at 2 and 7.

Neil Young and Crazy Horse, Steve Miller Blues Band, and Miles Davis Quintet—Fillmore East.

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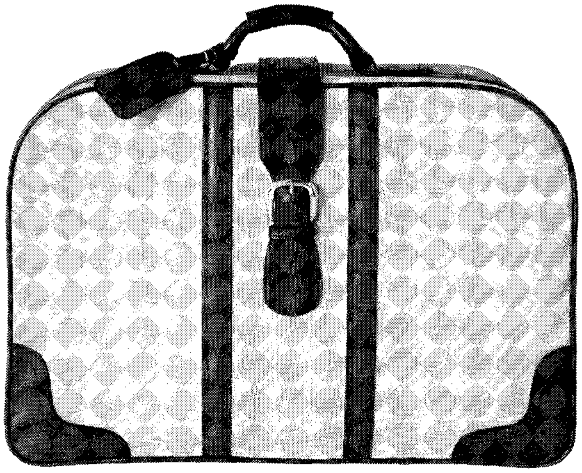

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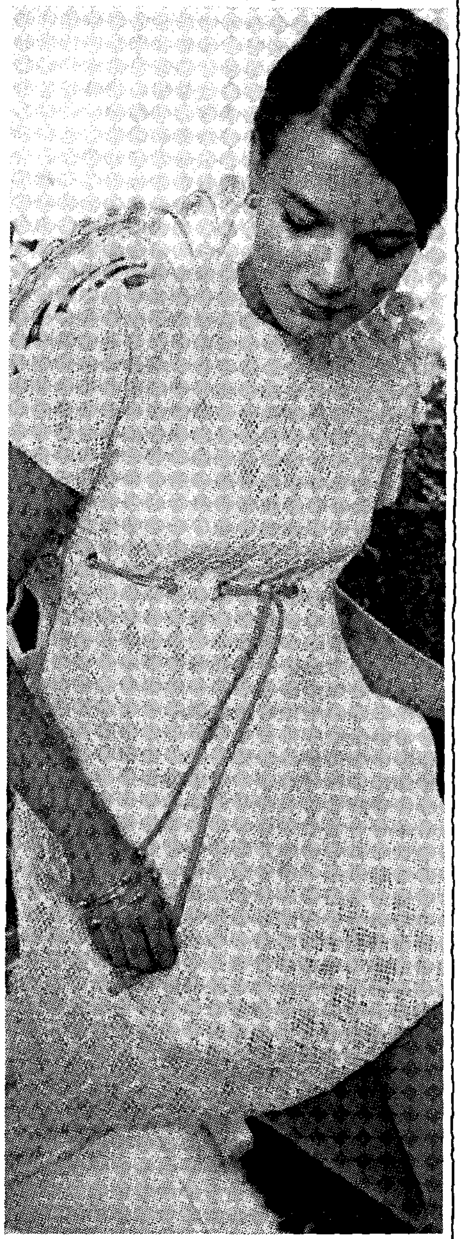

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

HERBIE HANCOCK'S SEXTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.

THE CLANCY BROTHERS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 28.

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 27, at 7: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 7:45: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, March 5, through Monday, May 25.

FOR CHILDREN

TAMBURITZANS—A program of Slavic and Balkan folk music and dance, presented by a company of thirty from Duquesne University. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, and Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 3:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Golden Tambourine," Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, March 1. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 7. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Thief of Bagdad," Saturday, Feb. 28, at 1:30, and Sunday, March 1, at 2. . . . ¶ "Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty," Saturday, March 7, at 1:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . STORY TIME DANCE THEATRE: "Fables Borrowed, Fables New—Tales That Tell a Thing or Two." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 7, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket;" through March 9. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

MISCELLANY—Mini Stein presenting a program of African stories and songs, with Len Smedresman, guitar. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 3. Admission is free.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

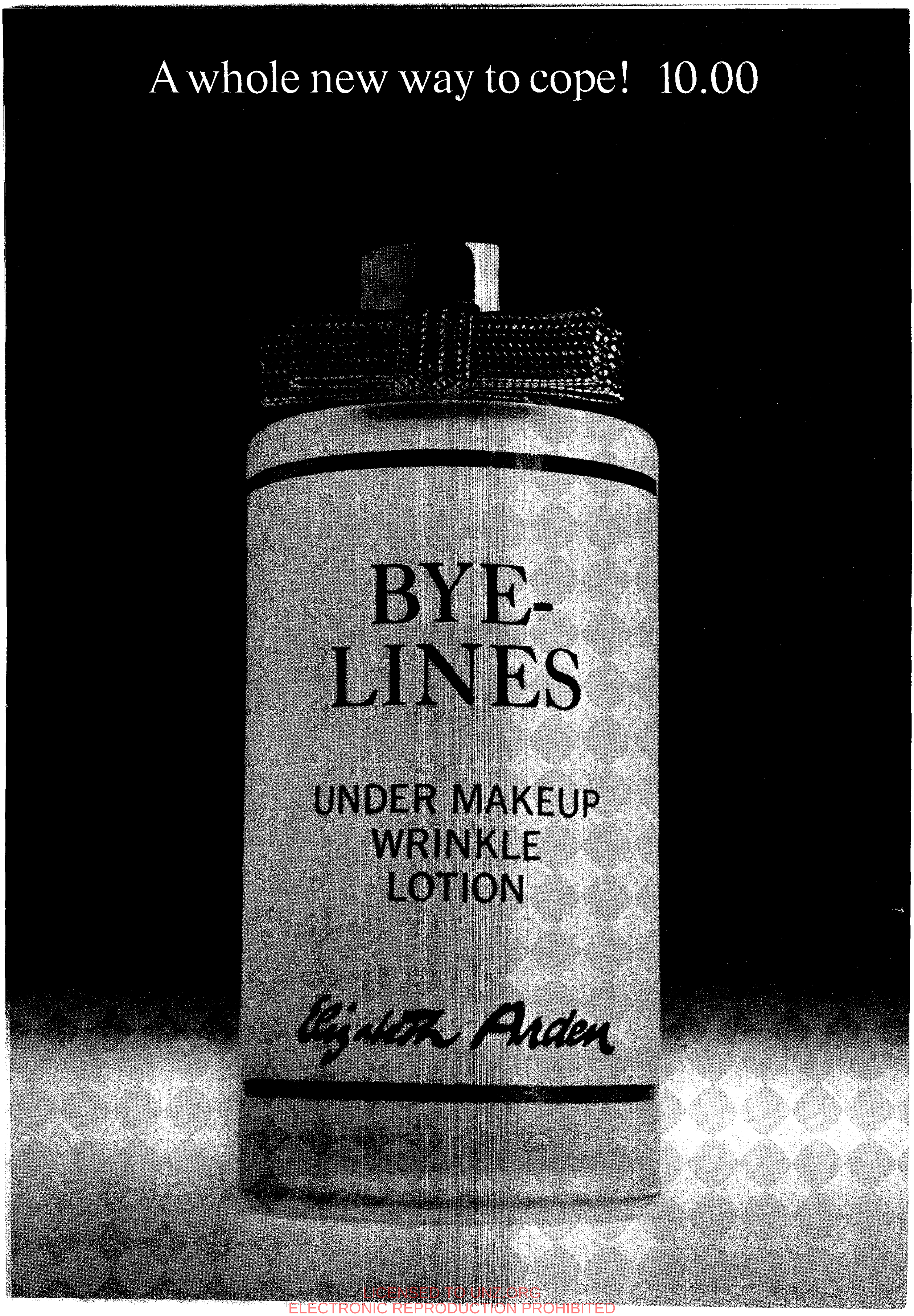
LECTURES—"The Post-Industrial Society," by Daniel Bell. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 2, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ James Johnson Sweeney presenting the last in a series of lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, March 5, at 3. Admission is free.)

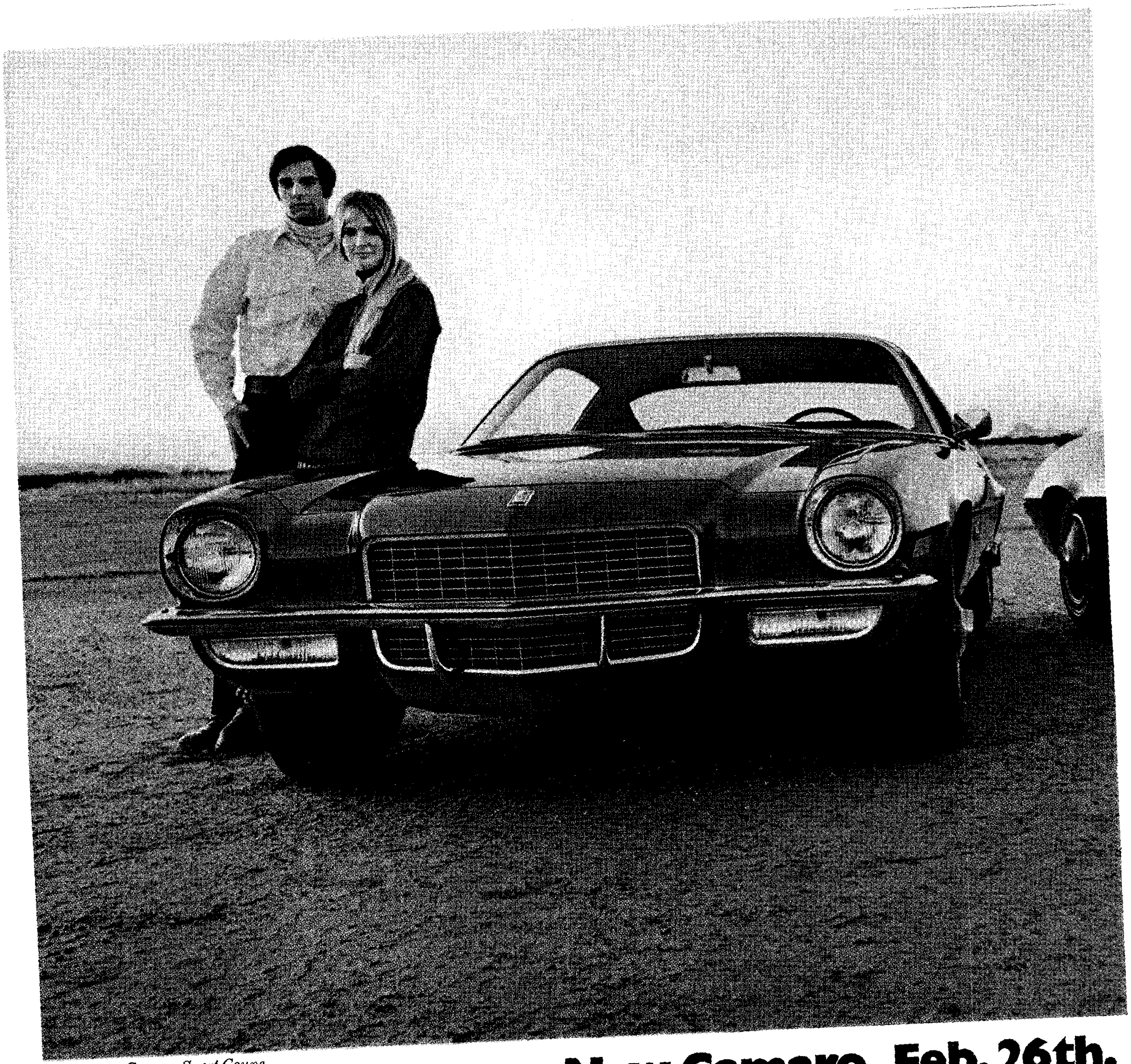
NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—This year, there's a collection of Victorian hatpins, an exhibit of early patent models, and a display of New York State gubernatorial memorabilia, along with the usual assortment of furniture, jewelry, and objects of art. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 25-28, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 1, from 1 to 7.)

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—This will be visible here on Saturday, March 7, from 12:25 P.M. to 2:54 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: Impressionist paintings by such artists as van Gogh, Renoir, and Pissarro; from the estate of W. W. Crocker and from other sources. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures by Henry Moore, Rodin, Maillol, and others; from a number of owners. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: Eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Larry Rivers, Louise Nevelson, and Calder; from the collection of Harris Steinberg. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 2: Nineteenth-century works of art, belonging to W. Forbes Morgan IV and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 28.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seven programs in a series of short films by Hal Roach: Feb. 26 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 27 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 28 at 3 and 5:30; March 1 at 2 and 5:30; March 2 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8; March 3 at 2; and March 5 at 2. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Main Street to Broadway" (1953), with Tom Morton and Mary Murphy. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8: "Ages of Man" (1969), a Rumanian film. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 11:30: "A Romance of Happy Valley" (1918), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ March 3 at 5:30: A film by Standish Lawder. . . . ¶ March 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Major Barbara" (1941), with Wendy Hiller and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ March 5 at 5:30: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), with Paul Newman and Robert Redford. . . . ¶ March 5 at 8: "The Making of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 1: "Tonight Let's All Make Love in London," "Miracle," and four other films. . . . ¶ Starting March 4: "The Last Trick of Mr. Edgar," "Black, White, and Red," and seven other short films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)


A whole new way to cope! 10.00
BYE-LINES
UNDER MAKEUP WRINKLE LOTION
Elizabeth Arden



Camaro Sport Coupe

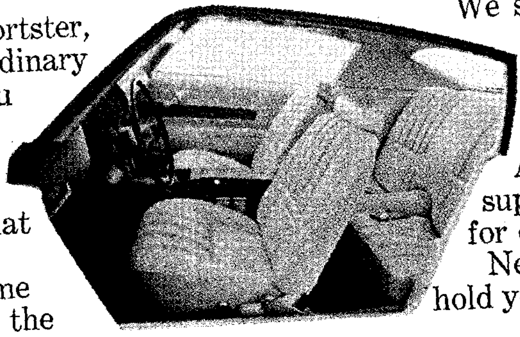
New Camaro. Feb. 26th.

Super Hugger.

If it were an ordinary sportster, we'd have introduced it at the ordinary time. But we didn't. And as you can see, time was on our side.

Because we didn't even bother with the simulated air scoops. Or any other put-ons that might put you off.

Instead, we took the time to build a whole new car from the ground up. And look what happened.



We started with a sleek new shape and a low road-hugging stance. So it hovers right down there with Corvette.

To that we added more hood. A faster fastback. More glass for super visibility. And longer doors for easier entry.

New deeply contoured front buckets hold you in place. Even in a tight turn.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

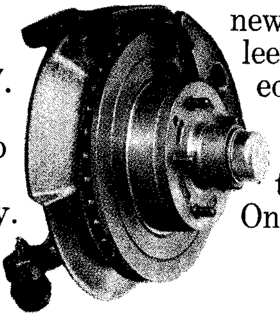
Camaro Sport Coupe with RS Equipment

We've never announced a car at this time before. But then nobody's ever announced a car like this before.

Two more bucket cushions in back.

The instrument panel wraps around you. With enough dials to make you think you're piloting a 707.

There are four transmissions available, and six power plants up to the Turbo-Jet 396 V8. Pick the one that best suits your adrenalin capacity. Then go pick on an open road.



And while you're at it, make it a road with plenty of twisting turns. Because this year Camaro has a remarkable new front and rear suspension that gives it a leech-like grip. With all that go, you want an equal amount of stop. You have it.

Front disc brakes are standard.

Other sportsters feared it might come to this. And they were right. Only their timing was wrong. Putting you first, keeps us first.

CHEVROLET

See it. At your Chevrolet Sports Dept.

The Whaling Wall.

The wall we're talking about is *System Cado*, by Royal System.

And it houses the collection of nautical objets d'art belonging to Captain H.J.

(He's the swinging scion of a notable shipbuilding family that dates back to the great whaling days of yore. Most of the items in his collection are quite old and costly. Except for Stephanie. She's not old.)

System Cado fulfills all of the good Captain's needs. Thanks to Cado's flexibility, storageability, add-on-ability, and if ever necessary, removeability.

And of course, installation is easily arranged for.

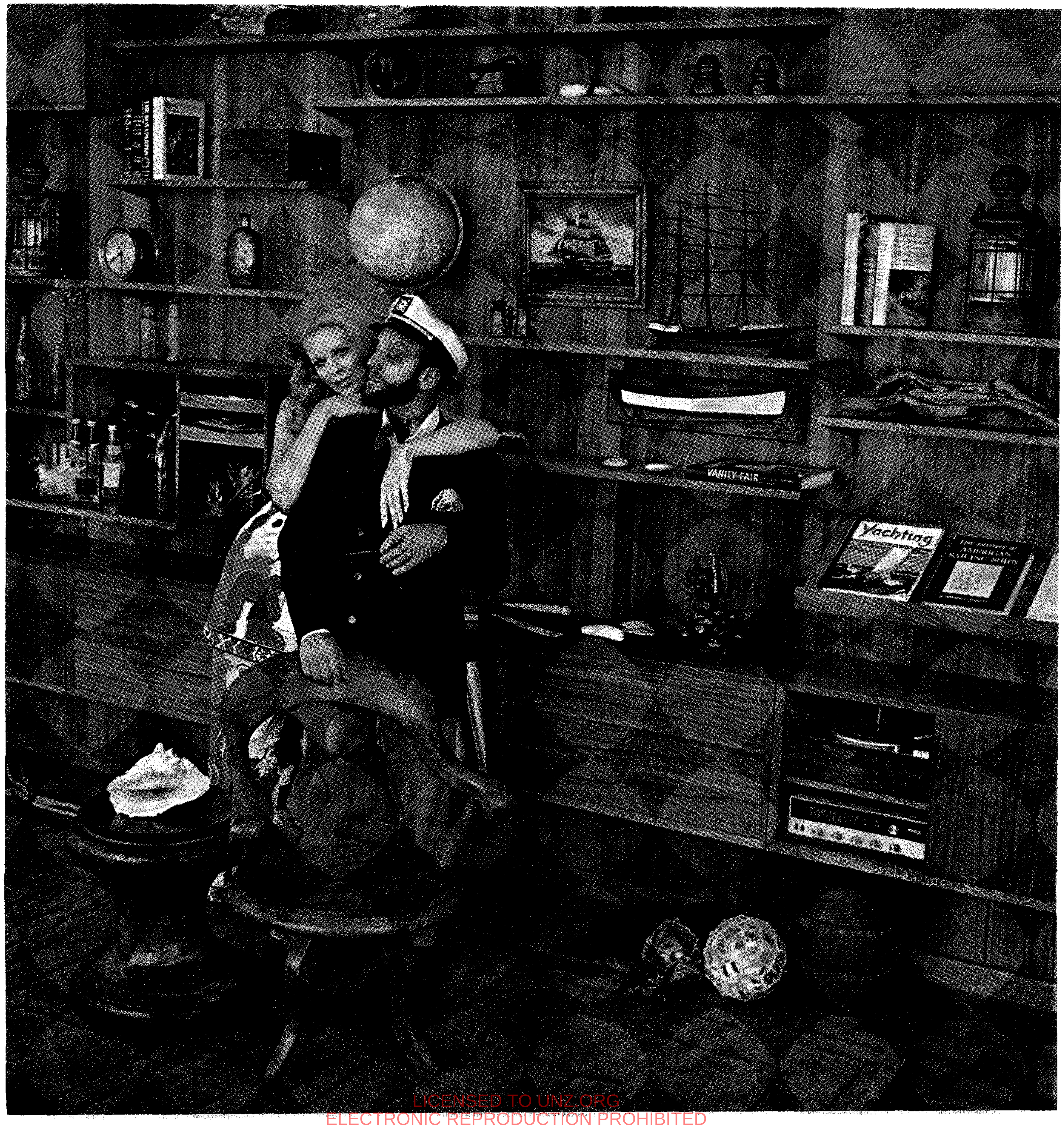
Send 10¢ for our great decorating brochure and planning guide.

So you can start collecting your own objets d'art. Both old and young.

DESIGN: POUL CADOVIUS

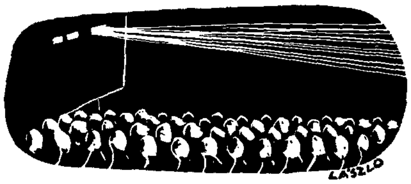
ROYAL SYSTEM

Box W, 57-08 39th Avenue, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, or 13850 Saticoy Street, Van Nuys, Calif./In Canada: R.S. Associates, Ltd.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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1	2	3	4	5		

Adalen 31—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," re-creates the events leading to the labor riots that established Sweden's Social Democratic Party in 1931. He is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 4.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 4, tentative.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 27-March 5.)

The Bible (1966)—John Huston's agnostic version of the stories of Genesis. There are times when God seems to be smiling—such as during the dispersal of the animals after the landing of the Ark, and other times when God demands cruel proofs of obedience—such as in the story of Abraham (George C. Scott). A sprawling, flawed epic, but with some breathtaking conceptions and moments of beauty. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting March 4.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—It's a poor excuse for an American Western legend, but there are some pleasant people (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross). Directed by George Roy Hill from an original screenplay by William Goldman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Cactus Flower—A movie derived from the kind of Broadway play that drives us to the movies. Full of those unnaturally fast commercial quips that one might, in a state of extreme exhaustion, find fairly funny. With Walter Matthau as the dentist, Ingrid Bergman as his assistant, and Goldie Hawn as his mistress—talking, talking, talking. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through March 3.)

Coming Apart—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) who has taken the name Glassman cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This sex-exploitation movie is (briefly) funny, until it begins to take its theme seriously. Then it becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. Milton Moses Ginsberg wrote and directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 3.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—David Lean's version of the Pasternak novel. Mostly settings, with such actors as Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through March 3.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. Jack Nicholson's boozing liberal Southern lawyer is brilliant. Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; through March 3.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 1.)

Funny Girl—A great star with a gift for comedy, and some good songs. Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—An overblown version of James Hilton's tear-stained little gold mine of a book, with songs where they are not needed (and Leslie Bricusse's songs are never needed), yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

John and Mary—Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are the cuddly, infantile lovers who are meant to be darling. Thin little romance, with lots of modern accoutrements. Remember when that man in "The Graduate" told Hoffman to go into plastics? Well, he did when he made this one. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Left Handed Gun (1958)—Arthur Penn's first film, adapted from a television play by Gore Vidal, has some of the violent, legendary, nostalgic qualities of his later "Bonnie and Clyde." A young, great-looking Paul Newman plays Billy the Kid as an ignorant boy in the sex-starved Old West. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 5, tentative.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Fine performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

The Milky Way—Luis Buñuel takes a playful look at some of the irrationalities within Catholicism. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Molly Maguires—About a terrorist band of Irish immigrants in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteen-seventies. Not too lively, but a handsomely designed production, and with good performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Martin Ritt directed. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Patton—If there had been no General Patton, Terry Southern would have had to invent him. This movie, with George C. Scott in the role, is designed to satisfy both war-lovers and pacifists, and may even get away with it. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 5, tentative.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 27-March 5.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anna Magnani beats Anthony Quinn with a rolling pin while a lot of Italians make their funny Italian sounds, waving their funny Italian arms—in the way they do only in American movies. Stanley Kramer directed this anti-Nazi *opéra bouffe*, which is meant to be a celebration of the indomitable something-or-other of man. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved, against high odds, by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—A good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 4.)

The Stranger (1967)—The Camus novel is a milestone of fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Feb. 26.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

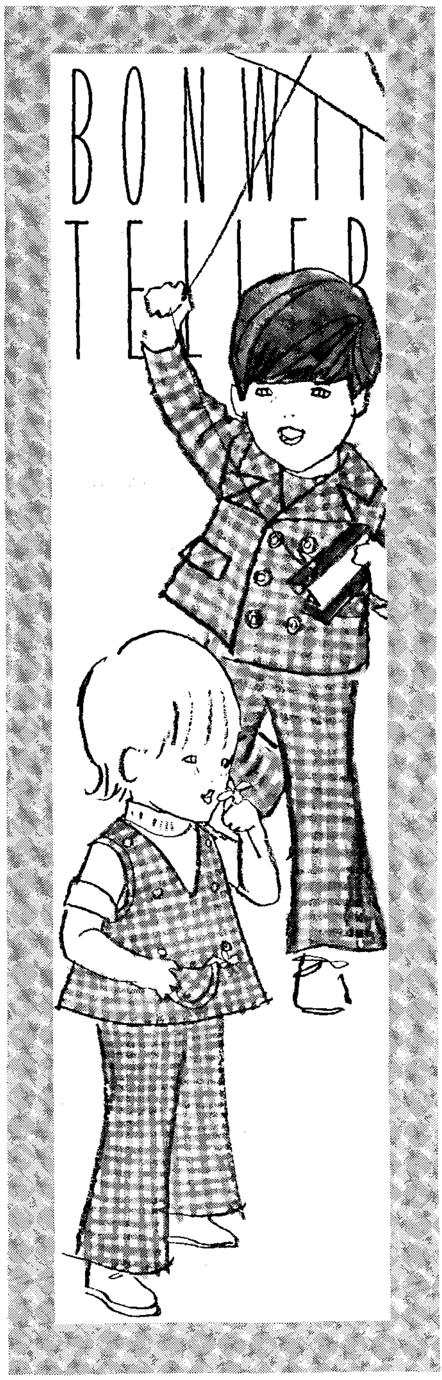
They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's remarkable poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Feb. 26.)

The Wild Bunch—The West of 1913, on the border between Texas and Mexico. Sam Peckinpah has directed a cast including Robert Ryan and William Holden. The film is very good, with Brecht's bitter realism about lone gunslingers who are unwittingly the victims of capitalistic politics. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's comedy-satire, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 1.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)



BONWIT KIDS
CHECK IN FOR SPRING

The perfect answer to 'go fly a kite': Millbrook's checks of skipper blue and white carefree polyester and cotton. Boys' sizes 2-4 (18 mos. to 3 yrs.): jacket and hat, 13.00 Jumperall, 8.00 Not shown: Boy's sizes 4-7 (3 to 6 yrs.): jacket, 10.00 slacks, 6.50 Toddler girls' sizes 2-4 (18 mos. to 3 yrs.): tunic, 6.00 belled pants, 6.00

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for delivery charge outside
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Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also Manhasset Scarsdale Short Hills
Philadelphia Wynnewood Jenkintown
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Troy

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
1	2	3	4	5		

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 3: **COMING APART;** and "3 Into 2 Won't Go" (1969), Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
From March 4: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969), an Andy Warhol film; and "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969), Sandy Dennis.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 3: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway.
From March 4: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Event," a Yugoslav film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, *3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)*
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French); and **THE LEFT HANDED GUN.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Zabriskie Point," a Michelangelo Antonioni film.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Mumsy, Nanny, Sonny, & Girly," Ursula Howells.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

Trans Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Flying Matchmaker," Mike Burstein.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
FUNNY GIRL.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 3: **EASY RIDER.**
From March 4: "Loving," George Segal, Eva Marie Saint.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ADALEN 31 (in Swedish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 1: **YOJIMBO** (in Japanese); and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).
From March 2: "Me" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 4: "Haxan" (1922), a film on witchcraft through the ages; and "Wild Horses of Fire" (1964, in Ukrainian; formerly called "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors").
From March 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 3: "Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots," James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave.
From March 4: "Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
THE WILD BUNCH.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through March 4: ". . . tick . . . tick . . . tick . . . ," Jim Brown, George Kennedy.
From March 5: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 3: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**
From March 4: **THE BIBLE.**

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 3: **CACTUS FLOWER.**
From March 4: "Loving," George Segal, Eva Marie Saint.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Tropic of Cancer," Rip Torn.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

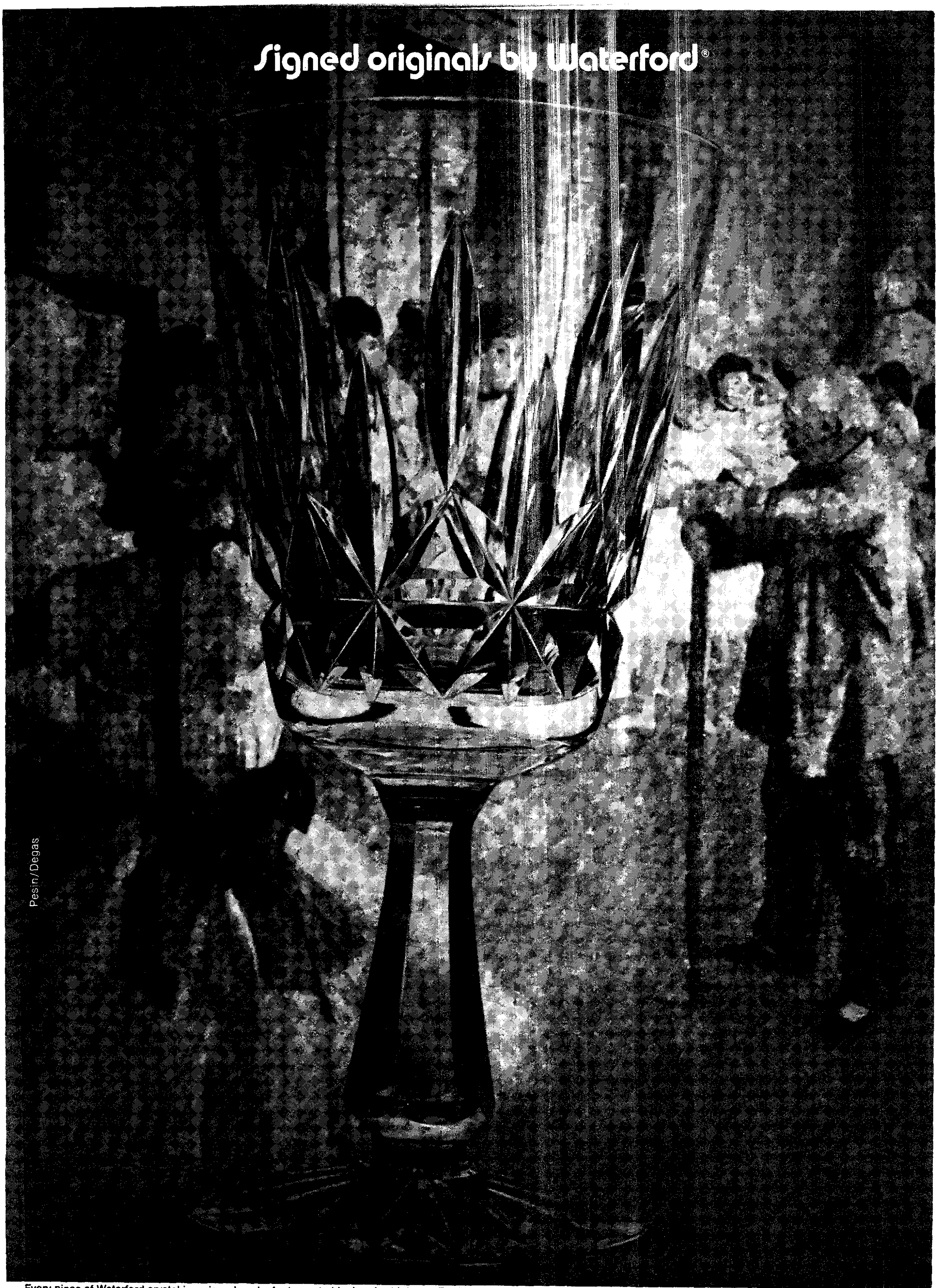
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 4 (tentative): **AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR** (in French).
From March 5 (tentative): **A MAN ESCAPED** and **PICKPOCKET** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 3: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway; and "The Sergeant" (1968), Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.
From March 4: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT;** and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 26: **WEEKEND** and **THE STRANGER** (both in French).
Feb. 27-March 5: **BELLE DE JOUR** and **PIERROT LE FOU** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.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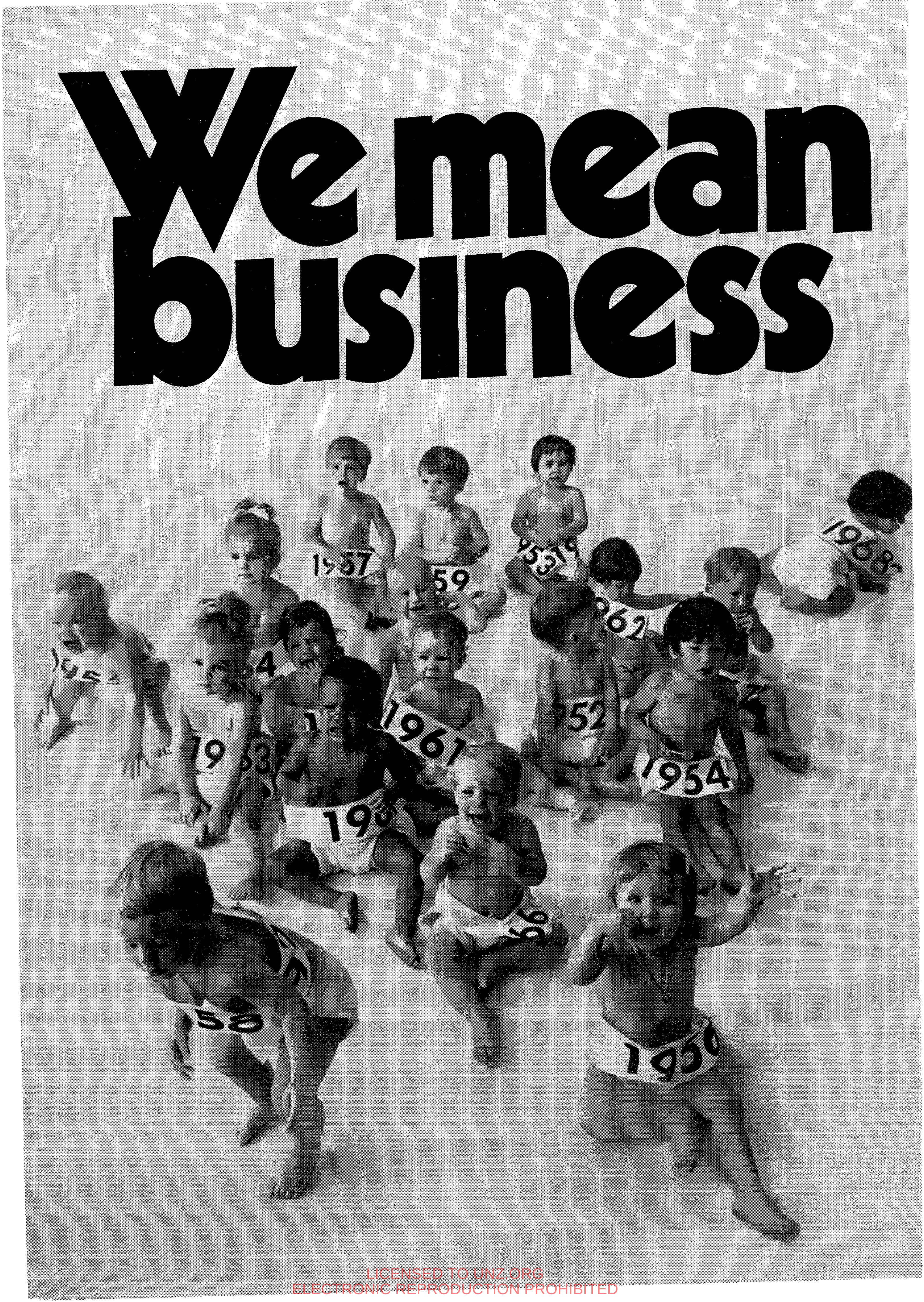
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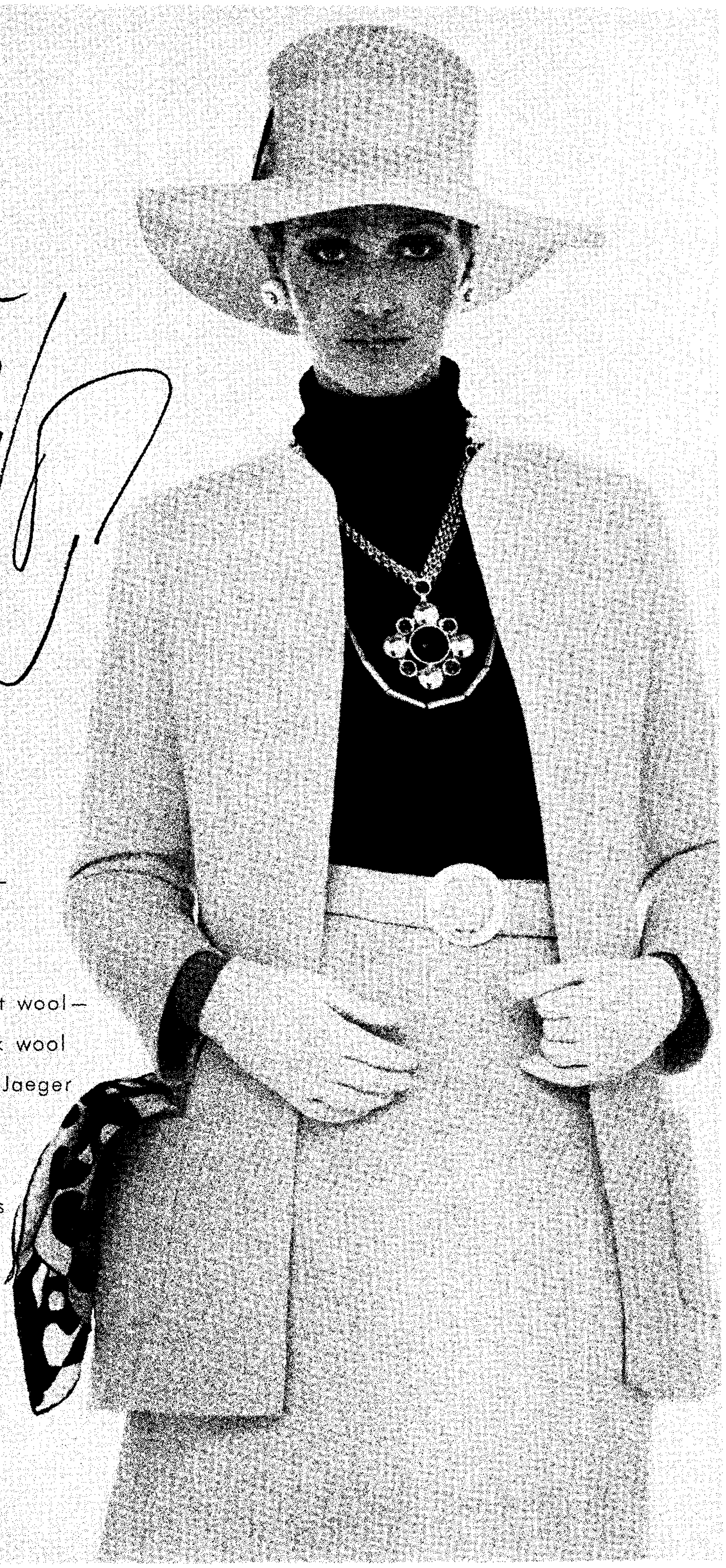


Phil Mazzurco

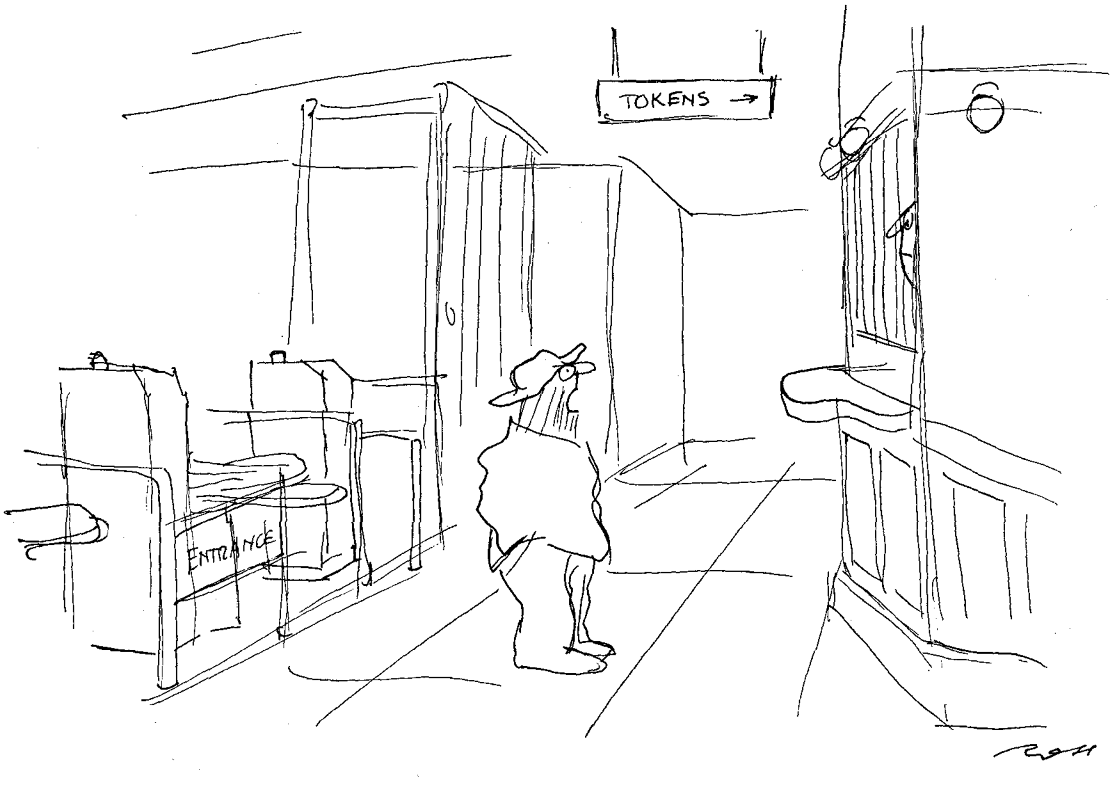
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BECAUSE it is possible to defend liberty only as long as we still enjoy liberty, it must be defended as soon as the first sign of a threat to it appears. The government's campaign against the press, which has proceeded swiftly from threats of action to action, in the form of subpoenas of reporters' notes and tapes and films, has already heavily damaged the press's access to the news—particularly its access to news of what radical groups are doing. And this campaign is only one part of a rapidly developing national crisis that has seen powerful, illegitimate pressures from many quarters—from Congress, from the courts, from the police, and from the Administration itself—brought to bear on every form of dissent, whether it occurs in the news media, in political life, or in demonstrations. Yet when we turn on our television sets or pick up our newspapers, we find that the politicians and the men in the press from whom we might expect a defense of liberty are strangely silent and seem to be in disarray. Instead of mustering and rallying their forces, they appear to sit puzzled and becalmed—almost oblivious of what is going on. The concerned citizen is apt to follow the crumbling of our democracy in the back pages of his newspaper. It is as though the people who have spoken out in the past had decided that the nineteen-sixties were our decade for protest and the nineteen-seventies are to be treated as a decade of business as usual, no matter what. A couple of weeks ago, hoping for signs of leadership in the current crisis, we were heartened when we learned that the Democrats were going to put on a television program called "State of the Union: A Democratic View," to "answer" President Nixon's State of the Union Message, and we decided to watch it. The first fifteen minutes of the program concentrated on the still relatively uncontroversial issues of environmental pollution and inflation. (Up to now, they have been controversial only in the sense that the Republicans and the Democrats are vying for the honor of taking the stronger stand against them. On pollution, the real controversies, which will probably be vast, are yet to come.) The second fifteen minutes concentrated on the same two issues, and so, to our astonishment, did the final fifteen minutes. The issues of Vietnam, of race relations, and of civil liberties were never raised. We were left with the disturbing thought that even though the Democratic Party has no formal machinery of censorship, something like a total suppression of three of the major issues of the day—indeed, of the whole last decade—had been achieved.

The Democrats' complete silence on these issues throughout the program struck us as an extreme instance of the more general avoidance of controversial issues which has been noticeable among politicians and on the networks and in the press. Although some newsmen made statements opposing Vice-President Agnew's campaign to interfere with the press, they have moved noticeably toward compliance—perhaps unconscious compliance—with his demands, as though a new and unacknowledged balance of political pressures had suddenly made itself felt after the Vice-President's speeches. Editorial criticism of the Administration has lost its edge, and criticism of Administration policies by politicians has seemed to lose its claim to newsworthiness. The tone of the networks' response to the Agnew attack was perhaps set by their initial decision to adjust their programming to carry his speech about television live, instead of simply leaving it to be covered in the regular newscasts. One could only conclude that their idea was that by giving the speech this dramatic coverage they could exonerate themselves in advance from the charge of "unfairness" to the Administration. It was as though they thought that when their own interests were involved it was unfair to apply the same standards of coverage that they applied to the rest of the news. And so a move that was perhaps inspired by a desire to bend over backward in an attempt to be fair actually turned out to be a form of compliance with Agnew's new standard of what news coverage should be. As we have watched the news on television and read the papers since the Agnew speeches, we have had the feeling that the Administration has been allowed to assume a leading role in establishing the relative importance both of news stories and of issues. The new "fairness"—i.e., "fairness" to the Administration—has become indistinguishable from fear of the Administration. In hundreds of tiny ways, news coverage now seems to reflect an eagerness to please the people in positions of power. While Agnew's speeches attacking the press have been given heavy coverage, Senator Fulbright's hearings on Vietnam, which once got extensive live coverage on television, received only a few cursory glances in the late evening news. Agnew's long and empty trip to Asia and Secretary Rogers' trip to Africa have received heavy front-page coverage, while the story of the Chicago trial and the story of the subpoenas of press documents have only occasionally emerged from the back pages. We have an impression that the President's picture is being run more often in the papers than it used to be. In editorials, it has suddenly become popular to praise President Nixon's "effectiveness" or "adroitness" in political maneuvering, but without asking what the goals of his maneuvering are. The Administration wheels out what are at the moment issues—such as inflation and pollution—which everyone can agree on and which can be used in a diversionary fashion, and throws a spotlight on them, and the press dutifully drops what it's doing and rushes to fill



"Thirty cents! It's a good thing for you I don't ride the subways!"

• •

up its front pages with the new stories. The eagerness for uncontroversial issues is keen. On every side, we hear newsmen and politicians saying, "Pollution is the new hot issue on campus," or "Some of our finest and most responsible young people are now becoming deeply concerned with pollution." Some of these young people are, some of them aren't, and all of them should be, for the pollution issue is a crucial one. But the Administration's message to the young people seems to be "Forget the war in Vietnam and the race question and the threat to civil liberties, and get together with the President on pollution." It can be hoped, at least, that the young people will not be diverted—that they will take on pollution without forgetting everything else.

One of the most distressing results of the new standard of news coverage has been the minimal space given to statements by the very few politicians who have been warning of growing repression. A particularly striking example of this was the coverage in the New York press of a brave and important speech that Mayor Lindsay made on February 11th, at the hundredth-anniversary ceremonies at Hunter College, in which he spoke for the first time on the current danger of repression and of the failure of nerve in those who should protest against it. The Mayor said, in part, "Once again, people who are disturbed by legitimate concerns are being tempted into a simplistic faith in repression as an answer to deep-seated, complex dilemmas. And what is disturbing is not only this new pull toward repression but the strange silence of so many in public life. . . . Look at what has happened in Washington in the last few weeks. The Senate passed a drug law which included a direct challenge to the right of privacy—authorizing federal agents to enter the home of a private citizen with no warning whatsoever. No one voted against that bill. It passed that same week a crime law which directly impairs certain basic rights of defendants in a criminal case—including the right to examine wiretaps for signs of illegal evidence, the right to remain silent, and the right to effective freedom from illegal searches. One senator voted against that bill. That same week, the House of Representatives passed a so-called defense-facilities bill. Put bluntly, what this bill does is to extend government investigation into the private political associations of people in private industry—in so-called sensitive facilities. . . . And in this same period of time, the Justice Department issued—then retracted—wide-ranging subpoenas, unparalleled in scope, for the notes, unedited tapes, and film of reporters for the news media—using as its excuse investigation into subversion. . . . If those in public life can forthrightly condemn the actions of militants and radicals who threaten our freedom, surely we can expect them to be at least as concerned about threats which emanate from the government itself. Yet we have not heard these concerns. And that is what is most disturbing of all." The *News*, which gave the speech its most extensive coverage in the city, carried the story on page 28. The *Post* carried a story of about a hundred words on page 49. The *Times* quoted two and a half sentences from the speech in a story on page 44—an inner page of the second section—under the headline "Mrs. Wexler Installed as 9th President of 100-Year-Old Hunter College." Coverage such as this compounds our danger by muffling the voices of those who do speak out against the danger. At one point in his speech, the Mayor asked, "Where is the outcry at these threats to our freedom? Where are the defenders of the Bill of Rights? Where are the resolutions, the outraged expressions of alarm from prominent figures in public life?" But his call was lost in the very silence he was challenging.

Downey's Pound

ROBERT DOWNEY, the man who made "Putney Swope," is hard at work again cooking up cinematic trouble. His new movie is about a group of dogs and other animals in a pound, waiting out the time until they are adopted or "put to sleep." A good many odd things happen inside and outside the pound, including fights, love affairs, conspiracies, a crime wave, and a visit to "penguin heaven" (which will be filmed in an icehouse in Brooklyn). The dogs are mostly played by people, and the film is called "Pound."

"Pound" is still in the shooting phase, and the principal set, a windowless gray room of brick and concrete with a long gray tunnel leading into it, is deep inside an old building on Greenwich Street, in the Village. The set, when we dropped in on it one afternoon a week or so ago, was crawling with strange-looking characters. It developed that some of them were actors, some of them were technicians, and one of them was Downey. The ones who were actors included, among others, Don Calfa, who plays a bulldog, and who has shoulder-length hair and an alert, suspicious expression; Carolyn Cardwell (the Borman Six girl in "Putney Swope"), who is big and sleepy-looking, and had on a uniform for her role, the keeper of the pound; Marshall Efron, an almost perfectly round man with an Oliver Hardy mustache, who assumed a German accent whenever he slipped into his character, a dachshund; Antonio Fargas (the Arab in "Putney"), an incredibly loose-limbed young man, who plays a greyhound and was wearing track shoes; Stan Gottlieb (Nathan in "Putney"), who is stooped and gray and resembles a buzzard, and who, since he is cast as a boxer, was wearing purple trunks and a purple robe with the words "Minneapolis C.I.O." stitched in yellow across the back; Larry Wolf (the president's aide in "Putney"), who is totally bald and plays a Mexican hairless; and Ching Yeh (the son of the Chinese tycoon in "Putney"), who was wearing mandarin robes, a drooping mustache, and long chin whiskers for his part, a Siamese cat.

The one who was Downey looked something like an Irish wolfhound. He is a large man of thirty-three, with a big-featured, handsome face and wavy brown hair, and he was wearing red-white-and-blue shoes, bell-bottomed bluejeans, the top half of a pair of long johns, and a planter's wide-brimmed felt hat. We watched him work all afternoon. He did not make a big thing of being the director. Instead, with a word here, a joke there, he nudged along an atmosphere of loose informality, spontaneity, and, during takes, suppressed hilarity. Downey seemed to regard the script, which he had adapted from his own Off Off Broadway play of several seasons back, as something less than a sacred text. In the course of two rehearsals and three takes of an escape scene, during which everyone in earshot offered suggestions, the line "Forget him, he's crazy" became, successively, "Forget him, he's catatonic," "Forget him, he's a juicer," "Forget him, he's got muscatel on the brain," "Forget him, he's hooch-drunk," and, finally, "Forget him, he's a wino inna head."

After a six-o'clock break for lunch (the working day at "Pound" runs from eleven in the morning until nine or ten at night), Downey reassembled the cast for a wordless, improvised scene in which all the inmates of the pound dance in a circle. At the end of the first take, Downey turned to Efron, the dachshund, and said, "Marshall, what were you thinking while you were dancing?"

"Just truckin'," Efron said.

"Well, think something else."

"Waltz?"

"Yeah, that's good."

Downey turned to Wolf, the Mexican hairless. "Larry, lots of psychotic thoughts when you dance." He paused. "Maybe you could cut in on yourself. And let's have some music this time."

A song by Sly and the Family Stone started blasting out over a loudspeaker, and the camera rolled. Fargas, the greyhound, began trotting, and then bopping, around the pound, weaving among the others, who were lolling about listlessly. One by one, dog by dog, the others—including, startlingly, two whom we hadn't seen before—fell in behind him, until the entire pound was frugging, twisting, fishing, monkeying, and, of course, waltzing.

The next morning, we had breakfast with Downey at the Market Diner, on Christopher Street, and we asked him how he had got into film-directing.

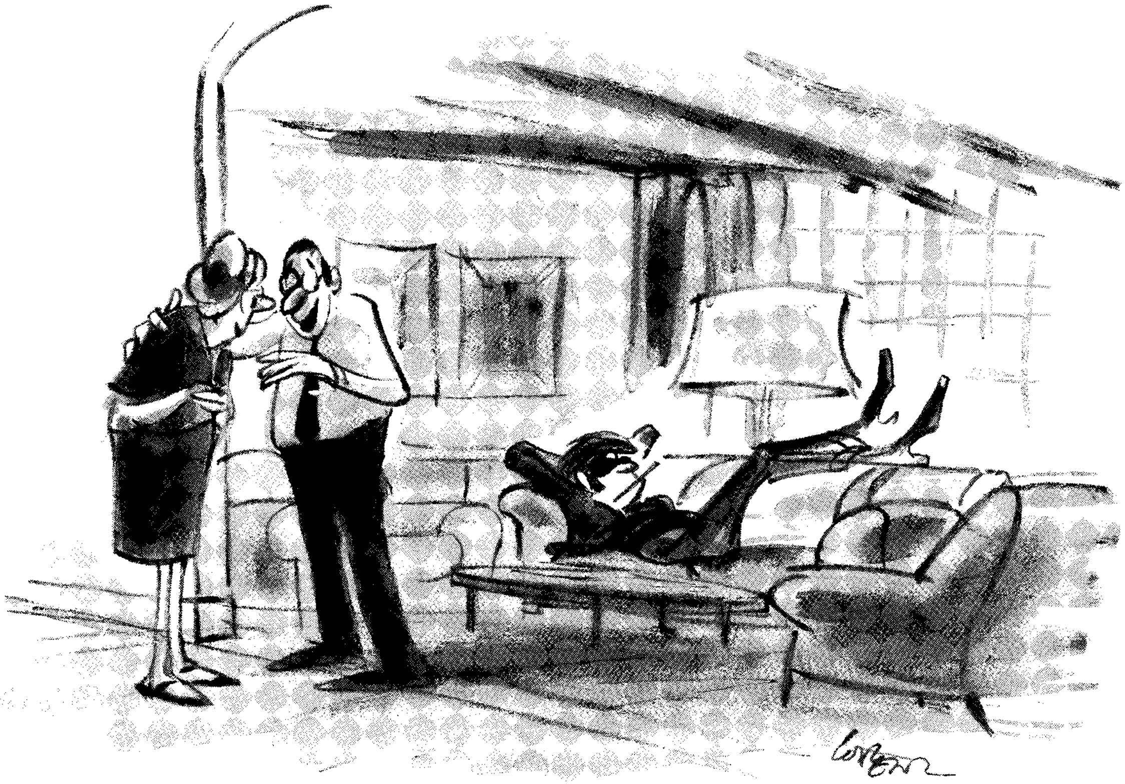
"I was a playwright, and nobody would produce my plays, so I said to myself, 'This making films sounds all right,'" he replied. "I started stealing my wife's money, and borrowing, and got a camera. I shot a couple of films myself, and I found out that the technical end didn't interest me—it was the *content*. My films all look like hell technically. You can't see or hear half of it, but it gets through. So I just jumped out and did it, and before you knew it people started calling up, asking what did I think about this and that, and I said to myself, 'This is really a *sham*.'"

"Do you mean making movies isn't so difficult?" we asked.

"Right. It's thievery. It's a stickup. Because anyone can do it. I'm proof. I mean, people wait to see what I want to do in the morning, and I don't even know. You have so many people you can lean on if you want to—your cameraman, your sound man, your actors." He shook his head thoughtfully. "Making films is so deceiving. You do whatever you want, and people take it seriously."

"Did you do well financially with 'Putney Swope'?" we asked.

"If we go over budget on 'Pound,' they'll take whatever money I made



"We've reached an agreement. I'll stop bugging him and continue his allowance, and he'll give us twenty-four hours' notice before they blow the lid off everything."

on 'Putney.' It's in escrow now. Actually, none of my films—not even 'Chafed Elbows' and 'No More Excuses'—have ever lost money. And you begin to say, 'Well, if my films make money, that must mean they're not serious.' I don't mean to be old-fashioned, but how can my films make money? They're just for about ten people that I know. Then you get amazed when people like your film. And then you get angry when they hate it, when they get really livid and come up to your face and scream, 'I hated it! I hated it!' And you tell them, 'Lady, it's only a movie.'"

"Do you have any politics?" we asked.

"Just that it's all terrible. I don't really understand politics. I really hate it. I've never seen any political guy in this country make any sense, except President Kennedy. He had some style and a sense of humor, and that's why I dug him. I like Eldridge Cleaver, because he seems to be a guy who can talk from the streets and also has a brain, but once he's in power he'll be just as bad as the rest of them."

"What about after 'Pound'?" we asked.

"I've got a lot of things I'd like to do—ideas and premises and ways to make films. I want to make a film about the return of Christ, in which the disciples will be like the Marx Brothers. I want to make a baseball comedy. Sports has never really been absurdly looked at. In fact, if baseball weren't such a boring sport, I'd love to be pitching for the Baltimore Orioles. I played minor-league baseball in Valdosta, Georgia—Class D."

"One more question," we said. "Who were those two strangers in the dance scene last night?"

"Well, every time we do a dance sequence, we're going to throw in two new people, who are not in the pound but who have already appeared in another scene—coming to the door, or on the street, or in another location. You'll see them pop up. By the end of the film, *everybody* will have been in the pound, but just for a flash. Visual, not verbal. I think the film will be interesting. I think we're all trapped in something. The pound is just—you know, a universal metaphor. That's all."

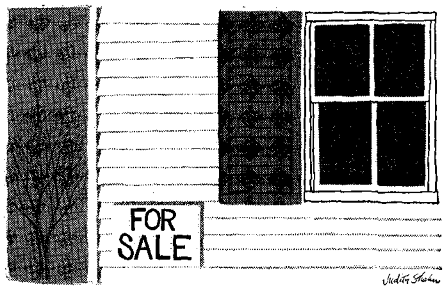
Two Gatherings

THE Association of the Bar of the City of New York is a hundred years old, and one evening last week it held a Convocation and Reception in Philharmonic Hall to inaugurate its centennial year. We were asked to the C. and R.—a neighborly act, for the house of the Association, an overwhelming building designed in 1895 by Cyrus L. W. Eidlitz, is down the block from our office. The C. began with a procession of distinguished legal gentry, each with his lady on his arm. The men were in evening dress and judicial or academic gowns. Most of the gowns were a rusty legal black, but some of them were of quite striking hues, which ruffled a few feathers. As the line was forming, one woman turned to her husband and said, quite angrily, "And where does that Brownell get off wearing a red robe?"

The Honorable Warren Earl Burger, Chief Justice of the United States, was the principal speaker at the Convocation, and his topic was penal reform. As he was waiting his turn to join the procession, he told us that the title of his speech was "For Whom the Bell Tolls." "I'm going to depress everyone," the Chief Justice said quietly. "It's no use conning ourselves about the way we treat our prisoners in this country, and what that does both to them and to us."

The Chief Justice's address was preceded by greetings from Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Lindsay and a welcome from Francis T. P. Plimpton, the president of the Association. Mr. Plimpton said, "Everything these days starts off with a telegram, so I'm going to read one." He then read a telegram from President Nixon, which expressed "best wishes" along with "deepest regrets" about his unavoidable absence. Mr. Plimpton also said he could not help wishing that the President's "second and third nominees to the Supreme Court of the United States could have approached in stature, experience, attitudes, and integrity his first nominee." This statement was greeted by loud applause.

Mayor Lindsay, in his remarks, made reference to the trial of the Chicago Seven, and was loudly applauded in his turn when he said, "When a trial becomes fundamentally an examination of political acts and beliefs, then guilt or innocence becomes almost irrelevant."



The Chief Justice said that America has turned its back on the men it has sent to prison, and he condemned not only our neglect but "the indifference that underlies the neglect." Our systems of correction, he said, do not correct, and he said that it is time that lawyers, "the most powerful force for good—the most powerful lobby, if you will—that this country knows," began to interest themselves in the plight of this country's two hundred thousand federal and state prisoners. He went on to say, "Seventy-five to eighty per cent, conservatively, of all prisoners are in substandard institutions. . . . Buildings erected fifty and a hundred and even a hundred and fifty years ago are not uncommon. Some are even older." He ad-libbed a suggestion that members of the bar organize themselves into small fact-finding groups, consisting of a judge and two or three lawyers, and visit nearby prisons.

Later, at the Reception, we caught up with the Chief Justice, and he told us that he felt slightly apologetic about bringing up such a grim subject at a birthday party. "But I just couldn't be corny," he said. "This is much too important. I think I got through to them. I had twenty years' experience as a trial lawyer, so I know when I'm losing a jury. I didn't lose them. If we can get a few of them out to Dannemora, one of your local institutions for insane criminals, we'll get some zealots for prison reform."

WITH a young black friend of ours, we attended the National Urban League Guild's thirtieth annual Beaux Arts Ball, at the Waldorf. "Now, behave yourself," he said to us beforehand. "This is a seditty affair—the proprah folks getting together and being proprah." He said the party was supposed to start at nine, and arranged to meet us there at ten. "You *can't* be late to the Beaux Arts Ball," he said.

At ten, the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, which holds about twenty-four hundred people, was deserted except for a middle-aged white couple sitting at a table for eight. Our friend smiled at the couple. "Guess those two never heard of C.P.T.," he said. "That's Colored People's Time. The entertainment's scheduled for midnight. I guess everyone will be here by a quarter to twelve." He suggested that we go downstairs and have a drink.

Downstairs, our friend ran into a friend of his, Dr. Nathan Wright, a black sociologist and former Episcopal priest. Dr. Wright said he was reminded of a white colleague—a de-

"Hi, Midge! My encounter group decided to come along for dinner."

scendant of Robert Treat Paine, a signer of the Declaration of Independence—who had once invited him to a church brotherhood breakfast meeting. "He told me I *had* to come, because 'it's the one time in the year we sit down together just like we were equals,' " Dr. Wright said. "The Beaux Arts Ball is the same thing. You got a lot of hung-up Nigrahs and white liberals just smiling at each other and getting ready for another year of messing and being messed over."

After a couple of drinks, we accompanied our friend back upstairs, and found that the ballroom was beginning to fill up. We joined a foursome consisting of an elegant elderly black couple and an earnest white couple.

"And where do you live?" the white man asked.

The black man said he and his wife lived in Jamaica, Long Island.

"Really?" said the white man. "What project do you live in?"

Two bands—a steel-drum band and a dance band wearing sombreros—shared the stage in the ballroom. The steel-drum band began playing "Never on Sunday," and we crossed the floor to say hello to State Assemblyman Charles Rangel, of Harlem, who has since announced his availability for Adam Powell's seat in Congress. Mr. Rangel was talking about the state of the nation. "Some of us have been trying to straddle the fence for many years," he said. "But it looks to me now as though we're having our backs pushed against the wall, if you'll excuse a mixed metaphor. Right this week, there's Carswell, Agnew's speech about open admissions, and the Panther Twenty-one pretrial hearing here in New York."

Around two, following the entertainment and a costume contest, our friend took us upstairs to an after-party thrown by Miss Molly Moon, who coördinates the Beaux Arts Ball each year. Some forty guests milled about, seemingly in constant search of food and drink, and we listened to more talk about the Panther Twenty-one. One man said he disagreed with the Panthers' philosophy, insofar as he could understand it. "At the same time," he continued, "I think they're needed for balance. I don't think we'd get much done without them." Richard Clarke, of Richard Clarke Associates, a black outfit that helps place black executives in industry, said, "The trial presents a recurring aberration in American history, in tune with Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro case, and others. The Panthers are caught in a time lag, for they are too late to be martyrs and too early to be shock troops."

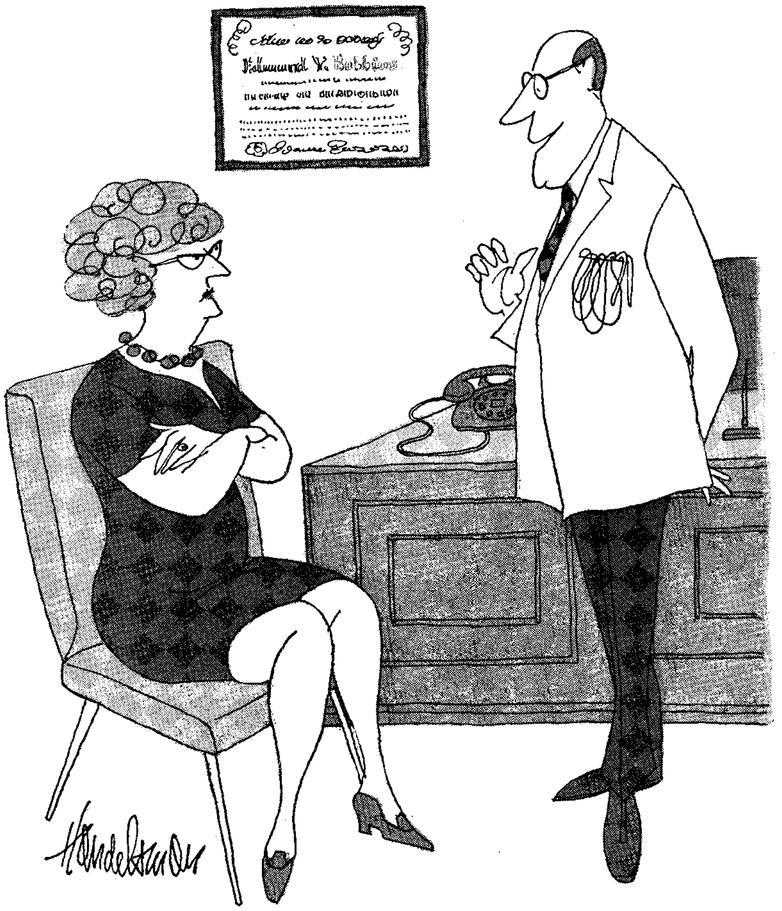
WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR

THE LOCKER ROOM

THIS time no one told us anything. We do not even know where the battle was, on which our fates depended. But there is not a word of surprise as we find ourselves, at our age, being herded down those iron stairs to the pale-green foyer lit with naked bulbs. Bulletin boards. Frosted-glass windows and doors—one of the big windows open, revealing several men younger than we are, in white smocks, seated or standing at desks, among filing cabinets. We are kept waiting. There are no benches. We look around to see who we know. We see a face we recognize, and we smile little wincing smiles, but then wonder whether we should indicate that we know anyone there at all, and from then on we stand still, saying nothing, feeling our stomachs like dark ships slowly sinking. We are told to take off our shoes. Keep the socks on. We stand holding our shoes, watching how the others hold theirs, without meeting eyes. Yesterday this time, or even two hours ago, we were being deferred to in positions of relative eminence. Our modesty became us. Almost certainly it became us. We deprecated. And quite genuinely: aware that the esteem in which apparently we were held exceeded our deserts. Yes, but we did not then stand in our socks, with our shoes in our hands, waiting, on a cement floor that was not quite dry, smelling the shoes, the socks, the floor, something else, and beyond double frosted doors the unlit locker room. Some of us, clearly, had taken no exercise for years. Some were perspiring. Some seemed to be looking for things in their pockets. It's true that we'd been picked up without warning, and just as we were. Told we would need nothing else. Probably no one knew where we were. A clever-looking young man, growing bald already, hurried out from the room with the desks. His white smock billowed around him and he was carrying a clipboard from which sheets of paper struggled to detach themselves and fly away across pallid horizons, where they would settle quietly on vast plains, in the spring twilight, two by two. He opened the locker-room doors, switched on the yellow bulbs inside, and motioned us through, checking off each of our names as we passed him, and giving each of us a little string with a tag on it, bearing a locker number.

The strings were dirty.

"Don't put the tags in your mouths," he told us, though no one seemed tempted to do so. And we filed past, holding shoes in one hand, tag in the other, and began to drift and eddy up and down the rows of lockers, a slow yellow-lit tide backing up into an old harbor. Then the sound of the first tin locker doors. A few voices, laughing a little at having found them. Striking up new acquaintance, with an effort at jocularity, even at such a time, in such a place. And the smell of the lockers. The care with which hand after hand hesitantly sets about undoing its necktie. And there are no hangers for suits which have always had hangers. Years ago we did not have suits that were used to hangers. The ones we have come in with hang uncomfortably on the snub hooks, and at once dust seems to have begun to settle on them. Out of the corners of our eyes we see garters, and white calves, and white shirttails, and then shirts fluttering into the lockers like guilty things, but all we hear is an occasional creaking and snapping of joints, heavy breathing, wheezing, sniffing, a stifled moan. And the squeaking and banging of the locker doors. Pale sides of skin emerge to right and to left, bending, patting, sighing. Some of us must have had no exercise for years. Some of us plainly have had no exercise for years. Some of us obviously have revealed our birthday suits only to the bought bulbs of bathrooms, for years. The young man with the clipboard moves along the aisles, checking. He tells us to hang the tags on the locker doors when we are finished and then close the lockers and stand with our backs to them. There is a muttering. Some are saying prayers. The smell of us grows stronger than that of the old locker room, but when I look up at the ceiling I can imagine that we are still as we once were, years ago, standing under those same yellow tiles, with no hair on our cold privates, shivering, and I cling to that image.



"You only contracted the disease, Mrs. Harris. I discovered it, so it's going to be named after me."

Almost all of the locker doors must have shut, and almost all of the abdomens must have turned slowly, the shoulders squaring a little, the eyes seeking out some spot on the locker across the aisle, when another clever-looking young man with a clipboard comes through the doors and confers with the first one. They speak together in low tones for a moment, comparing their papers. Then the first young man nods and straightens.

"As you were," he says. "Get dressed."

The sigh. The sound of bodies falling as one or two faint. The fum-

bling with the lockers. The underwear. Feeling tight. Feeling clammy. The shirt. Feeling dirty. And too small. The trousers. Feeling tight. And short and strange, and looking different in the light. Yes. They've grown old. Very old. As old as though we'd been standing there for years. Or as though they'd been hanging there since we were children. And the jackets. Much too small, too short in the arms. And old. With holes in some of the pockets. And in others nails. Clasp knives. Crumpled pieces of paper which we remember but about which we say nothing. The socks. Dirty, fished from among several dirty pairs. The shoes. Sneakers. Too small. The first young man with the clipboard is going among the aisles telling us to hurry. The wallets. Almost nothing in them but our names. The sound of somebody sniffing again. And the first young man with the clipboard and the billowing smock leading us rapidly down a green hall that echoes like an inner tube to the gymnasium, where samples of our blood, our urine, our hair are collected. And then the safety doors clanking open and the cold air of the recreation ground, where we are released—yes, released—one by one and allowed to walk away in silence, past the new windows.

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POSTCARDS FROM THE MAGINOT LINE

THIS morning there was another one in the mail. A slightly blurred and clumsily retouched shot of some of the fortifications, massive and scarcely protruding from the enormous embankments. The guns—the few that can be seen—look silly, like wax cigars. The flag looks like a lead soldier's, with the paint put on badly. The whole thing might be a model.

But there have been the others. Many of them. For the most part, seen from the exterior, from all angles—head on, perspectives facing north and facing south, looking out from the top of the embankments, even one from above. They might all have been taken from a model, in fact, but when they are seen together that impression fades. And then there are the interiors. Officers' quarters, which, the legend says, are hundreds of feet belowground. Views of apparently endless corridors into which little ramps of light descend at intervals; panels of dials of different sizes, with black patches on them that have been censored out. It was rather startling to notice a small flicker of relief at the sight of the black patches: it had seemed somehow imprudent to make public display of so much of the defenses.

A few of the cards have shown other, related subjects: a mezzotint of Maginot as a child in the eighteen-eighties, a view of the house where he grew up, with his portrait in an oval inset above it, pictures of villages near the line of fortifications, with their churches, and old men sitting under trees, and cows filing through the lanes, and monuments from other wars. They have all been marked, front and back, in heavy black letters, "THE MAGINOT LINE," and the legend in each case has made the relation clear. And the postmarks are all from there.

They have been coming for months, at least once a week. All signed simply "Pierre." Whoever he is. He certainly seems to know me, or know about me—referring to favorite authors, incidents from my childhood, friends I have not seen for years. He says repeatedly that he is comfortable there. He praises what he calls the tranquillity of the life. He says, as though referring to an old joke, that with my fondness for peace I would like it. He says war is unthinkable. A thing of the past. He describes the flowers in the little beds. He describes the social life. He tells what he is reading. He asks why I never write. He asks why none of us ever write. He says we have nothing to fear.

THE CONQUEROR

"IT has not always been like this," he said. "At one time my performance did not call up vibrations out of the Great Fault. On the other hand I was not remembered for so long."

Here I thought of the sound of the stadium as I had approached it, when the sport had already been going on for heaven knows how long. The air had been oppressive around the walls, like a held breath, and I had been unable to tell whether the shrieking that rose from inside was an expression of the excitement and pleasure of the spectators or the monosyllable of some ultimate terror.

"This is by no means the first time it has happened," he went on, "but so far no one has been so hypocritical as to destroy my statue or change my name on the boulevards, and they will not do so this time, never fear. Though even if they did, it would not make much difference, in the long run. As it is, look at the size of my name on the posters. Each time I take the field I am their idol. What they would all like to be, to be loved by, to know. How they smile on the little boys, who are happy to admit it. Then the anthem is sung. The adversary comes forward, all flutes, flowers, little songs. I draw my sword. The match begins. I used to have to send back reports. Everything took longer. Except the game itself.

"After the beginning, one forgets the spectators. One forgets time. One plays as well as one can, aware for the moment of nothing else. One wins, and turns in one's bloody boots to see that the spectators have changed. Everything about them looks different, and they are on their feet, shrieking. Not in admiration but in disgust. They cry now for vengeance. They grieve over what I have done to please them. If only I were alive, they say, so that I might be punished! Imagine! Pretending that I am not alive!"

I said, "In my own part of the stadium, it is not so much the killing they object to as the pleasure it gives."

"They won't escape that, either," he said, "merely by building larger stadiums, with worse acoustics, as they're doing at present. The only way for anyone to get home is to go with the crowd. Those who leave before the show is over, either singly or by twos and threes, though the party were to include the president himself, are met at the gate, where they are covered with flowers, presented with flutes, and given little songs to memorize."

—W. S. MERWIN

SAUL, AFTERWARD, RIDING EAST

And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven:/and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?/And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.../And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord *said* unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do./And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no man..../And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized.

—*The Acts of the Apostles, 9:3-18.*

Still a bit dazed,
I study out the sequence—what
diverting cast of eye,
what random cocking of an ear,
could, with such fell abruptness,
bounce & so dishevel me? Was it
that fellow in the stinking fleece,
the black figs of his nipples bared,
who watched me drop like a drugged bee?
Those sullen beauties, broad as crabs,
bent to their lettuces & cress? The icy
chuckle of the spring
that rinsed their dragging purples
& vermillions? The two
blue mountains that were always there?

Today is yesterday; my hand,
all by itself, salutes
a door that closes,
or will close.

Hearing a voice (I did hear a voice)
but seeing no man (I saw no man)
I have listened to brass,
accepted any cupful, put on the eunuch's
fastening of silk, rolled over—
a good dog. No wonder
my old road is dark.

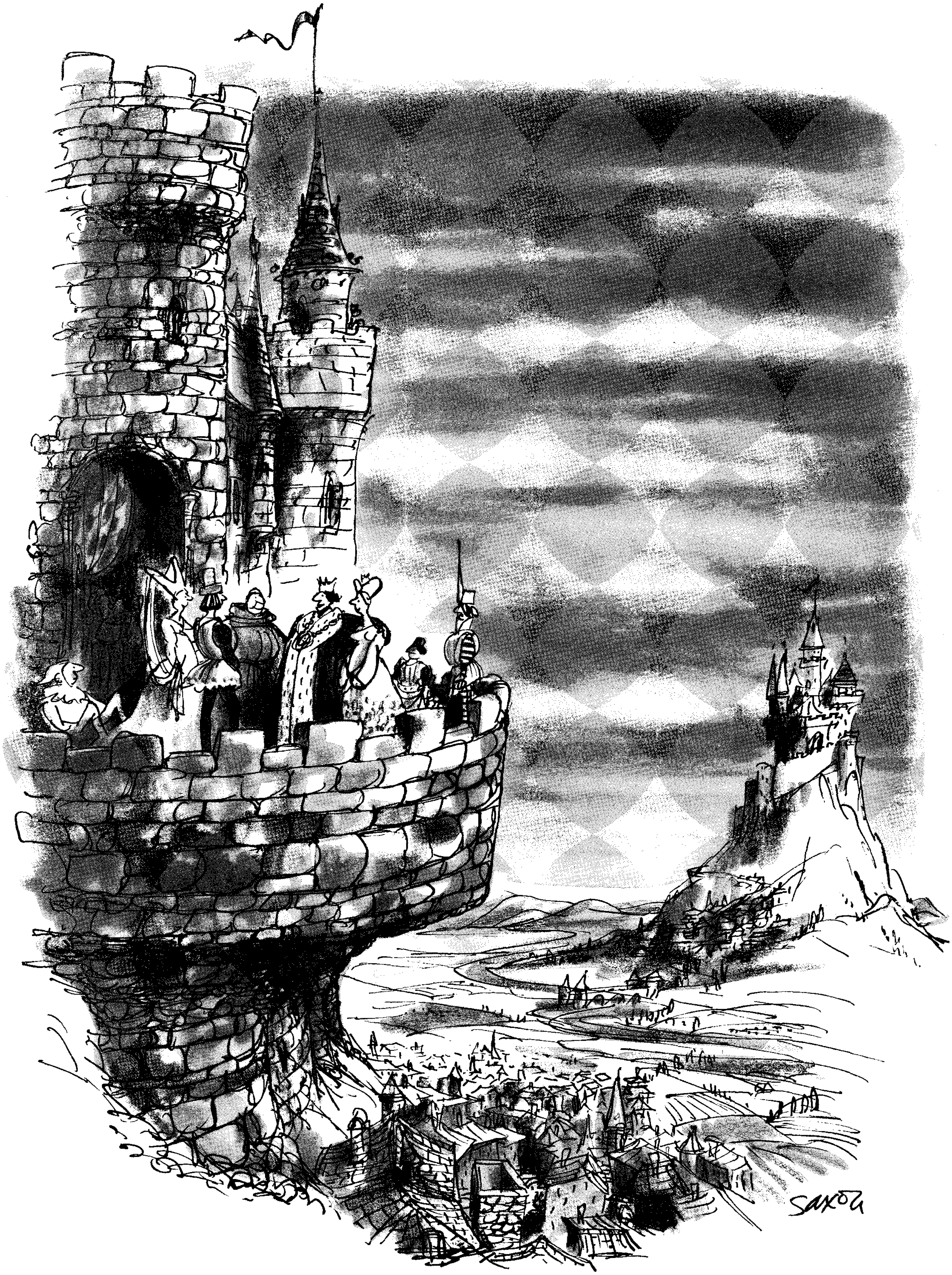
Still, the small flowers eat my dust.
Somehow, I wait upon the man I was—
of a commission & a large address,
of rectitude & ample documents.

I think my bones are melting. The reins
keep sliding from my hands.
I jog like a baby, loved.

Courage,
my bruises whisper: you are,
at worst, the subject of a rustic anecdote.
You would not come so far to disappear.
And yet,
this breath that takes my breath away . . .
What wilt thou, Lord, have me to do?

I feel the low sun pushing me to sleep.
Along the walls of these colossal shadows,
light like a rumor runs its fluted scale.
Nothing I see is visible.
Damascus! Damascus!

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN



"There's really not much to tell. I just grew up and married the girl next door."

THE LAST OF THE WINE

December 22, 1954: Mama and Daddy were standing side by side on the sidewalk waiting for me as I got off the airport limousine. Mama's blue eyes were shining, and her skin was soft and pale with a silvery blush to it, and Daddy, with his long hooked nose and his silver-rimmed glasses, looked tall and well dressed in his gray felt hat, his gray tweed coat, his kid gloves.

"How is Grandpa Nye?" I asked on the long drive from downtown Cincinnati in the evening traffic. I was home after a year. I was at graduate school in California.

"The same," Mama said.

In the field below the village a thin coat of snow lay in the furrows between the cornstalks, and turning into Glendale we slowed. Old houses were gray at the backs of their lawns. The street lamps came on.

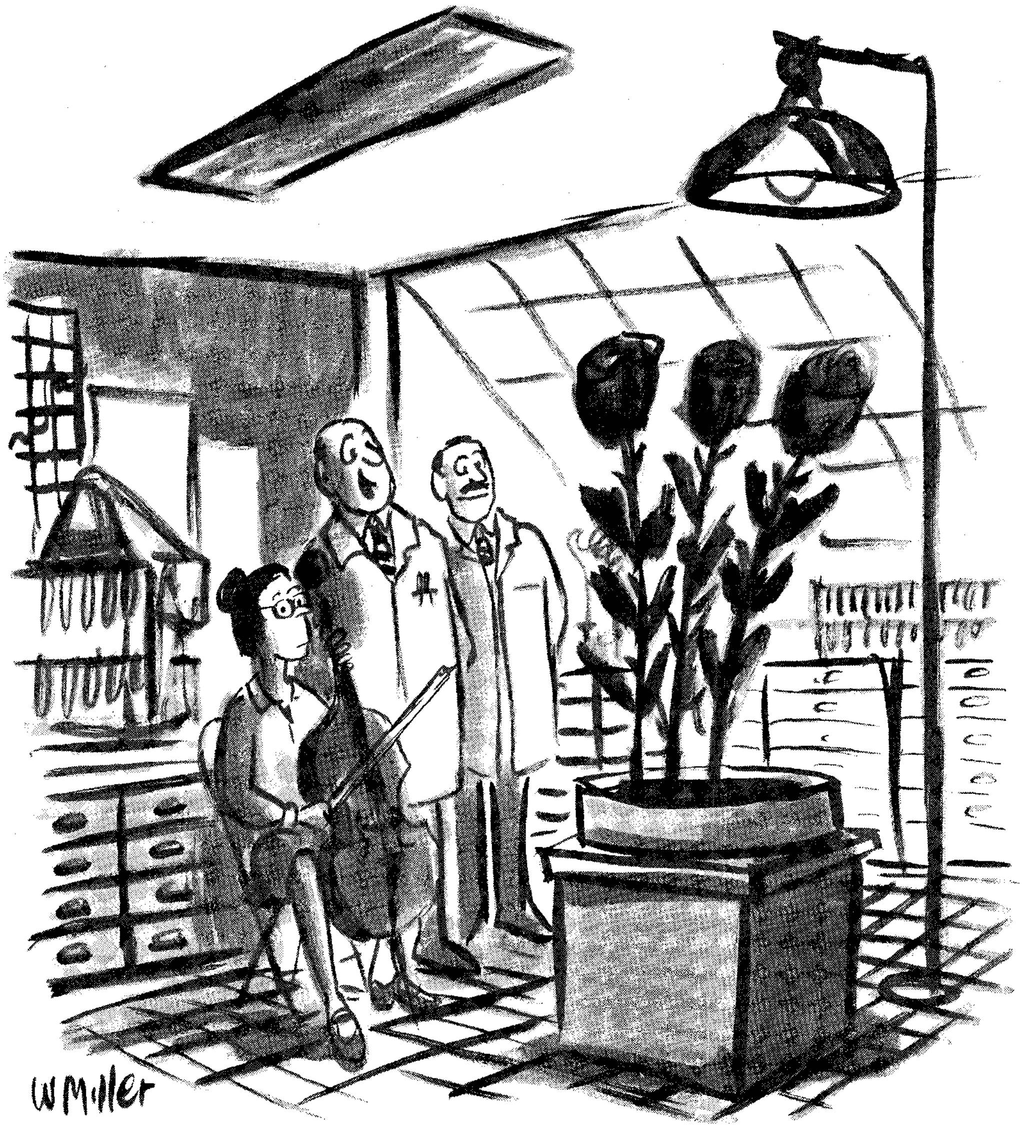
"Lisa will be in at eight-fifty-five in the morning," Daddy said. "If the Boston train is on time for a change."

When we were having drinks before dinner, Daddy put his hand on my shoulder and pulled back his head to look at me, but he didn't. "I'm glad you're home, my dear," he said. His mouth was enlarged and curved down the way it got after too much alcohol. His green eyes looked blurred and hurt.

"Oh, Daddy, I am, too." I said.

He walked across the living room, his long thin body tilted slightly to the side. ("Erect but awkwardly," he used to say, and I always laughed.) His feet seemed slippery on the gold carpet. He went out to the kitchen to bring us more drinks.

"You know how a hospital upsets Morgan," Mama said. "Let alone seeing his father like this. I wish you wouldn't have to remember your grandfather this way, Vanessa."



"Amazing results so far. Now, for the next week, Miss Brosner, we want you to play to them while topless."

"Mama, I want to go see him," I said.

"Wait until Daddy suggests it, though," she said.

Then we heard Eugenie's warm bronze voice booming out in the kitchen. She was talking to Daddy. I ran out to the kitchen. "Eugenie!" I hugged her. "It's wonderful to see you."

"You look fine, sweetheart, just fine," Eugenie said, her dark face shining. "That California sun is doin' you good."

Laelaps scratched on the kitchen door. "Well, here's the boss," Eugenie said. She opened the door and in rushed Laelaps, bringing cold air on his fur.

"Good boy," I said, patting him. "Good boy."

"How's your grandfather today?" she asked when Daddy went out of the room.

"I don't know, Eugenie," I said.

"It's a hard time for your daddy," Eugenie said. "You be good to him now."

Just before dinner, I went into the dining room. Daddy had turned on the little lights in the corner case that had come from Grandpa Nye's house in the spring, when Aunt Janice, his second wife, had moved him to their small new house in Indian Hill. "Oh, Daddy, how nice," I said so that he could hear me in the living room. In the dark room the velvet shelves looked like tiers of tiny stages where scarabs crawled and cats danced and posed and played on musical instruments side by side with bear teeth and Indian arrowheads. I lit the candles on the table.

"The fatted calf," Mama said, beaming.

"Mama, you look beautiful," I said. In her face there was a luminous quality, a delicate sensual female look mixed with the first gentleness of age.

"I only wish . . ." Mama said, sighing, and breaking off as Daddy came into the room. We sat down.

Daddy's head was lowered over his plate so that his eyes seemed to be shut. "Morgan," Mama said, "I wish you would eat." He jerked his head up and looked at her.

Mama, I screamed inside me, leave him alone.

Aunt Aggie came over for dessert. "Vanesser, you look wonderful," she said. She smiled, shaking her head, her soft double chin. "Sister," she said, extending her hand to Mama, and I was home hearing again Aunt Aggie's nasal down-to-earth voice. When Daddy went to get the cognac, she said quietly, "Isabel, how is Morgan's father today?"

Then we heard the front door open and Charles, my favorite of all my cousins, called. I ran to greet him. "Cuz!" I laughed, and we hugged each other tightly.

"Cuz!" He smiled down at me, his dark face reddening. "It's good to have you home. You look great, sweetie," he said in his deep voice.

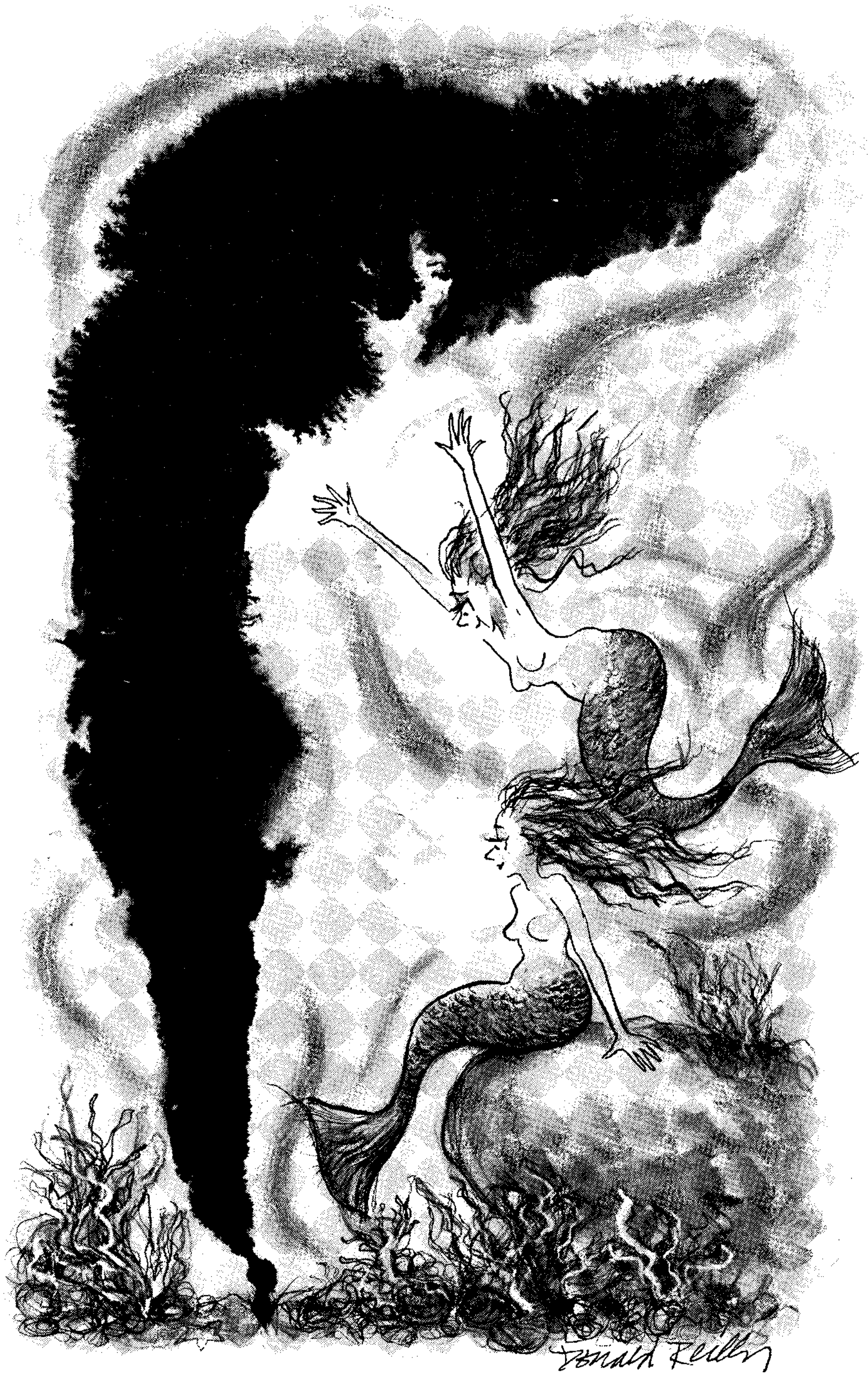
We stood together by the register talking. "How has Daddy been?" I asked him.

"Aunt Janice shouldn't have put Grandpa Nye in the hospital," Charles said. "It's been more than a month now, you know."

Aunt Aggie and Mama and Daddy came into the living room, bringing the coffee and cognac on a tray. "Move away from the register, children," Aunt Aggie shouted. "It's not healthy."

I sat on the couch by Aunt Aggie. Daddy and Charles stood by the fire. "Isn't she gorgeous?" Daddy said to Charles, and they looked across the room at me. I flushed with happiness.

Later, I sat in my room, my old books around me, holding in what would make me cry. Grandfather Nye's death had begun. And Mama and Daddy were so happy to have me home. Daddy seemed thin and gray (in my mind, when I was away, his hair was dark). Mama smiled up at me, her eyes full of love (in my mind she was bigger than I, and her white-fleshed arms, her cold hands, her voice controlled me, pressed me down).



"Oil! We're rich!"

• •

LATE the next afternoon (December 23), Lisa and Amy—Lisa's little girl; she was two and a half—and Mama and I had tea at Aunt Aggie's. Mama sent me home ahead of them to keep Daddy company if he had come home from the office.

He was out in the kitchen at the sink, his long back hunched around his glass. He tipped back his head and drank his Scotch, then filled his glass with water and drank that. He set the glass on the counter and turned. His mouth was enlarged and curved down.

"How is Grandpa Nye?" I asked. "Did Aunt Janice call you?"

"Yes," he said. He clamped his mouth shut. "He's not going to get any better, my dear." He struggled with his lips when he spoke, and I remembered the time Mama went to be with Lisa when Amy was born and I was in Michigan, where we had our summer house, with Daddy; he was leaning against the beech tree out in back, his lips twitching with exasperation. "All I ask is to live long enough to bury Papa," he had said. Now in the same voice he said, "You're off base, my dear. I love you, but you're off base. You've got to start thinking about what's important."

I stood there paralyzed.

"I don't see why you aren't going forward. We've given you a good education. You have the finest intellectual inheritance."

I saw him talking as if he were behind a pane of glass. I wanted to step forward through the glass and smash his head. But I loved him. My father. Our skin was the same olive and in our skin was the same oil.

"I'm not going to live forever, my dear," he said.

"Listen, Daddy," I said, furious. "I'm doing what I can. I've had a lot of problems and troubles you don't know anything about."

"Oh, Vanessa," he said, "why don't you ever tell us anything? We want to know about you."

Just then Mama came into the kitchen. She looked at him and her arm jerked impatiently. "Morgan, shall I fix you some tomato juice?" she said.

"No, thank you," he said abruptly.

Mama went to the icebox, and as she

got out the tomato juice in its plastic container a little juice spilled on her wrist. She made a bloodcurdling sound, drawing breath through her teeth, and Daddy swung around toward her. When he saw it was nothing, he was beside himself. "Isabel, you don't know how that made me feel. If you think I don't love you, you ought to know how that made me feel."

"I'm sorry," Mama said, not looking at him. She crossed the room in her heavy way, poured the tomato juice into a glass, got out some Trisquits, and put them on a plate. Then they left the room to go shower and dress. Mama was carrying the juice and the plate.

"Jesus, Lisa, sometimes I can't stand it here," I said to her when we converged in the dining room.

"Me either," Lisa said.

"Me either," Amy said.

"Amy," I said. I touched the soft top of her head.

"You'd think I'd be more detached, with Amy and Stewart, but I'm not," Lisa said. Stewart was a doctor, a resident at Mass. General in Boston, and he had to be on duty over Christmas.

"It's going to be horrible at dinner," I said. "But fatted calf, cutie."

Upstairs in the bathroom, Lisa and I combed our hair and put on lipstick. I looked at her lovely clear-featured face, her blue eyes, in the mirror.

"You have more bosom than me," she said.

"More bottom," I said mournfully.

"Well, Vanessa, it's not as bad as I used to think. They're meant to be sexy."

Mama came in, her eyes full of tears. "Sometimes I can't stand it any longer, and I'm never allowed to show how I feel," she said.

In a little while Mama and Lisa were out in the kitchen, talking. Daddy was reading *Time* in the study. Amy was drawing a picture in the hall at the foot of the stairs. "Watch me draw, Vanessa," she said. I sat down beside her. Her face still had its baby plumpness, and at the same time she had a look so delicate she seemed otherworldly. She drew a jaggedy line around and up and down. When she finished, she gave it to me.

"Oh, it's very nice," I said.

"Vanessa," she said, "shut your eyes."

I did.

"Hold your nose."

I did.

She stood up and came over to peer. I watched her through my lashes. She put out her hand and lifted one of my eyelids, then the other; then she took my hand away from my nose. She stepped into my lap and hugged me. I put my arms around her. I could feel her warm perfect back, her heart beating in her chest. I could feel her spirit inside her head.

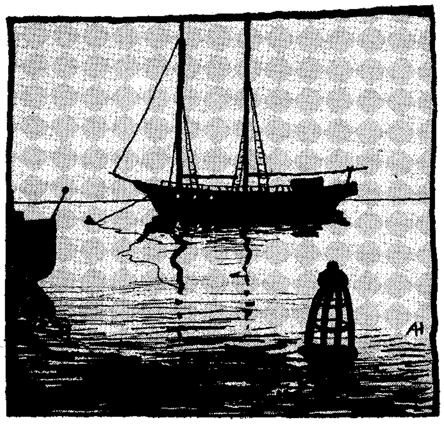
"You know what we have to do?" I asked.

"What?"

"Set the table."

"Oh," she said.

It was dark in the dining room. As we went by the mantelpiece, I touched its smooth cold white surface and remembered how Daddy marked our heights with a pencil each year, and once suddenly I was as tall as the mantelpiece. It felt hard and tingly pressing on the top of my head and I kept going under it. I called Grandpa Nye to come see. I could see him still, standing in the doorway, tall and white-haired and stonelike as he was then.



Now I heard a train coming from down the valley. "Amy, do you want to see the train go by?" I lifted her onto a chair in the bay window and stood behind her. She stiffened as the train passed. The evening train to Detroit. I saw its lights sliding swiftly across her face.

Mama came in and turned on the light.

"Grandmama," Amy said, "I saw the train."

"Lisa," I said, "she's so beautiful."

Daddy stood at the door. "I want to go see Papa in the morning," he said. "Would you like to go?"

We said we would.

"We'll leave at exactly eleven," he said.

AFTER supper, Lisa and Mama and I sat in the study and listened to Daddy make his way slowly up the stairs to bed. When he reached the top, Mama picked up her detective book and Lisa and I decided to take Laelaps for a walk.

Outside it was cold. There was a golden gray flower of altocumulus clouds in the south where the moon was. Laelaps tugged on his leash. The Farneys' Christmas tree was on. As we went down toward the tracks, we could hear a dog bark over the hill and another one answer. A train whistled in the next valley, and a big truck went by

SHADOWBOXING

Sometimes you almost get a punch in.
Then you may go for days without even seeing him,
or his presence may become a comfort
for a while.

He says: I saw you scrambling last night
on your knees and hands.

He says: How come you always want to be
something else, how come you never take your life
seriously?

And you say: Shut up! Isn't it enough
I say I love you, I give you everything!

He moves across the room with his hand
on his chin, and says: How great you are!

Come here, let me touch you, you say.

He comes closer. Come closer, you say.
He comes closer. Then. *Whack!* And
you start again, moving around and around
the room, the room which grows larger
and larger, darker and darker. The black moon.

—James Tate

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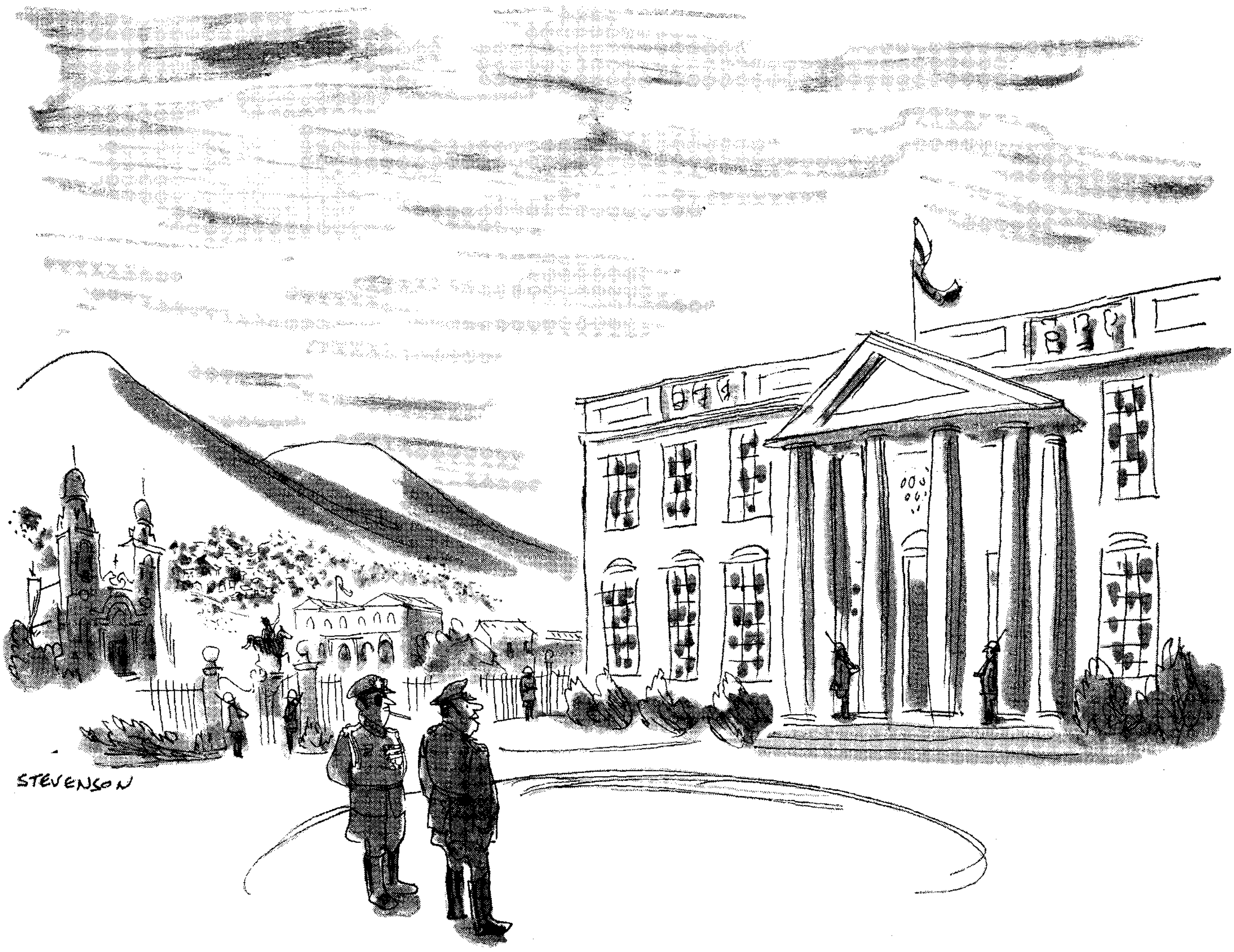


"I built it as a tribute to the United States—without whose generous support I could not have remained in power all these years."

• •

way up on the pike. We climbed the mound to the tracks and walked along the switch.

"It's good to have someone to talk to," Lisa said.

"Yes," I said.

"As Mama always said, marriage is no bed of roses."

"No, not for anyone, I guess."

"It's worth it, though."

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"Everyone loves Stewart at the hospital. They worship him. He doesn't really love me, that's what I have to face. Vanessa, he never shows me one bit of affection. He comes home and eats—he doesn't even notice his food. Then he goes and lies down. After Amy's asleep, he wakes up and comes to sit in the living room. If I want to talk, he picks up the paper right in the middle. And as for . . ."

"What?" I said tentatively.

"Well, never mind."

"Oh, Lisa," I said, full of the tension of wanting to say something and not being able.

"And Amy's afraid of him," she said in a while.

We turned off the tracks and started up Oak Road along the pasture. "I don't see the cows," she said.

"They're probably in bed," I said.

"I suppose so," she said sadly. Lisa loved cows. Daddy used to be able to moo and make them come over to the fence for us. "I don't always feel this way," she said.

"I know," I said.

"It's so complex, Vanessa. Sometimes I can't stand it any longer. But. Well, once I was going to leave. I was really going to leave. And he said never leave him whatever I did. He cried. We both did."

We walked on, not talking, to the top of the hill where the Osage oranges grew. It was our favorite place to walk on Sunday afternoons when we were little, because when we reached the top we could bowl the Osage oranges down the hill and see whose went farthest and, best of all, whose rolled under a car to be squashed. In the dark, we each found a cold one and threw it from the top of the hill and listened to it plop on the road. We laughed and then ran with Laelaps until we were out of breath.

Our house when we returned looked tall and pale in the moonglow. The light in Mama's and Daddy's room was on, and then it went out. Mama was in bed. I remembered returning once from a walk with Daddy and we saw Mama go by the window in their room, framed and clear for an instant in the blue afternoon light. Daddy's arm shot up like a little boy's and waved to her, but she was gone from the window and never saw.

Away from here, I thought now, I was free of the love that made me want to cry all the time, but away from here I wasn't where I belonged. Here, slowly, everything changed. I had to look to what was left of what I loved. I had to look at it more fiercely to make it larger than it was. Factories were filling the valley and the air on still cloudy nights was filled with the rhythmic roar of the

Wright Plant making bombers all day, all night, but I could not think about the Wright Plant, or about the place in that valley, but farther north where they said atomic bombs were stored. It was beyond Mr. Northrop's woods and the Eliza house; it was in the next valley. I could not think about the fact that it took just three minutes to drive there in a car, and that from an airplane we and it were all the same.

"Let's drink some of Grandpa Nye's wine," Lisa said, and we hung up our coats and went to the kitchen. I got one of his bottles from the closet, and as I held it up to the light I remembered the way Grandpa Nye held a bottle to the light in the cold room in his cellar, where Lisa and I accompanied him each time we went to his house for dinner. Before dinner, we would go into the library and stand behind the high back of Grandpa Nye's green velvet chair and wait until he remembered and said, "Lisa and Vanessa, how would you like to go down to the cellar with me for a moment?"

We went down the dark back hall and down the steep stairs. In the cellar it was as still and peaceful as an underwater world. The whitewashed walls were thick and bumpy. On a deep ledge opposite the furnace, evening sun came in through greenhouse glass and sifted through the leaves of plants that had been growing since long before our time. Flecks of sunlight swirled in the masses of green weeds in the guppy bowls; guppies darted here and there. Grandpa Nye moved slowly, and in the clear abstract concentration of his eyes we sensed the wild Grandpa Nye who yearly in autumn climbed high trees along the banks of the Ohio for wild grapes for his wine.

In autumn, Grandpa Nye worked out in back picking grapes from their bunches. The sky was pale; yellow leaves fell through the air. Grandpa Nye put the grapes in huge crockery vats, covered them with cheesecloth, and listened for the day when it would be time to siphon the new wine from the vats, to press the skins, and transfer the wine to oaken barrels in the cellar. In autumn, Grandpa Nye in his old purple- and bark-stained clothes spread out his arms and said, " 'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, close bosom-friend of the maturing sun.' "

And in winter he tended his cellar. When Lisa and I went down with him, he walked through the furnace room and into the cold room where wine in bottles lay on racks from the floor to the ceiling. Here he would select two bottles—one for dinner, when we would drink toasts in frail honey-colored goblets and be joyous, and one for Daddy to take home. "Vanessa," he said, holding one up to the light, "how do you think this one will do for your father?" There was dust on his sleeve and a cylindrical well of light in the red wine.

"I think that's a perfect one, Grandpa Nye," I said.

He gave us each a bottle to carry, and we went into the dark room on the far side of the furnace where the wine fermented in barrels. In there it smelled of earth and oakwood. Grandpa Nye lit matches to check the keg tubes for bubbles, and his face was lit in the dark like a face appearing in a warm dream. When the gas stopped bubbling, Grandpa Nye would transfer the wine to sealed barrels, where as the grapes flowered in spring it would undergo its slighter third fermentation, its fourth as the new grapes ripened in autumn. And on a bright day after that Grandpa Nye would bottle the wine on the long table in the room with the sun and the plants.

With a final match Grandpa Nye checked the thermometer, and sometimes on the stairs as we started back he turned and spoke. "Wine prolongs life," he said. Once he turned and bellowed out like a line of poetry, "The grape, boys, the grape!" In the dignified voice that he used to discuss our ancestors, he said, "Lisa and Vanessa, a branch of the DeGolyer family owns to this day some of the finest vineyards of the Bordeaux country." Another time, without turning, he said absently to himself, " 'Drink deep ere you depart.' " And I saw his head nod slightly, as old men's heads do.

Now in our kitchen as I set the bot-

"Farewell, cruel environment!"

• •

tle of his wine down on the table, I could hear his feet, heavy and slow, as they were in later years, scraping across the cellar floor. Lisa sat staring dreamily into the wine, and I said, "Charles told me that when it got close to the time to move, Grandpa Nye always got up when Daddy or he came to visit and met them at the door. 'Charles,' he would say, 'what is being done about my wine?' 'Morgan,' he said, 'what is being done about my wine?' They didn't know how to answer. Charles said, 'Once she had bought that house and started the remodelling, everything was already done.' "

I got the corkscrew and then I went into the dining room for glasses. In the cabinet I found the honey-colored goblets from Grandpa Nye's house. I carried them gingerly, one in each hand.

"These glasses," I said to Lisa. When they were set on the white tablecloth at Grandpa Nye's house, their fragile surfaces, like bubble walls, caught the reds, the greens, the golds of the mosaic lampshade that hung down over the center of the table.

Lisa opened the bottle and poured the wine. I lifted the goblet. The wine shrivelled the flesh in my mouth.

"Oh, Vanessa, it's bitter," Lisa cried.

"It's gone bad," I said.

"She could have put in an elevator," Lisa said after a while.

"I think he hoped he'd die before he had to move," I said.

"Think how old he is, Vanessa," Lisa said. He was ninety-three.

"Vanessa," she said in a minute, "do you think she would have done it if the house hadn't been left to his boys?"

"The house was originally in Grandmother Nye's name," I said. "That's why it was left to them when she died—did you know that?" In a minute, I said, "We could open another bottle, but probably we should save it. Charles told me that when they were cleaning out the house they used to drink a bottle of wine each time they went and take home a bottle or two, but then one Saturday when they got there the wine was gone. She must have hired a truck to have it taken away. No one knew where it went."

When Lisa and I went up to bed, we went in to cover Amy and see her sleeping.

"I love her when I see her that way," Lisa said back in my room. "At home she drives me nuts half the time, Vanessa. She won't let me alone. She does things on purpose to make me mad. And Stewart's no help. But here she's got all of you to . . . I can appreciate her more. But you don't know . . ."

"What?"

"You don't know what she's really like," Lisa said with fury in her voice.

We turned out the light and pulled the covers up to our chins. Branch shadows made by the street lamp on the corner emerged in the white patch of light on my door. "Remember when we thought they were the movies?" I said.

Lisa didn't answer. She was asleep.

DECEMBER 24: Eugenie came in as Lisa and I were lazily finishing breakfast in the kitchen. Mama and Amy were sitting with us. Daddy had laid out his office work on the dining-room table, and he was in there working.

"Vanessa," Eugenie boomed, "you could write a book about what we come across cleaning out your grandfather's house."

"The filth!" Mama said. She drew breath through her teeth.

"The dirt in that house," Eugenie said.

"It even gave young Charles the heebie-jeebies," Mama said.

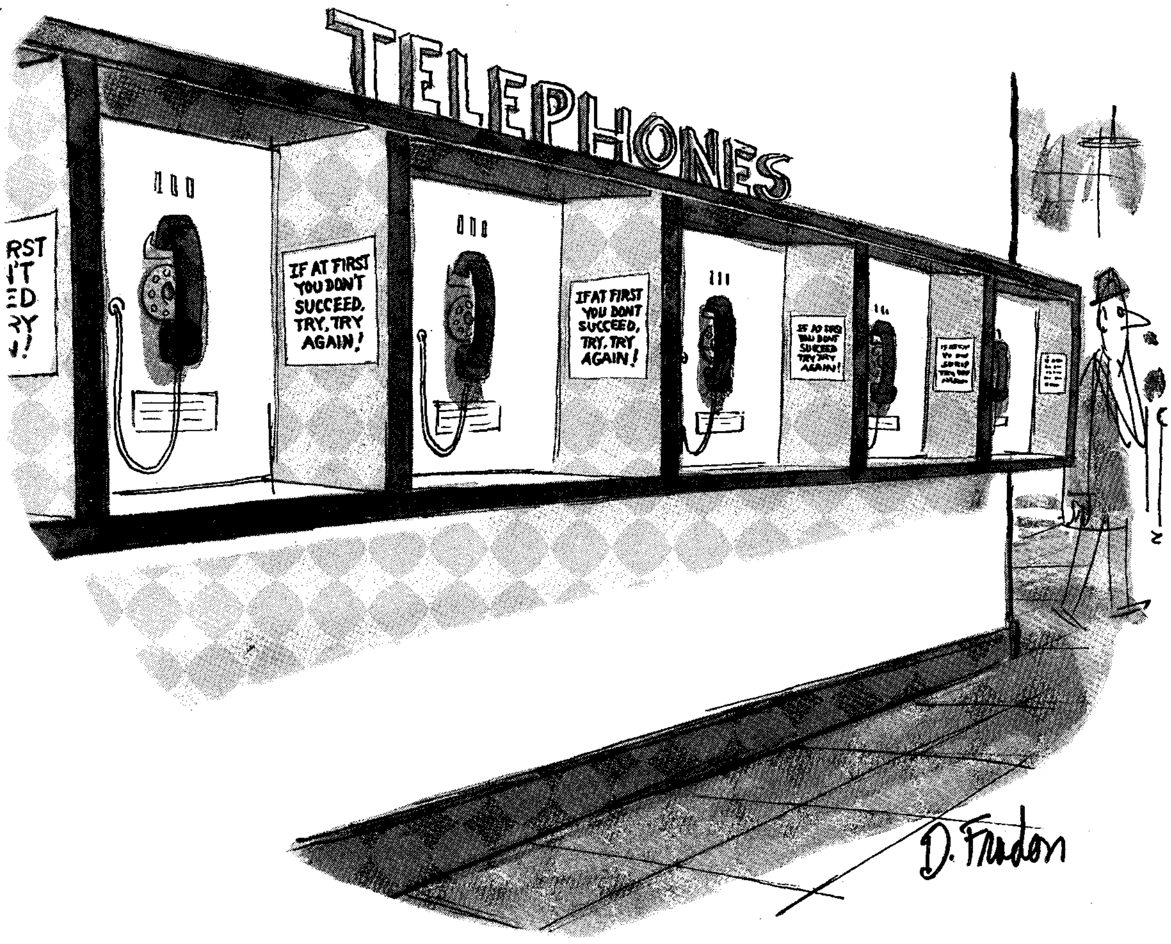
"And Miss Janice always going around looking so clean and neat," Eugenie said in the mincing voice she used to show disapproval.

"We found a bag of socks in an upstairs closet that Daddy sent home from Princeton to be washed—in *1922!*"

"Yes," Eugenie said. "That house about sent me into retirement for good." Eugenie was always threatening to retire. "Work makes for too much income tax," she always said.

"We found *sixteen* high silk hats in the attic," Mama said. "Mr. Nye used to wear them in the days when he lectured, and later on business trips. He was always leaving one behind, so he had to buy another, and then the one left behind would be returned."

"I wish I could have heard him lecturing," I said. I had heard Grandpa Nye speak only once—in the fall three years ago, when he was eighty-nine, just before his first heart attack, on the occasion of the presentation of his col-


TELEPHONES
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN!
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN!
D. Fradon

lection of Harrisoniana to the Ohio Historical Society.

"Now, Eugenie," Mama said gaily, "we've got work to do. There will be eleven for dinner." Mama counted on her fingers. "The four of us, young Charles and Miss Edie, Big Charles and Mrs. Nye, Mr. Edward." Uncle Charles was Daddy's oldest brother. He was enough older that he had been teaching at Princeton when Daddy was a freshman there. He and Aunt Melissa were coming in from Washington to stay with Charles and Edie. Uncle Edward, who was eight years older than Daddy, was coming down from Toronto to be near Grandpa Nye. His children all were married and living in the East. Aunt Kate, his wife, had died three years ago. "He can't seem to get over it," Daddy told me. "And he's exceedingly worried about remarrying. Exceedingly worried. He's afraid he'll marry someone who will turn out to be like Janice."

"And Miss Aggie," Mama continued. "And Miss Janice. Eleven, that's right."

Daddy came into the kitchen. "Good morning, Eugenie," Daddy said. Daddy's manners were perfect, but you could always tell whom he loved, and he loved Eugenie. He pulled his gold watch out of his vest pocket. His hand shook. "I want to leave in exactly ten minutes," he said to us.

GRANDPA NYE'S room was white with daylight. He was lying in bed propped up on pillows, wearing a white hospital gown. He was staring straight before him, and he didn't turn his head when Aunt Janice came to kiss us. She was lovely and pale in a soft blue suit. She smelled of her gardenia perfume.

As I came to the head of the bed, I saw that Grandpa Nye's blue eyes were fixed. They looked empty and wild, and at the same time terror-stricken. His hair was long; it was flying out from his head. His forehead was so pale it shone. His mouth hung open and his face was covered with prickles of white hair. But he knew we were there. He tried to get hold of the sheet and pull it to cover himself. He couldn't seem to grab hold of it. I saw his naked gray thigh.

"All right, dear," Aunt Janice said, and she did it for him.

Then he lifted his hand, which was enormous and blue veined, hanging at the end of his thin arm. He moved his hand slowly across himself and Daddy went down by the side of the bed and took it.

"Hello, Papa," Daddy said.

"See!" Aunt Janice squealed. "He's still strong as an ox." She giggled excitedly.

"Hello, Grandpa Nye," I said. His hand was strong and smooth like the hand of a statue. I was sure he knew us.

"Hello, Grandpa Nye," Lisa said.

Daddy sat on the edge of the bed. His hands trembled and he folded them together. "Papa . . ." he said. "Papa . . ." Daddy couldn't think what to say.

Lisa and I stood at the foot of the bed. There were mounds of flowers on the bureau behind us, and they were dying; the water in the vases was turning brown. Grandpa Nye's purplish coated mouth was hanging open and he seemed to be looking through us, beyond us into the dying flower petals.

Lisa said, "Stewart sent you his regards, Grandpa Nye." Then she said, "Amy knew we were coming to see her great-grandfather this morning."

He was so changed that I wouldn't have recognized him, but I could see his hooked DeGolyer nose and the dark mole on the side of his temple.

Grandpa Nye tried to speak. His voice was caught down in his chest. It sounded like a car engine starting up over and over and failing. His mouth worked. Then he was quiet.

"What, dear?" Aunt Janice said.

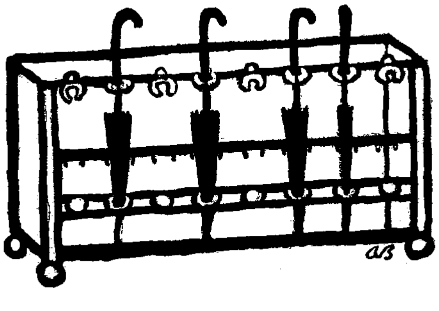
The droning and grinding started up in his chest again. Finally I could hear that he was saying, "I'm a sick man." He was saying it over and over, trying to make us understand.

"I'm a sick man," Janice repeated as if she'd just made out the talk of a baby. "Some days he speaks quite clearly," she said. "He must have had another little stroke in the night."

"Papa," Daddy said, "Vanessa arrived on Tuesday from California. Lisa and Amy got in Wednesday morning. The Boston train was on time for a change."

Grandpa Nye stared wildly.

Janice began talking of Calvin's last illness and his death in her high insistent voice. Calvin was the little West Highland terrier she and Grandpa Nye had got on their wedding trip in Scotland in 1937. "He died a week ago today," she said. "Well, Dr. Niemeyer said, 'Mrs. Nye, there is nothing more I can do for your little dog.' 'Yes,' I said, 'there is one thing more you can do, Dr. Niemeyer.' " Aunt Janice paused and looked slowly and significantly into all our eyes. "Calvin didn't suffer at the end," she said, wagging her finger, her polished pink fingernail. "I took him home in his own little suitcase and kept him in the pantry overnight. The next morning early, I got the shovel out of the garage and went out in back to start digging. I'd hardly gotten a spadeful out of the earth when young Neil Carlson came over. 'Let me help you, Mrs. Nye,' he said. 'I'm so sorry to hear that Calvin passed on.' 'My dear boy,' I said, 'you *can* help me.' " She made a kissing sound and paused significantly. "You can't imagine how hard that young boy worked. After a while I said, 'Neil, dear, you mustn't spend your whole day when you are on vacation over here helping me.' 'Mrs. Nye,' he said, 'you wouldn't want Calvin to be disturbed, would you?' Isn't that sweet?" she said with one of her giggles. And then emphatically, insistently, "I buried him deep. I buried him deep."



Grandpa Nye's mouth worked. His voice down in his chest started up. Finally I heard that he was saying, "Oh, my."

Aunt Janice repeated, "Oh, my."

Daddy stood up and went to the window. "The river is beginning to rise, Papa," he said. "There were heavy rains in West Virginia and Pennsylvania last week."

A nurse looked in at the door. "How are we this morning?" she said.

Grandpa Nye twisted under his sheet.

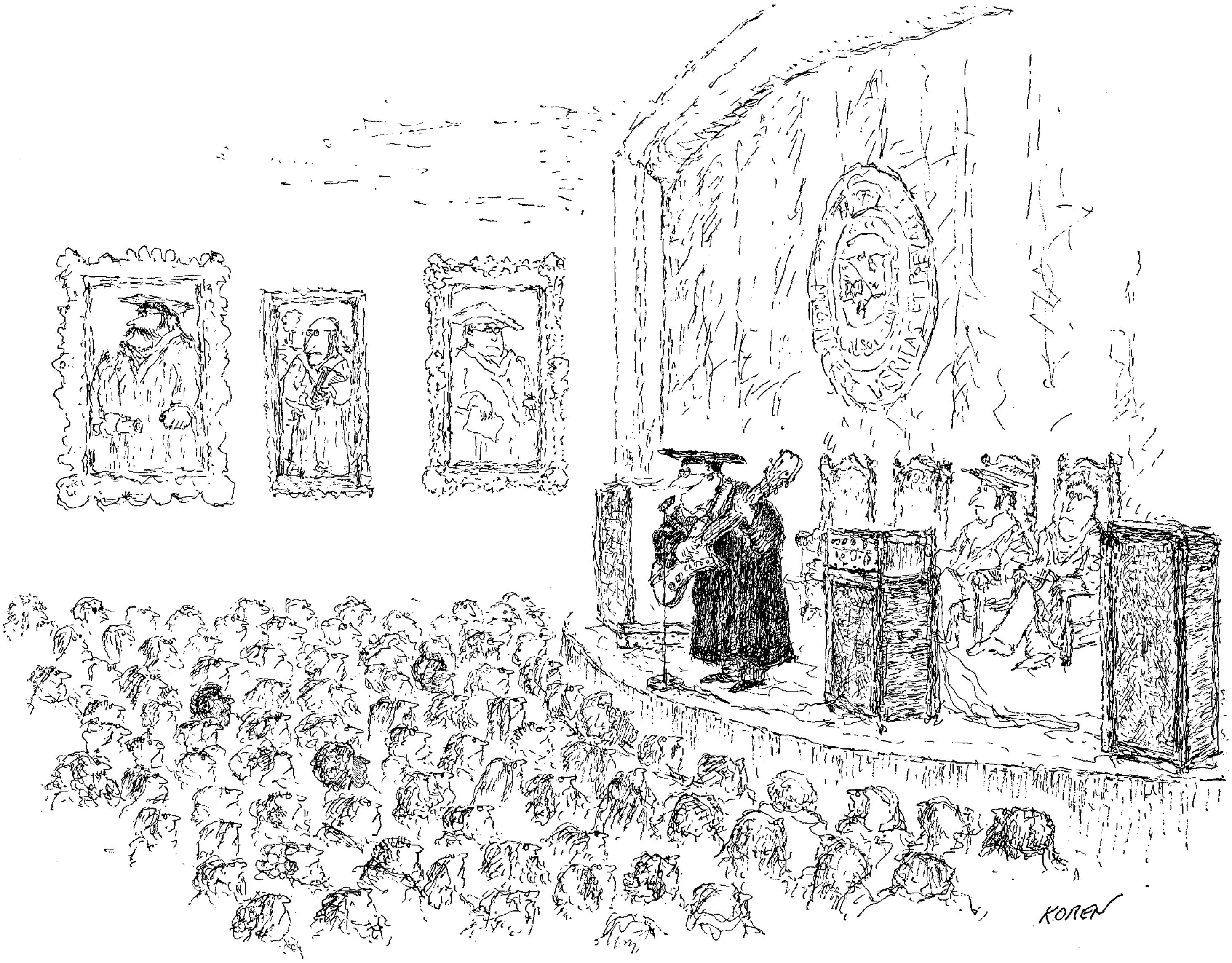
"We're not so well today," Aunt Janice said.

Daddy said, "Well, Papa, it has been very nice to see you. We'll come again tomorrow."

We all took his hand, and as we were leaving his room I looked back. He was sitting up and watching us go.

Aunt Janice came down with us. When we reached the lobby, she drew Daddy aside. She clutched his arm and looked around. "Morgan, I can't move him out of here," she said. "I simply can't. Won't you do something? Couldn't you call Dr. Schwarz? There would have to be two nurses at least. They eat like horses, you know, so even if—"

"Excuse me, Janice," he said, "I have to get out of here." He said he would call Dr. Schwarz.



"We've re-struc-tured
The fac-ul-ty stu-dent sen-ate, yeah man;
We've a-bol-ished
R.O.T.C., ooh-ahhh;
There are eight-y fo-ur blacks
In the fresh-man class, oh yeah . . ."

• •

When we got in the car, Daddy got his old Princeton flask out of the glove compartment. "Excuse me," he said. "I can't take it." He took a drink. Then he took another. The Scotch was fragrant, and a brown drop of it trickled down his chin.

"Daddy, why can't he go home?" I said.

Daddy looked at me with a furious look. "Vanessa, you don't know what you're talking about," he said.

At lunch when Daddy went out to feed the birds, Mama said, "He's more comfortable in there. Remember, girls, how much she's done for him, too."

"I wouldn't have known him," Lisa said.

Mama said, "Everyone is coming at seven-thirty, so we ought to be dressed and ready by six-thirty for hanging Amy's stocking."

AFTER lunch, Daddy and I took a walk with Laelaps. Daddy wore his felt hat, his kid gloves. He carried his polished cane and we walked rapidly, for he made a point of maintaining at all times exactly the pace he maintained daily on Fourth Street when he walked from his office to the University Club for lunch and back.

"Papa didn't always handle things correctly," Daddy said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"In business," Daddy said. "Papa was a fall guy for anyone who wanted money. People warned Papa that blankety-blank-blank lawyer was crooked. People *warned* Papa. I heard them myself."

Daddy was talking about the man who was responsible for the ruin of the Morgan Burke Company. Grandpa Nye started out after college as a reporter at fifteen dollars a week; at twenty-six he was city editor on the *Times-Star;* and then he turned to lecturing—because there was more money in it, he told me, and his family was growing. But in 1894 Mr. Morgan Burke, who had no children of his own, took Grandpa Nye into his company, which bought and sold pig iron and coal, and made him a partner. After Morgan Burke was killed in a train accident in 1904, Grandpa Nye took over the company, and he ran it singlehanded. In the panic of 1907, Daddy said once, Grandpa Nye called up Andrew Carnegie in Pittsburgh. "It was Papa's first long-distance call," Daddy said, "and they made a deal that enriched them both. Papa told Mr. Carnegie that he had on hand such-and-such a number of tons of pig iron at such-and-such the ton. And Mr. Carnegie said he'd buy all the pig iron Papa had on hand, and all Papa could get hold of at the figure he had named. Papa was able to purchase vast amounts of pig iron all over the South at panic prices and sell it thus to Mr. Carnegie for a considerable profit. By spring, Mr. Carnegie had all the iron in this part of the country."

"What exactly did that lawyer do, Daddy?" I wanted to know. "I've never understood."

"He was a crooked shyster lawyer," Daddy said. "The plan was for the Morgan Burke Company to ship iron and coal to a Europe devastated by war, and to import rich manganese ore, which had been seen piled and unused at docks on the Black Sea by your Uncle Charles and Uncle Edward when they were there after the war. The ships were to be leased out of Lebanon or Greece. That's a common practice even now. But money was to be invested in a company to conduct the operation. Stock had to be issued. That crooked shyster lawyer had the Morgan Burke Company issue itself a million dollars' worth of stock. Actually no money was invested at all. Then he led other companies to invest considerable sums in the belief that there was already a good deal of capital in the company. But there wasn't, and the whole thing blew up. That was in May of 1924. Your mother and I were newly married. We were living in Ashland then. I was working as a time-study man for Armco. I'd already worked at blast furnaces in Hamilton and Ironton, and in an iron-ore mine in Alabama, and I'd worked in the coal mines in Hazard. I had no inkling it was coming. No *inkling*." Daddy's lips began to twitch with anger. "I woke up one morning in Ashland and the headlines were two inches high: 'MORGAN BURKE CO. FAILS.' The Morgan Burke Company was sued for all it was worth. We were all ruined. We were wiped out. And that blankety-blank-blank lawyer went to California and shot himself. But his widow was left with more money than any of us will ever have. You went to dancing school with one of his grandchildren."

"Who?" I asked.

"Never mind, I'm not going to tell you," he said.

"Papa was a millionaire at one time," Daddy said, "and he liked to live in an expansive fashion."

In a minute, Daddy said, "If ever a man was 'insecure,' it was I when you children were little. If I had known what was coming, I would have . . ."

"What?"

"I would have become a teacher," he said. "Papa could be tough. In the summer after I graduated from Princeton, he bought me a one-way ticket to Ironton and he gave me eighty cents. That's all I had to my name."

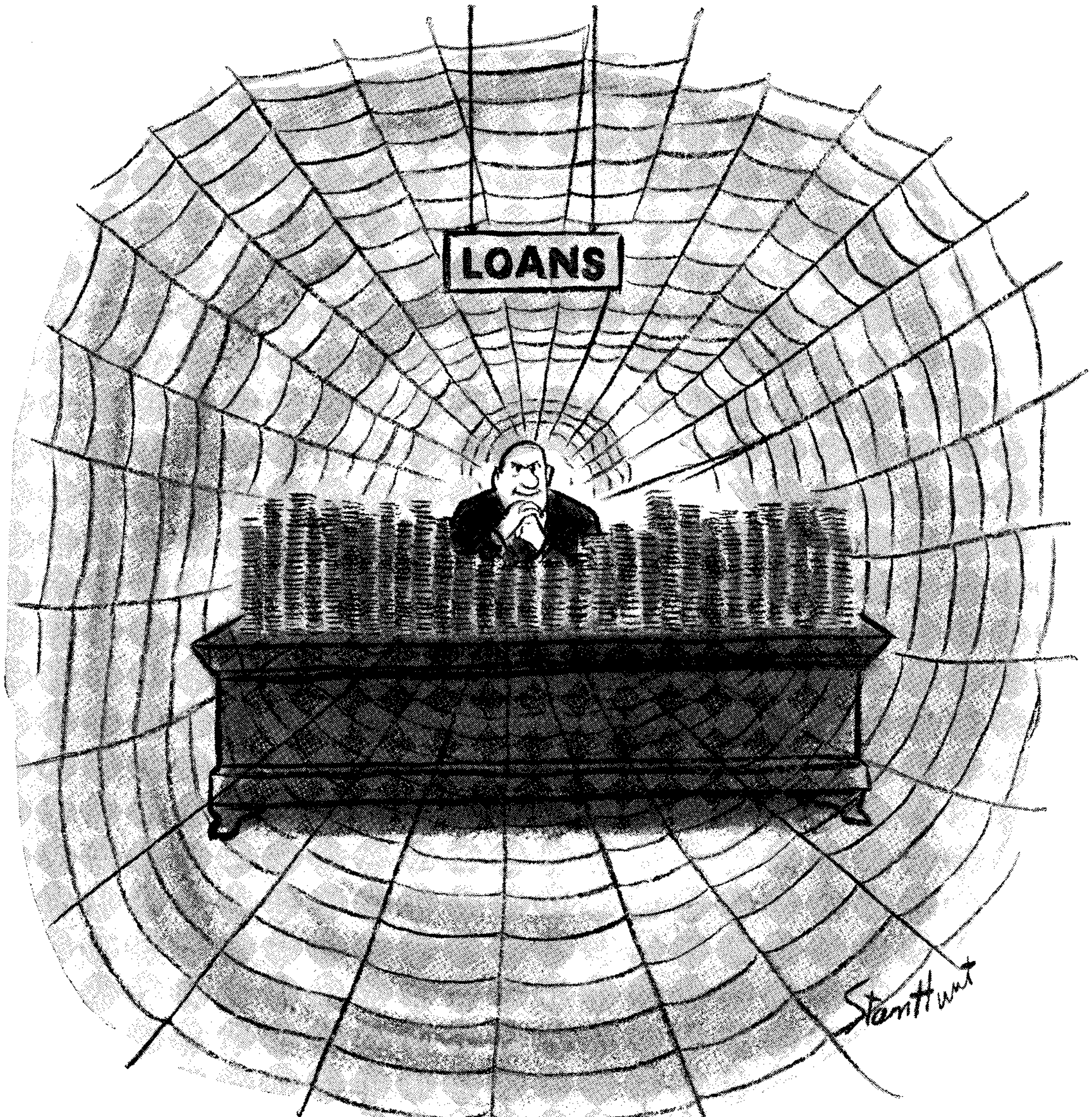
When we got back to the house, I asked Daddy if I could take one of the cars. I wanted to drive over and look at Grandpa Nye's house.

"I'd rather you wouldn't," Daddy said. "I can't drive by the place anymore. It makes me too unhappy. We can't sell it for much, you know. It was in terrible condition."

"I'd just like to see it again," I said.

"All right, my dear, take your mother's car," he said. "The telephone is still connected. I wanted to keep it connected until we sell the house. Just one of my usual half-baked ideas."

It took about twenty-five minutes to get to Grandpa Nye's. I drove down Salt Lick Avenue the way we always did, past the old gray stone mansions and the newer houses. His house looked immense and gentle—the old red bricks, the white columned porch, the high gambrel roof, the attic dormers. But the windows were empty. I went up the walk past the ginkgo tree and



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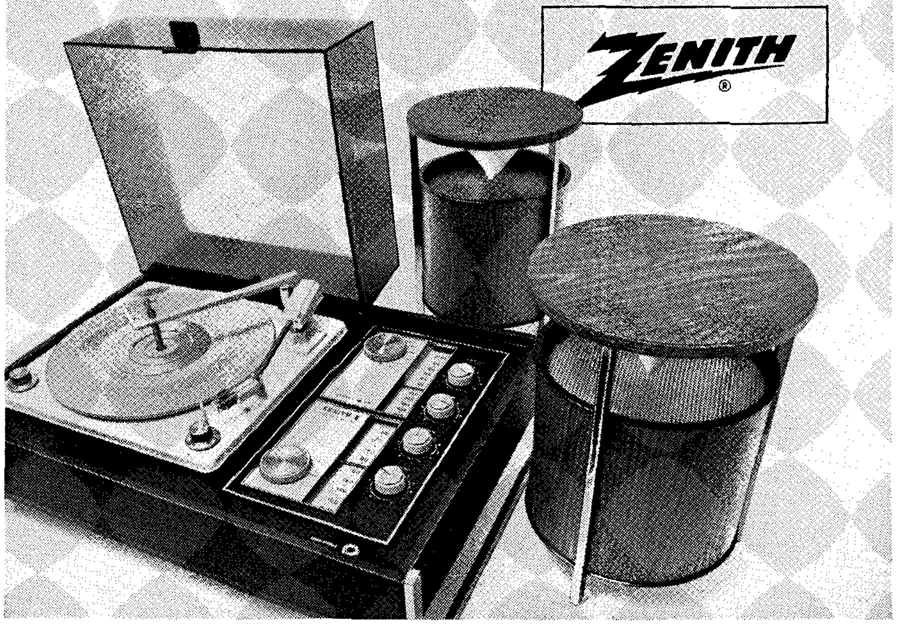

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the place where the petrified log used to be, and up the steps onto the porch. I could see through the glass door and into the empty house and out the dining-room windows to the woods beyond. I tried the door. It was locked. I went around to the side and up on the screen porch, lifted the window to the library, and climbed in. For an instant I smelled the musky fragrance of old leather books, old pages, dust, polished wood, and Grandpa Nye's cigar, and I saw the library as it was last Christmas when I came to say goodbye to Grandpa Nye before I went back to California.

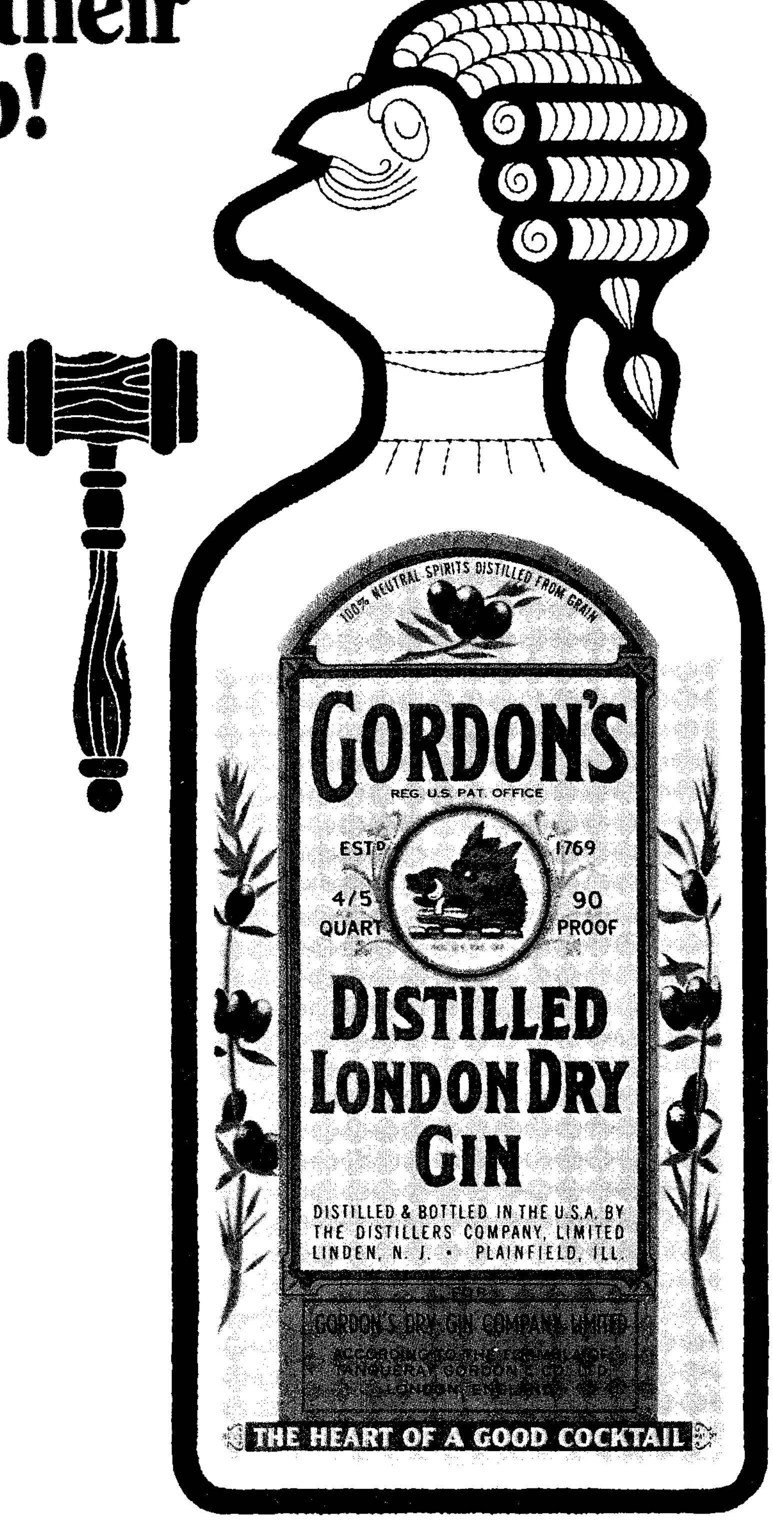
He was sitting in his green velvet chair at his desk, reading Coleridge's "Table Talk." He motioned for me to sit down, and read aloud the passage he was reading as I came in. His hoarse old voice was thinner. " 'Tenth July, 1834,' " he read. " 'I am dying, but without expectation of a speedy release. Is it not strange that very recently bygone images and scenes of early life have stolen into my mind like breezes blown from the Spice Islands of Youth and Hope—those twin realities of this phantom world!' " Grandpa Nye marked his place and closed the book. "This morning, as clearly as if it were yesterday," he said, "I remembered my Grandmother Nye buying me a little brown-sugar man in the marketplace in Montreal. Then I remembered that when I was four or five my Grandfather Nye, for whom I was named, came to Brockville, where my father was principal of the grammar school, and took me to Montreal for a visit with him. We went on the old Grand Trunk Railway, and even now I remember the huge flaring smokestack of the wood-burning locomotive. The train ran into a snowdrift and we were stalled on the track. I can remember as if it were yesterday my grandfather's distress for fear I should go hungry. So he put on his greatcoat and left me in the charge of some kindly people on the train and walked off across the snowy fields to a distant farmhouse to procure food. I glued my face to the frosty pane and kept my eyes on him as long as he was in sight. At last, to my inexpressible relief he reappeared, bringing a basket in which were apples, cookies, bread, and butter." Grandpa Nye paused and he offered me a cigar.

"Oh, thank you, Grandpa Nye," I said. I puffed a great cloud of smoke.

"You take after your pirate ancestor on your Grandmother Nye's side of the family," he said with resignation. Then he said, slowly, as if it had just

Gordon's.

It's how the English keep their gin up!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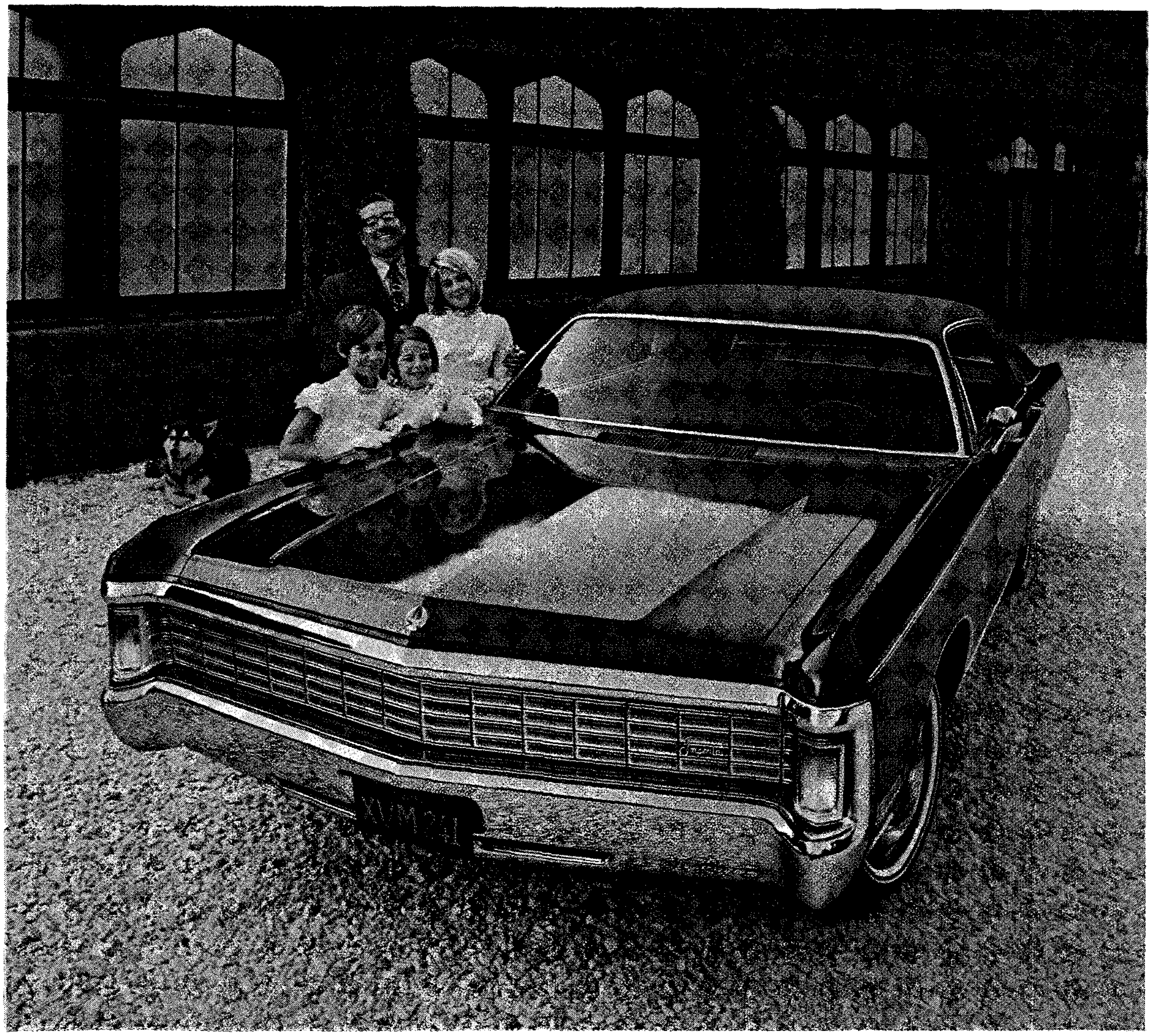

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come back to his mind, "Do you know, Vanessa, last night I dreamed I saw my mother and father. They were as they were when I first knew them. They were young and handsome and well-to-do. They were in a room with many people, dancing. Then my father was older. He was walking away, reading a book. He was killed, you know, by a train, while he was reading 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' "

He puffed on his cigar. His old mouth chewed. The light from the green lamp fell on his long, gentle face and the leathery folds of his throat. His collar was crooked and his bow tie a bit askew. "My father and his father were readers," he said. "They were not woodsmen. But my Grandfather DeGolyer's people had been pioneers. In the next generation, they were people of culture. They were preachers and teachers. They had imagination and enterprise. Yet all the DeGolyer men I knew had a pronounced out-of-doors streak in them. They were woodsmen. My Grandfather DeGolyer was a Baptist minister, but he had left his pulpit with a scheme for making money catching lake fish when he met his death.... As for me, I was never so happy as when I was in the northland canoeing through the wilderness with my boys and their friends and Alfred, my Indian guide. In the city, when I was younger, my days were restless, and my nights of sleep were troubled; the long winter was tedious, and it was with great joy that I used to greet the wilderness again each summer. For me it held a healing balm."

His mind wandered off a moment. I saw his mouth sag. I remembered a poem he wrote in "Cedar and Spruce," which I memorized when I was sixteen when I used to wait miserably through the winter to be back in Michigan, running through the woods, running up the beach again into the wind. Grandpa Nye wrote:

> Awake I dream and I behold
> Far rivers rushing wild and free;
> Flowing through forests dark and
>   old,
> To meet the everlasting sea.
> Amid the city's smoke and grime,
> All wide-awake this dream I
>   dream;
> Of far-off woods in summer time,
> And silent lake and silver stream.

He said, "One day on the Albany River—in 1923, I think it was—we saw a white man being paddled by two Indians. At the time that was not for me, but I remember thinking then that when I would be very old and no longer able to handle a canoe in rapids or

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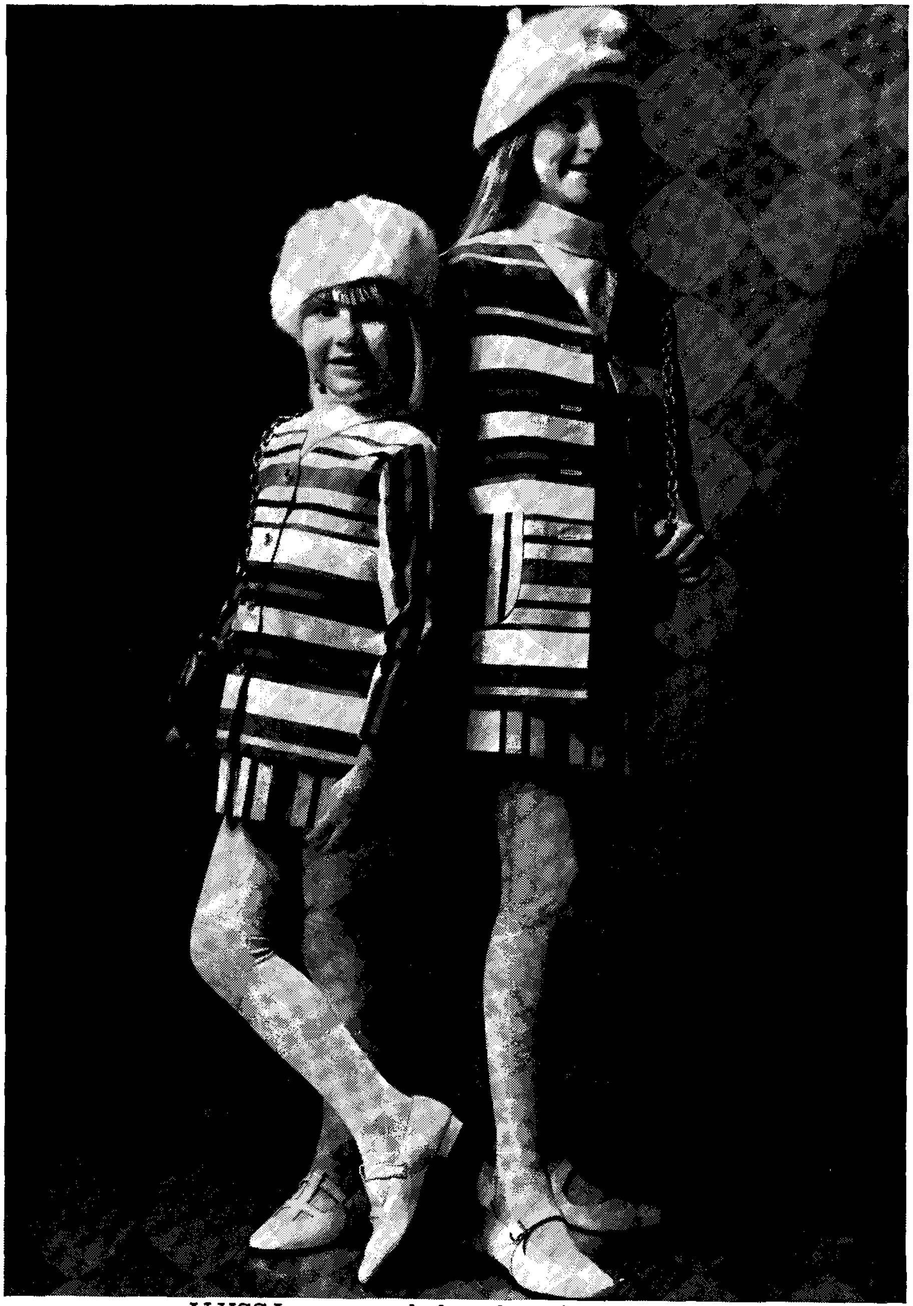

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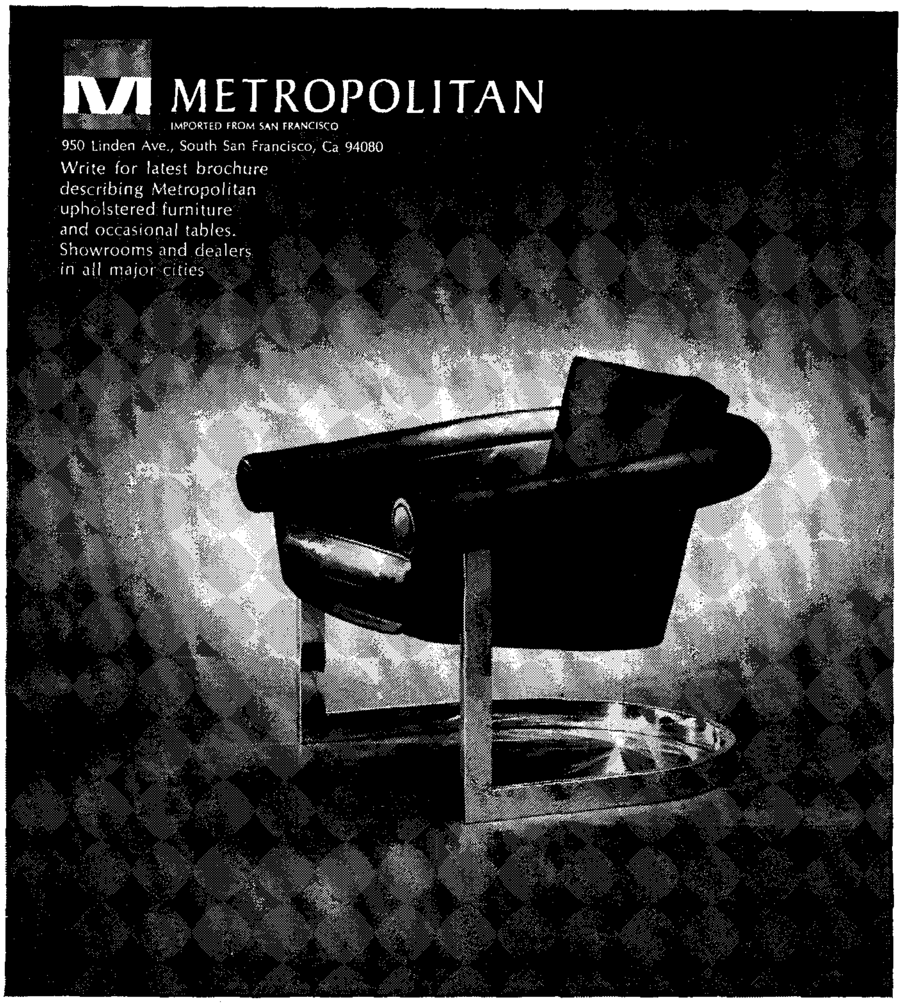
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over a portage, I would not object to being borne through the wilderness that way on a flowery bed of ease. So would I like to go now back through the forest to a lake so lovely its memory still haunts me. It had many islands, and its Indian name meant Lake of Everlasting Waters. I would like to return to it once more and take it in my arms or let its waters enfold me."

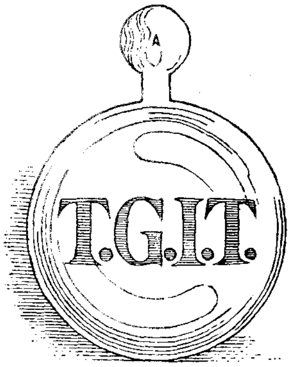
Grandpa Nye got up from his chair with difficulty and went slowly from the room, his feet shuffling across the Oriental rug. I went down to the end of the long library and looked out into the woods. When he came back, he was carrying a silver tray with a pitcher and three cocktail glasses and a plate of crackers. "It's five o'clock," he said. "I never take a drink before five. Would you like a Martini, Vanessa? Your Aunt Janice should be home any minute."

We sipped our Martinis. "Do you know, Grandpa Nye," I said, "I used to think your woods were magic. When I was in school and I read 'Dear Brutus,' I loved it so I became enchanted. And I imagined your woods were like that. I thought they existed only there beyond your stone wall and that the only way to go into them was to go through your library and the dining room and the kitchen and out the back door and down by the woodpile and over the stile. I thought that if I did go into your woods, I would go back into the past and I'd never be able to come out again. I was afraid. But I thought that something was in there that I needed to find."

He smiled. "Of course there is something about trees and time," he said. "When I was a boy, our house on College Hill was on the old Gray Road, and I often walked eastward on that road and crossed the deep valley just before Spring Grove Cemetery was reached, to climb on the farther hilltop the biggest tree I have ever seen in Ohio. I really worshipped that tree. It filled me with awesome admiration. I would visit it and try to think how long it had stood, how many generations of men it had known. Some years after I was married, I came that way and found the tree had gone. I felt a great pang of sorrow. And I never go into my woods without in my mind going back in time. Sometimes I feel again the heated joy of afternoons when we boys—five friends, the Lively Five of the Blue Miami—roamed those woods, imagining we were the Indians before us. There was never a more lovely

Is Tuesday replacing Friday?

We yield to no man in our appreciation of Friday as a day for rejoicing. T.G.I.F. is a sentiment we've often shared.



But it seemed to many of us that the stretch between Fridays was lengthening. More and more, Tuesday was becoming the day when Friday appeared an impossible dream.

Consequently, when we declared Tuesday to be the day to savour Teacher's Scotch, the cream of Highland whiskies, things looked up almost immediately. Now it's not just Friday for which one can be grateful.

Thank goodness.

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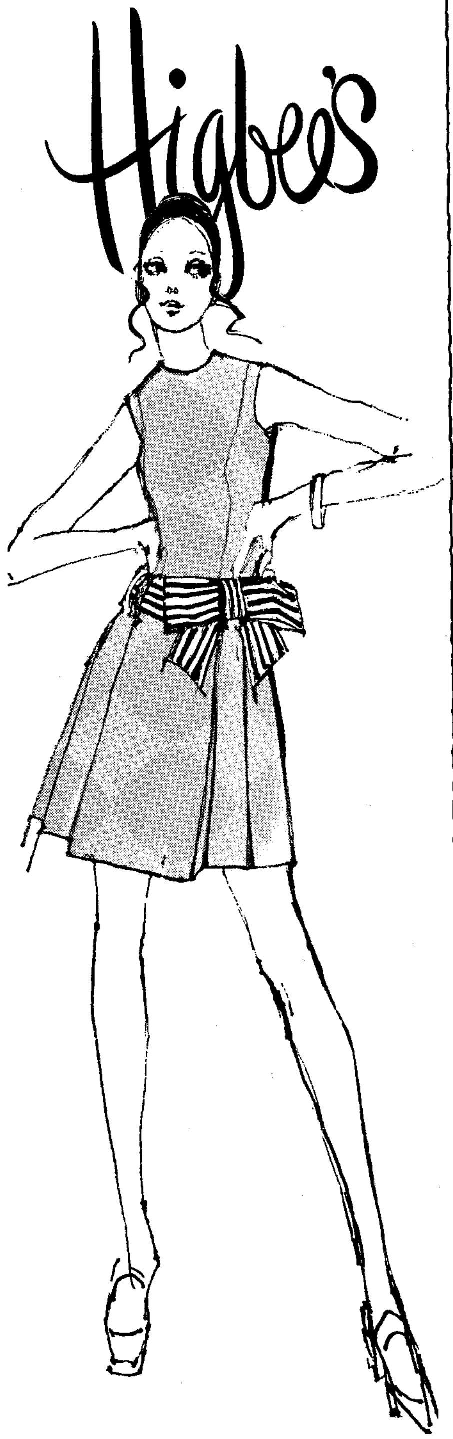

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woodland stream than Bloody Run, with its giant sycamores, its groves of beech, its clear waters. Sometimes I think of your father when he was a little shaver of four or five setting solemnly off on an expedition in search of arrowheads. . . . How is your father, Vanessa?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. He heard the distress in my voice.

"He drinks too much these days," Grandpa Nye said. "But he'll get over it. Those are difficult years for a man." Daddy was fifty-three.

"Sometimes when I go into my woods I go back in my mind to the year 1791, when William Henry Harrison first came down the Ohio to assume his post at Fort Washington. I imagine the forest as it was then, when this country was all forest and the Ohio shore was known as the Indian shore. If an ark drew too close, it was likely to be met with a volley of rifle fire from the Indians lurking in the trees by the river. This region was known in those days as the Miami Slaughter House. Bloody Run was so named because on its bank two of Wayne's soldiers were killed. A party of four had stopped their horses to drink from its limpid waters when the Indians from ambush fired upon them."

Aunt Janice came in. She'd been out in Indian Hill at the house, she said, and she had some new pictures of the remodelling which I hadn't seen. She got out her photograph album and opened it. "Look," she said, "isn't it going to be darling!" She pointed. "This is the breakfast nook. Isn't it sweet? Nate's desk will go here. These will be built-in shelves. Oh, I'm simply thrilled with it! Calvin's going to love his new home, aren't you, dear?" she said, bending down and lifting him up onto Grandpa Nye's lap. "Poor thing can't jump up anymore," she said. "I'm afraid your grandfather is tired today, dear."

I stood up and went over to the wide fireplace to warm myself for a moment. I looked up at the painting—men in lederhosen, smoking pipes by a mountain hut in the Tyrol—that was laid into the dark mahogany panelling above the high mantelpiece. I was wondering what would happen to the painting when they moved.

"I'm going to give you that painting, Vanessa," Aunt Janice said, "if you ever get married."

Grandpa Nye put Calvin down on the floor and stood up. Together we went slowly to the door. "I wish you would stay home, Vanessa," he said when I kissed him and started to

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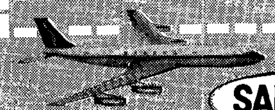

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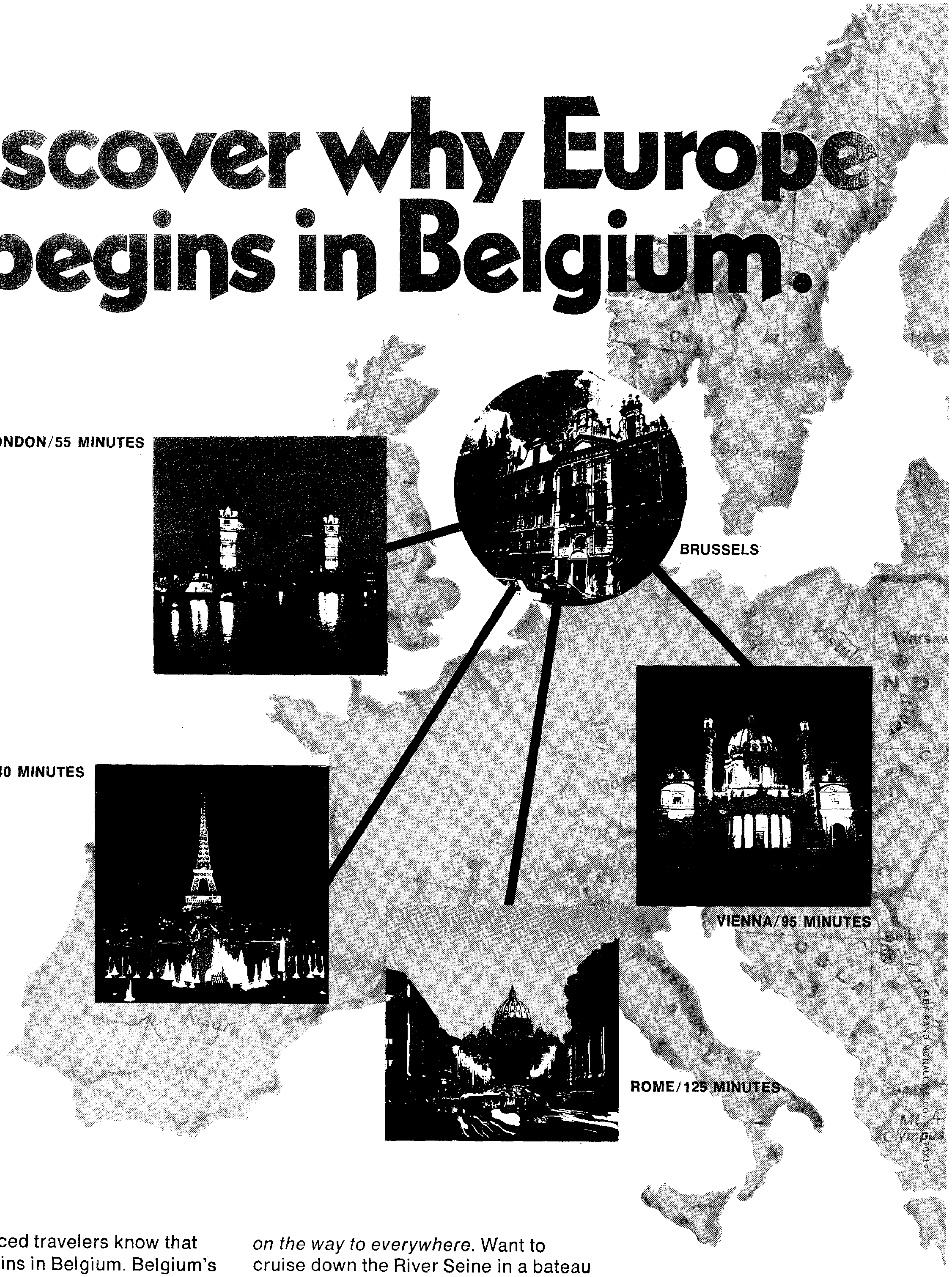
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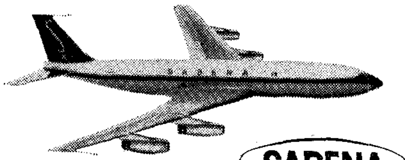

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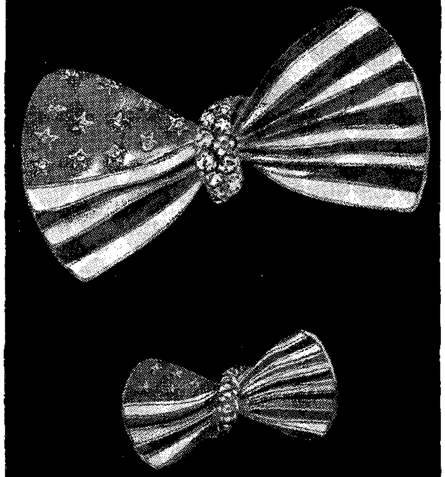

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leave. He took my hand as if he were going to tell me something more, but he didn't.

Now the gray light hung like ghosts at the windows, and I heard the whispered ends of my steps echoing as I crossed the hall and went out the front door. It smelled as if it were going to snow. I breathed in the fresh odor of the air and looked gratefully up at the black clouds sailing in from the north in low, soft masses.

WHEN, at six-thirty, we came downstairs, Daddy had lighted the coal fire in the grate. The lamps were on and soft, the curtains drawn, and just as we came into the living room Daddy lighted the tree. And there it was on the night before Christmas, the branches reaching out and up, and in the spaces between there seemed to be a spirit caught. The branches were wound round and hung with lights and angel's hair and candy canes and colored balls, which were like myriad mirrors reflecting tiny living rooms and the tiny, funny faces of us as we drew close. Amy was soft-footed and enchanted, looking up.

Mama said, "Oh, Vanessa, I remember when you saw your first Christmas tree. You were just a year old, and we took you up to Mother's. You came in, walking your little go-cart. When you saw the tree, you stopped and put your hands up—like this. 'Ahhh!' you said. 'Ahhh.' " Mama's eyes were shining.

"Mama!" I looked at her, a lump in my throat. She had felt so tenderly toward me, and I had never known it.

Lisa got the stockings and "The Night Before Christmas" from their box. She showed Amy how to hang her stocking by the chimney with care. It was Lisa's old one, which was pink-and-blue flannel, with bells around the top and one on the toe.

"Santa Claus will come in the night and fill your stocking," Mama said.

"Remember, once you woke us, Mama," I said, "because Santa Claus was going by on his sleigh."

"And we *heard* his bells," Lisa said.

"But when we got to the window and looked out in the snowy street, his sleigh was gone," I said.

"He had turned the corner down at St. Clair and gone on over to the village," Lisa said.

"The weatherman predicts snow for tonight," Daddy said.

Mama read in her glowing, sentimental reading voice. Amy sat with her legs straight out, looking up at her grandmother, who, when she was two, could recite "The Night Before Christmas" from beginning to end by heart.

At the end, Lisa and I said with Mama, " 'Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.' "

Daddy pulled out his watch. "Well, they should be here in another fifteen minutes," he said.

"Lisa, play 'Joy to the World,' " Mama said. It was Daddy's favorite, and he often sang just that line—"Joy to the world"—no matter what the season.

Lisa went into the hall and played. Daddy tipped back his head, rapt and happy, humming. Mama said radiantly, "She has the touch, she *still* has the touch." And just then the doorbell rang. Laelaps came racing through the living room, barking at the top of his lungs. "I *wish* she wouldn't always ring the bell," Mama said.

Through the glass in the door I saw Aunt Janice's face, pale like the moon, in the porch light. Everyone came in more or less at once except for Charles. He had stopped to see Grandpa Nye on his way home from the office, Edie said, and would be along in another few minutes.

"It's cold as Greenland out!" Aunt Aggie shouted. "It's going to snow, they say."

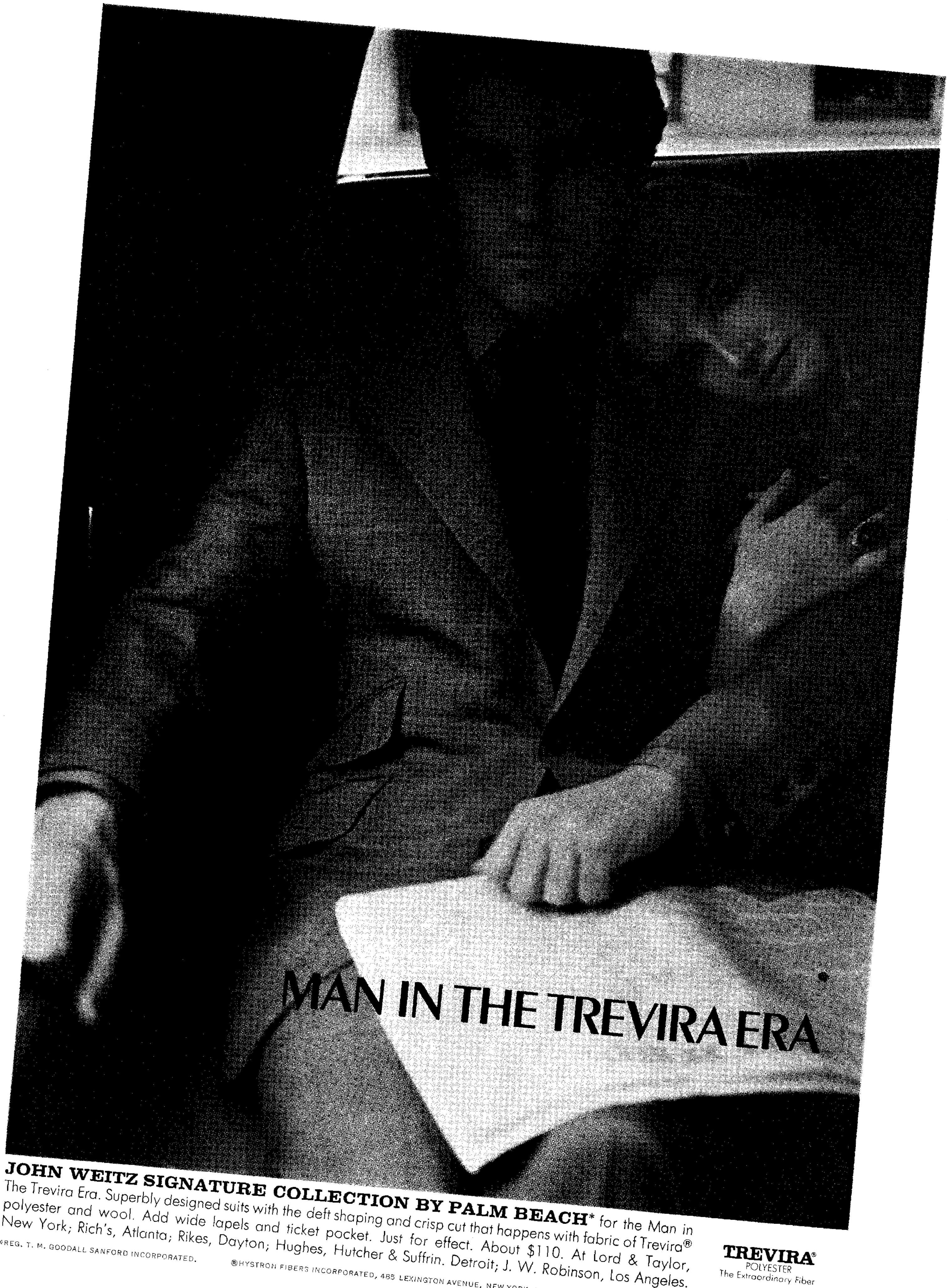
"Oh, Edie, you're great with child," Lisa said, touching her high stomach. Edie laughed, and she lifted her lovely white throat and kissed Daddy. "Uncle Morgan," she said.

The room filled with our voices. I hugged Uncle Charles and kissed his mustache. "Oh, Uncle Charles, I'm so glad to see you," I said.

A smile came into his sad green eyes. "Let me look at you, Vanessa," he said.

He looked handsome, gray-haired and distinguished, with a glow of health in his sun-browned skin. He and Aunt Melissa were back from a trip around the world. When I was little, I used to read Uncle Charles' weekly letter from Washington to Grandpa Nye, and in the letters Cordell Hull used to ask Uncle Charles how Grandpa Nye was and send him his regards. That made me think we must be important.

"It's so nice to see you, Aunt Melissa," I said. I looked into her eyes until I was embarrassed. That always happened with Aunt Melissa because she was loving and very shy, so we gazed fondly into each other's eyes and neither of us could think of what to say. When she spoke, she chose her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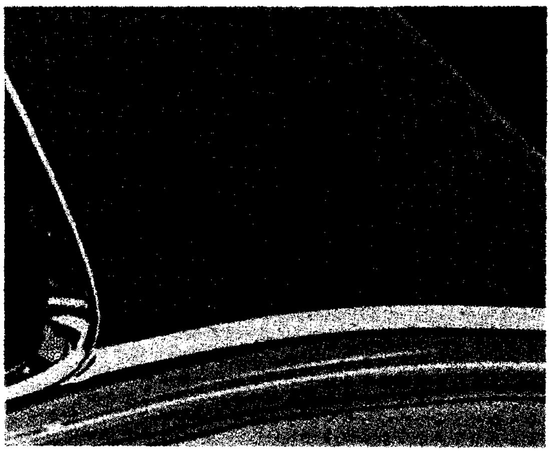

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words with care, and sometimes she stammered.

"How is Papa?" Uncle Charles asked Daddy.

"He has failed considerably since you saw him, Charles," Daddy said, and he turned away.

"Poor Papa," Uncle Charles said. "He always wanted to . . ."

I got a drink from Daddy and went to stand by the fire near Uncle Edward, who had the same physical strength that was in Grandpa Nye in my early memories of him. For a moment I had the sense of warm well-being I used to have in Grandpa Nye's library, sitting in one of the child's chairs by the fire, listening to the men talk. Uncle Edward was taller than Daddy or Uncle Charles and larger-boned; his voice was louder, and he took things easier. His face was wide and strong-boned and very fine-looking.

"Edward has been drinking too much since Kate died," Daddy told me earlier. "I'm worried about him." Uncle Edward's gray eyes had a flaming, haunted look, and his mouth looked worn with his grief.

Now Daddy brought Uncle Edward a highball and Uncle Edward, gesturing in the Nye fashion, told Daddy the problems he had had getting an actual piece—weighing several tons—of the Rock of Gibraltar installed in his back yard on the shore of Lake Ontario. That prompted Daddy to tell Uncle Edward—sotto voce, so Janice wouldn't hear—the story of how he got the petrified log from Grandpa Nye's front lawn moved out to Glendale one Saturday morning in the spring after Janice had casually told him that she'd given the log to Mr. Jerry James, the real-estate agent who had sold her the house in Indian Hill.

"Papa told me years ago that he was giving it to me," Daddy said. "So I phoned Natorp to come to Avondale on an urgent basis with their big tree-moving truck. They arrived in an hour, backed up the truck, and ran out the big crane. Wrapping the log in burlap and boards, they secured chains around it and hoisted it up and slid it back onto the truck bed and so off to Glendale, where it was dropped on the ground here behind the drive." Daddy and Uncle Edward stepped outside to have a look at the petrified log.

Edie came over to me. "Charles is very upset," she said in her low voice. "I've never seen him so upset. He stopped to see Grandpa Nye on his way home from the office, and—"

Daddy and Uncle Edward joined

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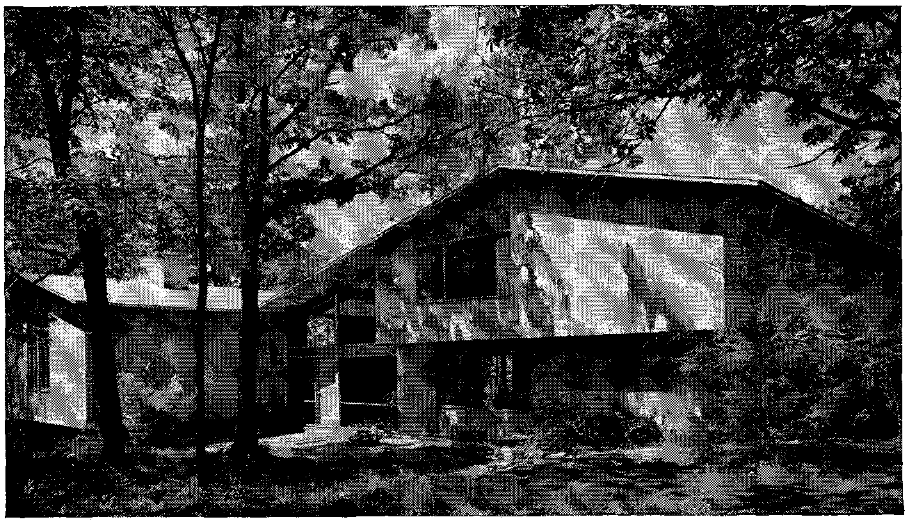

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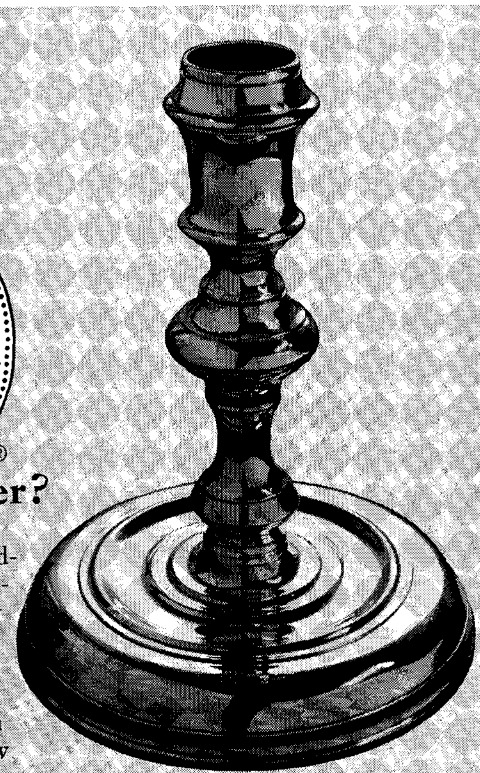

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us. Daddy said, "It was around 1910 that Papa's friend Mr. Gardener heard of the Petrified Forest in Arizona. He went out to Arizona to see just what it was all about, and in his usual expansive fashion he bought an entire flatcar load to be shipped to his lumberyard in Cincinnati. After it was unloaded, he wondered just what to do with it. Moving those two-ton objects always was a problem. Papa induced him to give a petrified log to the Museum of Natural History, one to the Art Museum, and one to the Public Library. And, of course, Papa got the one for his front lawn. . . ."

Uncle Charles bent down and said to Amy in the deep, formal voice he used to address children, "You are a fine specimen, Amy Marston Dunlap." He stood up. "This child of yours is a fine specimen, Lisa," he said, and Lisa laughed, pleased.

When Charles came in, he looked ashen. "What can I get you, Charles?" Daddy asked.

Charles wanted a Martini. I got another drink of Scotch.

"Slow down, Vanessa," Mama said loudly from across the room.

Black rage went through me. "Mama!" I said.

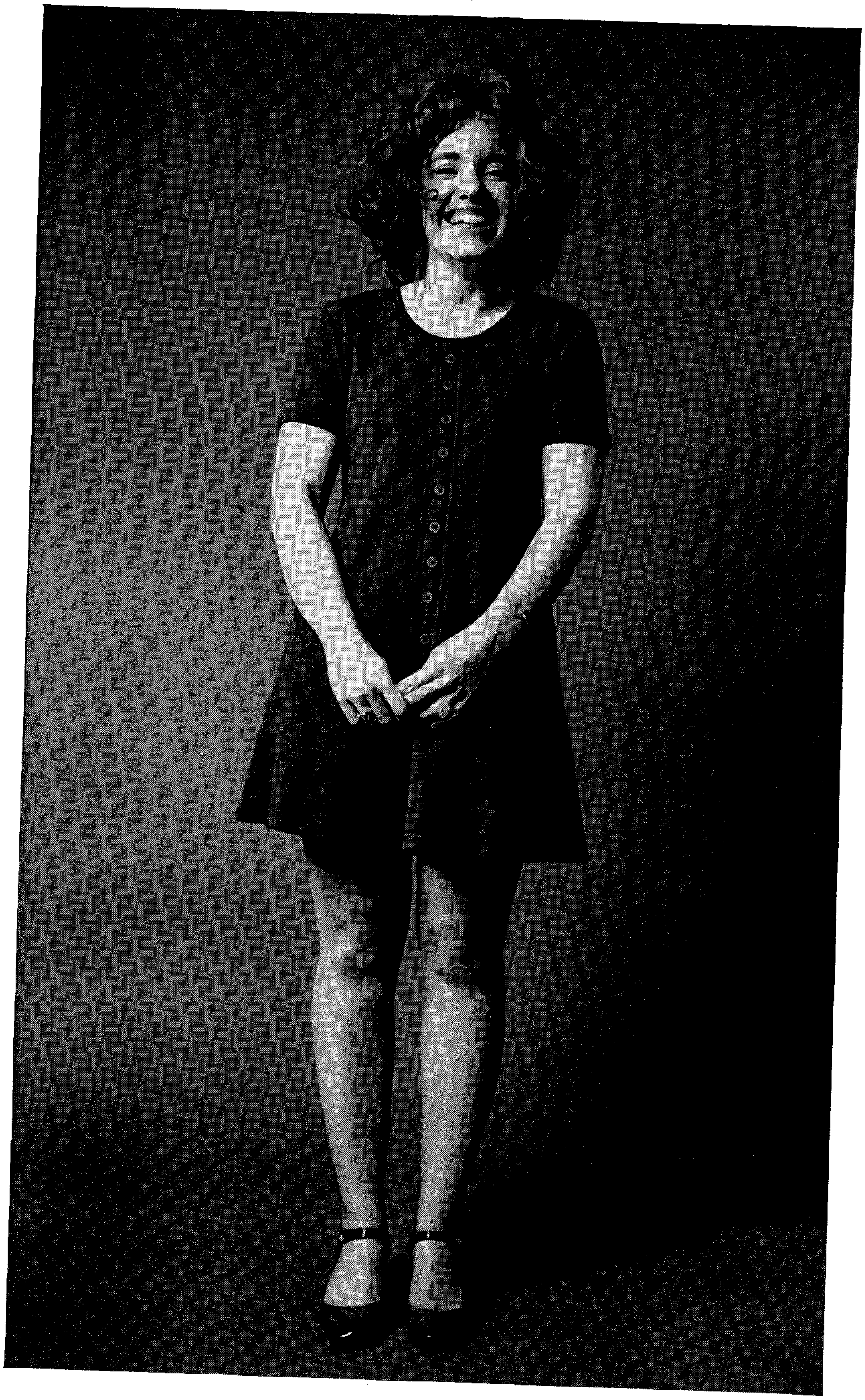
Charles and I drifted through the hall and into the dining room, where we stood in front of the corner case. "What happened?" I said. I looked up at Charles. He was much taller than I, and he had a thick, athletic build. Everything about his dark-skinned face was (like mine) a little curly—his short black hair, his long nose, his thick mouth, his smile, his chin. Usually his brown eyes were bright with tenderness and amusement, but now he was looking blankly into the corner case.

"I stopped by to see Grandpa Nye on my way home from town and Aunt Janice wasn't there," he said. Charles spoke in a voice so deep it sometimes seemed to rub against sandpaper, and he had a warm Ohio-Princeton twang. "When I walked in, Grandpa Nye said, 'Help me to dress, Charles. I'm not going to spend another night in here.' He spoke very clearly."

"Oh, Charles," I said.

"I hate myself," Charles said. "I said he should stay in the hospital until he got well. His voice was hollow but very clear. He said, 'I want to go down to the river.' He said, 'I want to see the library.' I told him that it was nearly finished, and that it would be a beautiful building."

For years, Grandpa Nye had worked to get the new library for the city. He



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was chairman of the Library Board for more than fifty years, and when at last the cornerstone was laid, the *Enquirer*, in an editorial, called him Mr. Library, and told how, as far back as the turn of the century, he had gone personally to see Mr. Carnegie, hoping to get money for the new main library, and instead had come back with money for eight branch libraries. It told how once he had borrowed a hundred and eighty thousand dollars in his own name to keep the doors of the library open, and how he had worked tirelessly for the passage of bond issues, which failed six times before the money for the new building was voted. Grandpa Nye himself had laid the cornerstone on a raw October day in 1952, when he was ninety. "It was snowing," Daddy told me. "Nathaniel J. Nye, bareheaded, made a speech. It was his last speech in public."

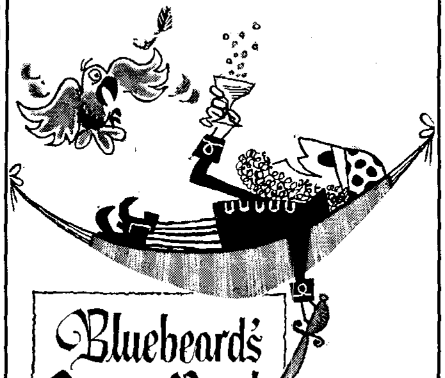
"He asked when Edie would be delivered," Charles said, and his voice broke.

Daddy and Edie came into the dining room. "You two look exactly like brother and sister," Edie said. She stood on tiptoe and kissed Charles.

I looked down into a low shelf of the corner case and saw some bones and a skull at the back. "Oh, Daddy, where did you get that skull?" I asked. "I never saw it before."

"It's an Indian skull," Daddy said. "My brother Joab retrieved it. I remember the day very well." His eyes lighted up, and he smiled his intricate, wonderful smile, and began, "Papa, of course, was always interested in Indians, and by the time I was a small boy my older brothers had become fascinated. We used to make extensive excursions in search of Indian artifacts. Sometimes we went to North Bend to Fort Hill, the mound there on the backbone of a great hill to the west of where the Harrison farm was. William Henry Harrison was the first to discover that mound, and he wrote about it in his 'A Discourse on the Aborigines of the Valley of the Ohio,' which Papa greatly admired as a literary work. Of course, while we were there we always visited General Harrison's tomb on a knoll overlooking the Ohio. The whole place was overgrown with weeds, shrubs, and unkempt trees. I recall Papa endeavoring around 1910 to get the state or federal government to clean up the place and preserve the tomb and monument, but it was many years before anything was done. Papa was always interested in Harrison, you know, but it was only after he retired from business that he was able to de-

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...



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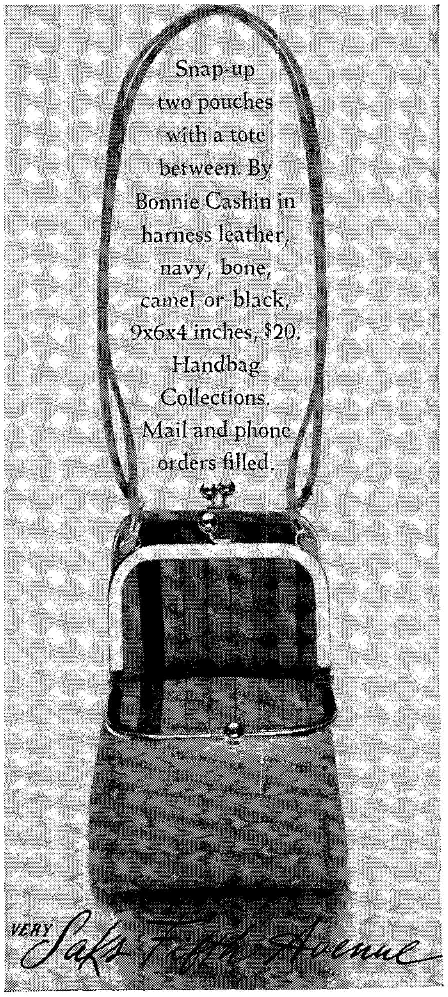

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vote himself to gathering the material for his biography.

"Frequently, we walked to Norwood to search around the old Indian mound near the water tower. In the early nineteen-hundreds, these areas had *not* been picked over and we often came home with five or six arrowheads and other interesting miscellany. Even in the Bloody Run Valley behind our house, before the sewer was built, we found fine pickings of Indian relics. But the big event was one Saturday afternoon in 1906. A telephone call came from Leonard Garrison in Terrace Park to Edward, saying that in the new sand-and-gravel-pit diggings they had just unearthed an Indian burial ground—come quick! That both families had telephones was unique, and that one could get from the northeast end of Avondale to Terrace Park in half an hour is still something to figure out. My mother called the stables, and in a few minutes a carriage was over, which dashed to the Montgomery Pike in Norwood and the terminus of the Swingline Traction. Once we were aboard, the traction zoomed off through Oakley, Madisonville, Madeira, and through a slot down a creek bed through Indian Hill right into Terrace Park. The Garrisons were at the station. By foot we proceeded. Joab carried me part of the way on his shoulders. And there was the excavation! I distinctly recall the bones, skulls, pottery, and beads dropping from the exposed side of the burial place, and how with unrestrained ghoulish delight Charles and Joab each retrieved a skull. Edward retrieved a nice shoulder and forearm. A few thighbones and some ribs were accumulated. A further skull with an arrowhead embedded in it was found. A few fingers, toes, and miscellaneous pieces, including teeth from broken jaws. I don't recall much in the way of beads and pottery from that grave robbery. I think the Nyes and the Garrisons were just in a hurry to collect before the find was well known. Also there was the hurry to get home, in view of the Saturday-afternoon traction schedule and the problem of walking from Norwood to Avondale with the gruesome loot. There was to be no carriage. But all got safely home. I think this skull is the one Joab retrieved. Your father, Charles, has, I believe, the skull with the arrowhead embedded in it somewhere in his house in Washington."

Charles grinned, pleased. He loved Daddy's stories.

Uncle Charles came to the door of the dining room. "Morgan," he said in

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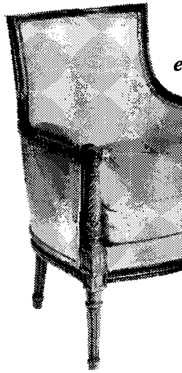

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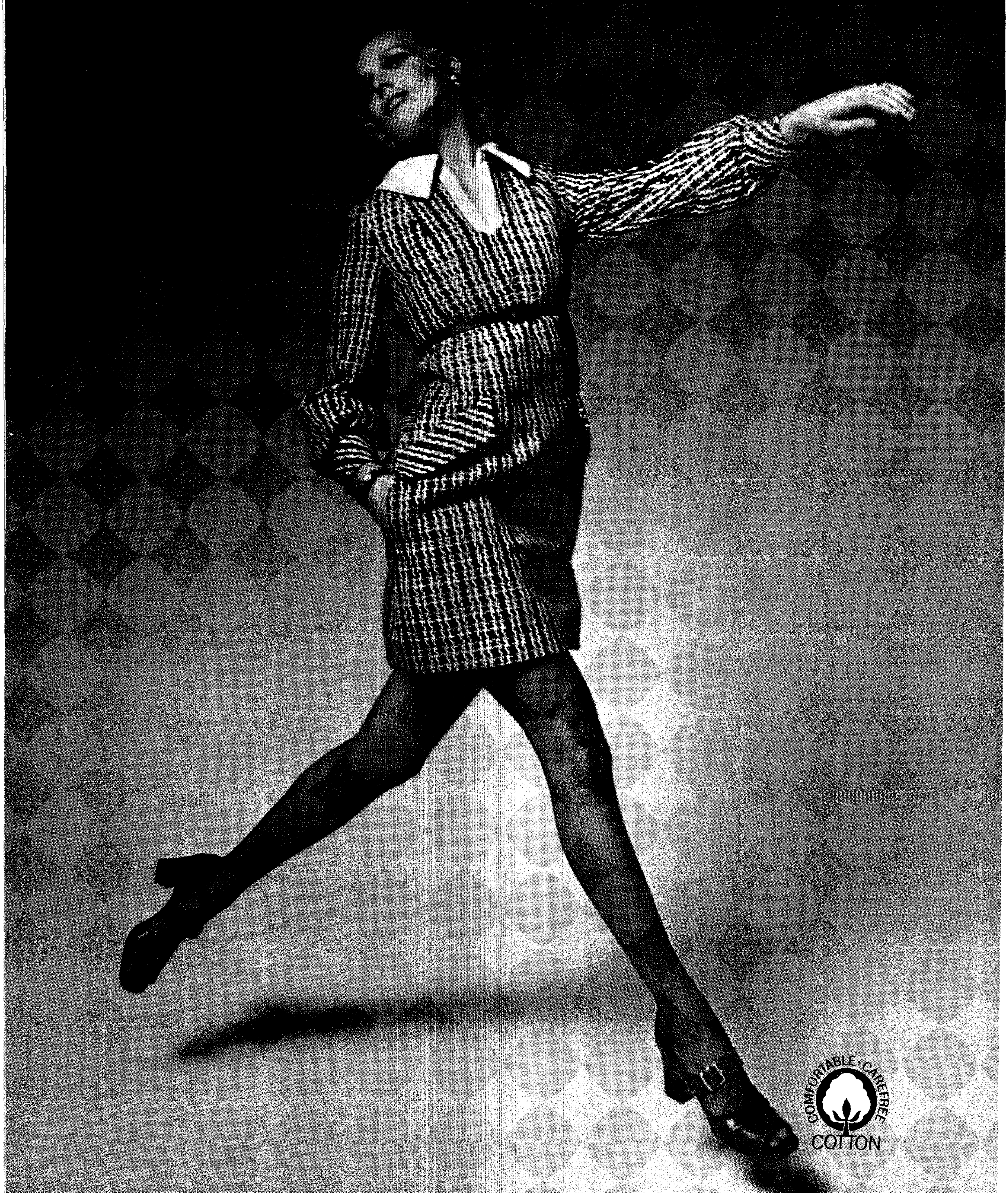

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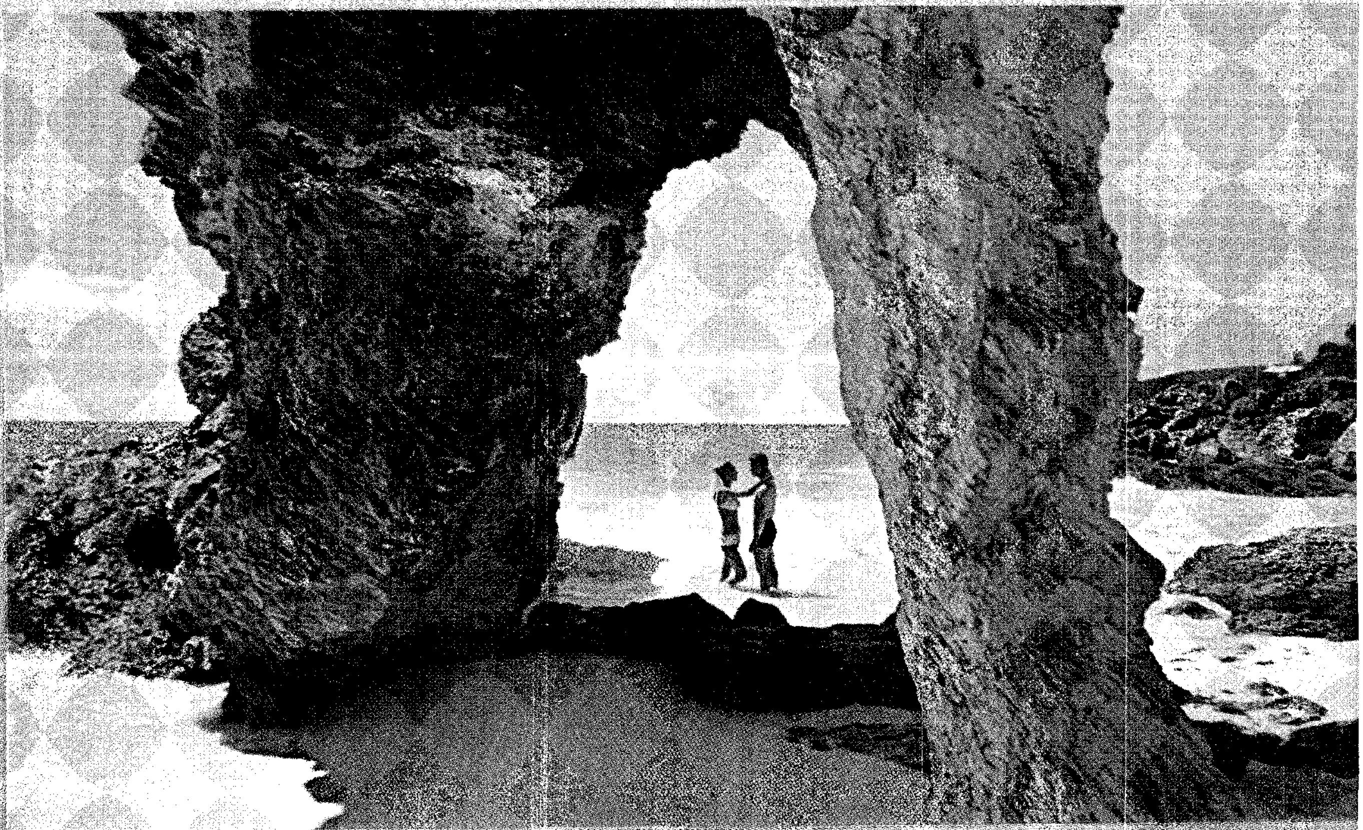

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a serious tone, "there is something I would like to discuss with you and Edward." The three tall brothers went into the study and shut the door. They behaved toward each other with the most perfect formal brotherly politeness, but, underneath, Daddy was often in a rage over Uncle Charles and his habits. "I hate my brother Charles," I heard him say once to someone at a cocktail party. When Daddy was little, Uncle Charles used to put a napkin over his head so he wouldn't have to watch Daddy eat. "Charles always said 'Mine!'" Daddy told me once, and he imitated him, shouting in an ugly way, "Mine! Mine!"

I'd never heard Uncle Edward criticized for anything except for not being on time and for having too many children. He had eight.

"Charles, I don't know what else you could have done," I said.

"I'll get another Martini," he said, depressed. He was still ashen.

We went back to the living room, where Lisa was taking Amy around to say good night. Mama's hands looked stiff and old on Amy's back, as if she didn't know how to hug her really. "I didn't hold you when you were little, or pick you up when you cried," Mama said once. "You weren't meant to in those days."

When Aunt Aggie bent down to kiss Amy good night, she said tenderly, shaking her head a bit, "Good night, little Vanesser."

I felt like crying. On the stairs Lisa said, "Mama's called her Vanessa, too. I think she reminds them of you when you were little."

We went into Lisa's old room. In there it was cool and a little dark and it smelled of wallpaper, the way it always did. Amy lay on her bed looking voluptuously down at herself. Lisa put on her faded yellow pajama bottoms with feet.

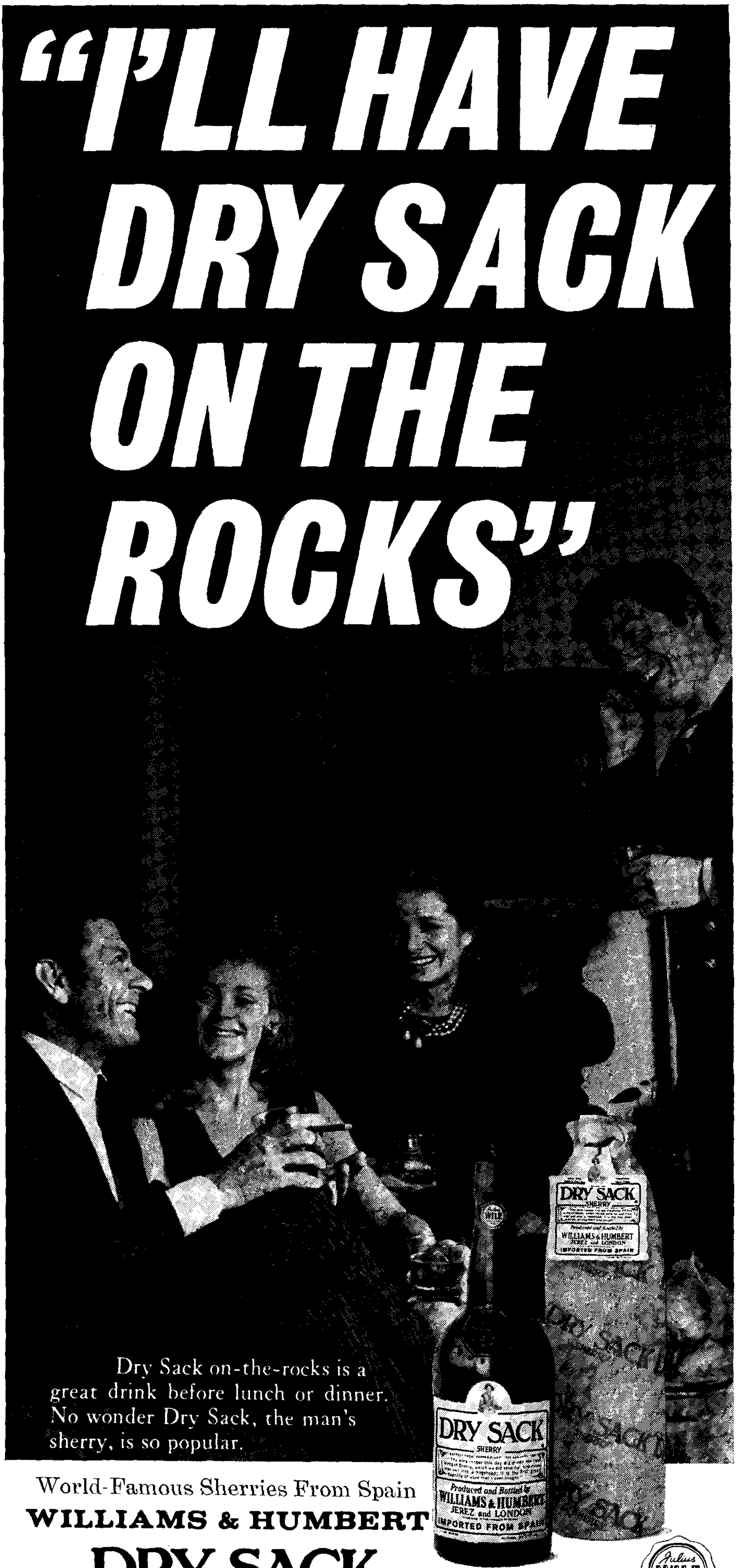
The phone rang. Grandpa Nye, I wondered, thinking of him alone in his hospital room, staring wildly. Daddy called up from downstairs, "Lisa, long-distance for you."

"Stewart," Lisa said, pleased. She went into Mama's and Daddy's room and shut the door.

"Amy, shall I put on your pajama tops?" I asked.

She sat up without a word and put her arms up over her head. "There," I said, and I began snappering the tops to the bottoms. Her hand with its baby fat and its delicate flower-petal quality reached out to my face. "Amy," I said.

"Vanessa," she said. Then we sat



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side by side on the edge of the bed, talking. "There was a fire," she said. "My daddy took me."

"Really?" I said.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head. "Long ago."

She became exuberant, telling me different things. As she talked, she moved her arms, her hands, just the way Daddy did when he talked expansively. It was the same gesture that Grandpa Nye used, that I used, that Uncle Edward used, carried in our blood down through the first DeGolyer who walked in the American forest.

When Lisa came back, we tucked Amy in. "Good night, sleep tight, sweet dreams," we said.

"She'll be up again, but that's a start," Lisa said, drawing the door halfway shut.

"She's so lovely, Lisa," I said. "I can't get over it. I know I'll always love her."

"It's not so easy when you're the mother," Lisa said. We went into the bathroom to comb our hair and fix our lipstick. "When she was little and I was nursing her, she wouldn't get enough and then she'd cry. She wouldn't stop crying. And I *hated* her for it, Vanessa. You don't know what that's like," she said furiously. "I'll be better next time. You always are. Oh, Vanessa, I didn't tell you—I'm pregnant! I wanted to tell Stewart first. I already feel different."

"Oh, Lisa," I said lovingly, but a wave of uneasiness went through my body.

"Stewart's so pleased with himself," she said. "I told him on the phone just now."

I hugged her. My sister, I thought. For a moment I felt all the tenderness of her—her soft arms, her warm body—as if the hardness in her were not real.

"If he's a boy, we're going to name him after Daddy," Lisa said. "Just think, Vanessa, right now he is a tiny fish."

"And his *heart* is beating," I said.

"Amy's like you," Lisa said. "I think that's part of my problem with her. I used to resent you so, Vanessa. I hated you. And I never faced it until I got married and Stewart pointed it out to me."

"Lisa!" I was horribly hurt. We were standing at the top of the stairs, and I took hold of the bannister to go down.

IN the dining room, the candles were lit. The room was soft and warm. The silver and glasses glowed on the

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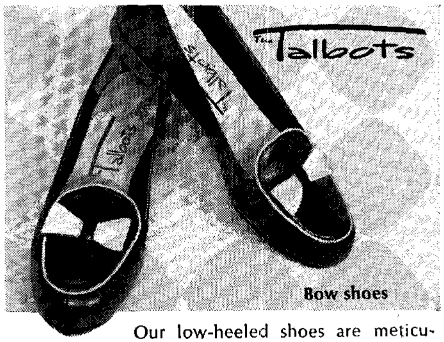

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Join the kids and watch some of these in March:

Discovery. Riches from the Earth; The French Canadians; The Chesapeake Oystermen; The Harbor Pilots and The Towboatmen; Discovery Goes to Key West. Sundays, March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon).

NBC Experiment in Television. This is Al Capp; The Engagement; Fellini: A Director's Notebook; other title TBA. Sundays, March 1, 8, 15, 22 (5-6 pm).

Earth in the Shadow of the Moon—The Solar Eclipse. Special covers total eclipse of sun. Saturday, March 7 (1-2 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. Animated version of A. A. Milne's classic. Tuesday, March 10 (7:30-8 pm).

Those Incredible Diving Machines. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on man's methods of mastering ocean depths. Tuesday, March 10 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Mystery of Pain. Who, What, When, Where, Why—Study of man's most common ailments. Tuesday, March 10 (10-10:30 pm).

The Young Americans. Popular young singing group performs contemporary music. Thursday, March 12 (9-10 pm).

Three Boys on Safari. Mrs. Ted Yates and sons on journey of discovery in East Africa. Friday, March 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Neither Are We Enemies. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Drama of a generation gap in Judea at time of Christ. Friday, March 13 (8:30-10 pm).

The Switched-On Symphony. Los Angeles Philharmonic traces today's pop sounds to their roots in the classics. Saturday, March 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Ballad of the Iron Horse. How the railroads united the nation. Sunday, March 15 (7-8 pm).

David Copperfield. Dickens' classic with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Michael Redgrave, Richard Attenborough, Emlyn Williams, Wendy Hiller, Ron Moody. Sunday, March 15 (8-10 pm).

To Confuse the Angel. Prudential's On Stage—A doctor faces a crisis of faith. Starring Lee J. Cobb, Blythe Danner. Sunday, March 15 (10-11 pm).

Horton Hears a Who. Dr. Seuss's animated fantasy. Thursday, March 19 (7:30-8 pm).

Mission Possible: They Care for Their City. Examination of San Francisco and the ways of fighting air pollution, housing problems, urban ills. Friday, March 20 (10-11 pm).

Archie and his New Pals. The gang from Archie comic strip. Sunday, March 22 (7:30-8 pm).

Save on Your Taxes with Sylvia Porter—Parts 1 and 2. "Now"—Miss Porter answers tax questions. Mondays, March 23, 30 (10:30-11 pm).

Hot Dog. American Rainbow—How Americana is manufactured. Saturday, March 28 (11:30 am-12:30 pm).

The Call of the Deep. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—A survey of Cousteau's research. Saturday, March 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Leonard Bernstein conducts Beethoven's "Fidelio: A Celebration of Life." Sunday, March 29 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Frontiers of Faith/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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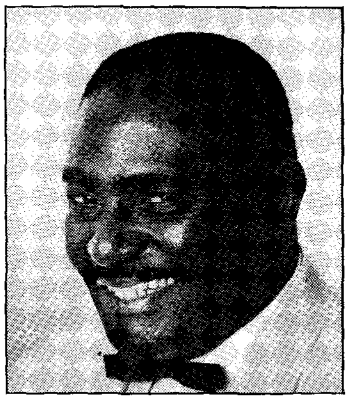

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table, and the fruit, piled high in the bowl in the center of the table, gleamed. Uncle Charles' eyes looked sad again; I put my arm around him, and we smiled at each other. On the mantelpiece, the candles in the brass candlesticks were lit and the candlelight shone in the holly and mistletoe and in the smooth gold frame around the painting of trunks of trees done by Daddy's Great-Aunt Kate DeGolyer, the one he despised. The tree trunks receded into the dark forest primeval.

"Aunt Isabel, it looks like you've made a Druid altar," Charles said.

We took our places at the table, and Daddy asked Uncle Charles to say grace. We bowed our heads and Uncle Charles said, "Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all the blessings of the past; we put our trust in Thee for the future, and ask that our strength will ever be used as Thou wouldst have it. Amen."

Eugenie brought in the turkey. "A magnificent bird!" Aunt Aggie said, and Daddy started to carve. Eugenie came around with silver bowls of mashed potatoes and asparagus.

"Papa wrote that grace," Uncle Charles said to me, "when he was a young man, in the days when a young man, invited out to supper, might be asked to say grace."

"Is that what he was always saying?" I said.

"Yes," Uncle Charles said. "He said it too fast."

"I never heard a word of it except 'Amen,' " I said, thinking of Grandpa Nye unfolding his wrinkled, leathery hands and pouring the wine, as Daddy now did, taking a sip from the bit in his glass. Lisa and I looked anxiously at each other—it was a bottle of Grandpa Nye's red—but it was good. We smiled, relieved.

With one of the honey-colored goblets from Grandpa Nye's house, Daddy stood now to propose the first toast. He faltered a moment, and then he said, "Let us drink to affection between people and to great education for children."

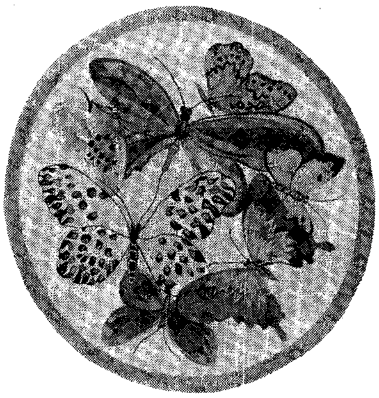
"Ah," said Uncle Edward. "Sour, potent, and infinitely invigorating."

The wine had the taste I loved in red wine—like the taste of cool forest mud, I thought.

"Papa always mixed the wild fox grapes from the banks of the Ohio in with cultivated grapes," Uncle Charles said. " 'The wild gifts of God,' his friend Clark B. Firestone used to say."

Uncle Charles said, "Let us drink

A Social Butterfly



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to those of us who cannot be with us tonight."

"Let us drink to your father," Aunt Janice said.

"Let us drink to his wine!" Aunt Aggie said uproariously.

"It is the equal of the finest French wines," Uncle Charles said.

"Calvin died a week ago today," Aunt Janice said to Aunt Melissa, who was sitting next to her. "He died on his seventeenth birthday. He was one hundred and nineteen dog-years old."

I looked across at Charles. He sat there quietly, taking part in the dinner, but I knew that under the table his leg was jittering wildly.

Mama was talking to Uncle Edward, on her right. "I have no memory at all, but Morgan has the world's most remarkable memory," she said.

Aunt Melissa said quietly, "All the Nyes have remarkable memories."

"Kate used to say—" Uncle Edward began, but Aunt Janice interrupted him and said, "Nate remembered whatever he *wanted* to remember." She giggled.

"It was often highly inaccurate," Mama said.

"Mama!" I said. We're talking about him as if he were already dead, I thought.

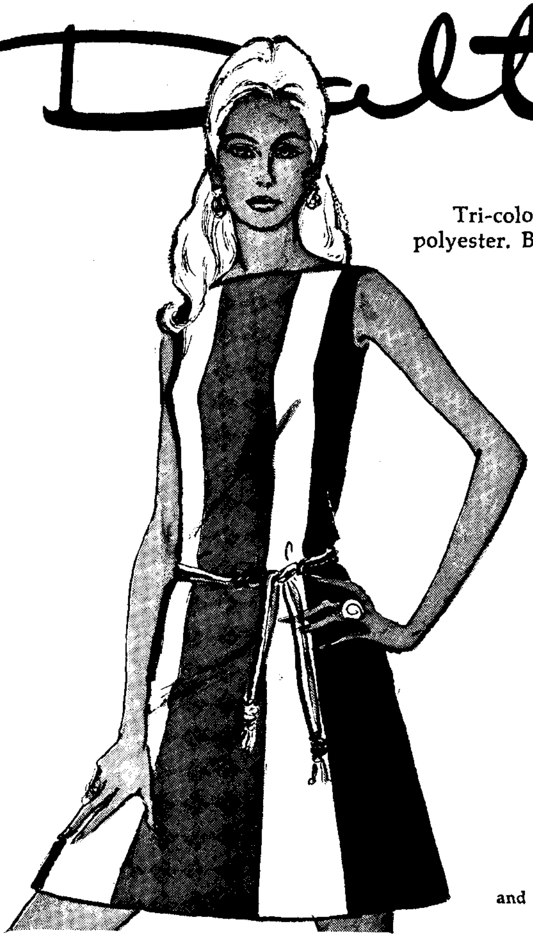
"I remember things that happened when I was two," Uncle Charles said, "but my earliest memory of an event outside the house was during the Pullman strike, when Grover Cleveland called out the troops to let the mails go through."

"That was in 1892," Charles said tentatively.

"1894," Uncle Charles said sternly, but he looked at his son with respect.

"My earliest memory of an event outside the house was the assassination of McKinley," Uncle Edward said. "I remember there was some question about whether to call off the Autumn Festival that year. It was decided that the festival would go on but we would wear black bands for mourning. There's a picture—I wonder where it is—of us all in our decorated pony cart in front of the house, the black bands on our arms. Your father isn't in the picture, Lisa and Vanessa. He was still a babe in arms. He hadn't even been named yet. Did you know that he had no name for more than a year? We called him Baby. Mama wanted to name him Reginald or one of those names in fashion then, but Papa wanted to name him after Morgan Burke, who had no children of his own."

Uncle Edward settled back in his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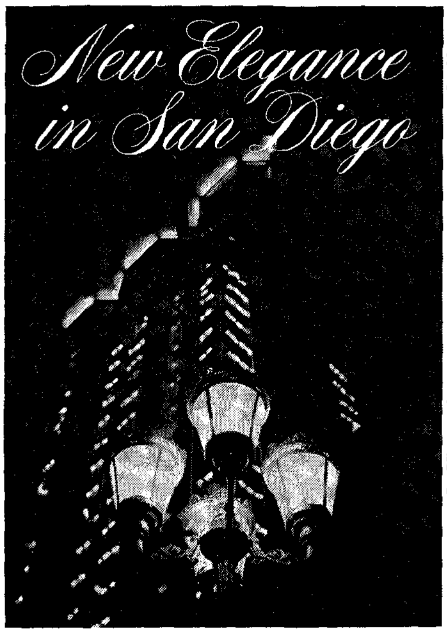

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chair and gestured. "Why, I recall the day Morgan was born. It was a complete surprise. We were walking casually home from school for lunch and we met a maid, who said hurry home, we had a baby brother. We ran the rest of the way. That started a discussion among our gang about how babies came to be, et cetera."

"It was no surprise to *me*," Uncle Charles said. "Good Lord, man!"

We all laughed.

"I remember the night Mark Twain died," Daddy said. "The *Enquirer* telephoned Papa for comment, and Papa stood back and bellowed his eulogy into the phone. It appeared on the front page in the morning."

"Papa could do that sort of thing right off the cuff," Daddy said to Edie. "When he was a young man and he needed money, why, he'd just hire a hall and talk."

Lisa said, "I remember, Daddy, it was September, and our house was being remodelled, and we were staying at Grandmother Marston's. You were upstairs and we were down in the living room, and we heard on the radio that the Germans and Russians had invaded Poland. I went running upstairs to tell you, and you were standing there in the guest room, and when I told you you moved your arm in a horrible way, slapping it down against your leg. I thought you were mad at me for telling you."

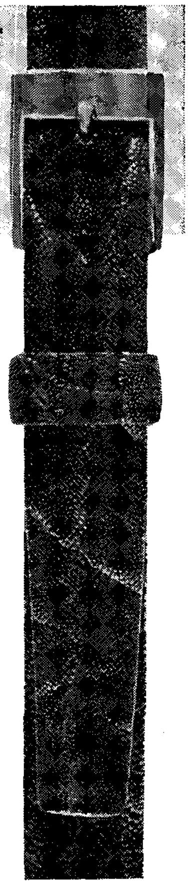
I could remember Mama saying in the spring before that, "Today, girls, write down in your diaries: 'Today Daddy opened his office—Morgan Burke Nye, Foreign Patents & Trademarks.' "

The plates were cleared. Mama brought a bowl of nuts from the sideboard, and Eugenie brought in a platter of cheeses. Coffee was served, and then liqueurs. We continued to eat fruit. Mama recalled the time when after Christmas dinner Charles ate eight bananas. "*Eight* bananas," she repeated.

After dinner I went out to the kitchen to thank Eugenie.

"How was your grandfather today?" Eugenie asked.

"Oh, Eugenie," I said unhappily. "Look, it's snowing." I opened the back door and stepped out. I put my hands out to catch the soft flakes, and I listened to the sweet quiet, and I thought, Down on the river at North Bend, a steamboat whistles in the snowy night to honor, as it passes, General Harrison in his grave there in the hills. And far to the north in the frozen silence of the forest the moon is shining



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When I went back into the dining room, Daddy and Charles had got the magic mirrors out of the corner case. The room was dark except for the light from the corner case, which Daddy and Charles were trying to catch so it would reflect on the ceiling.

"Papa used to take these after dinner when we had a party, and just like that," Daddy said, snapping his finger and thumb, "the Empress of Japan appeared on the ceiling."

Everyone was drinking cognac in the dark room and talking. Daddy and Charles were tilting the mirrors this way and that, moving them up and down, trying to focus the images in the blurred circles of light in the ceiling.

"Papa did it with a flourish, as if he were a magician," Uncle Charles said.

I touched Lisa on the arm. "It's snowing," I said.

"Oh, Vanessa," Mama said, "did Lisa tell you what Amy said last year when she saw her first snow? She went up to the window. 'Mew,' she said. 'Mew.' " Mama went off across the room to tell Aunt Melissa.

And suddenly there was the Empress of Japan in her garden! And there was the Emperor! We all clapped. "A toast to the magicians," Aunt Aggie said.

Just then, the phone rang. The circles of light vanished from the ceiling, and Daddy went rapidly to the phone.

He put down the phone. "Papa is dead," Daddy said in a strange voice, looking away at the wall. I was afraid he was going to cry. But he turned toward us and, steadying his voice, he said, "Papa is dead."

—HANNAH GREEN

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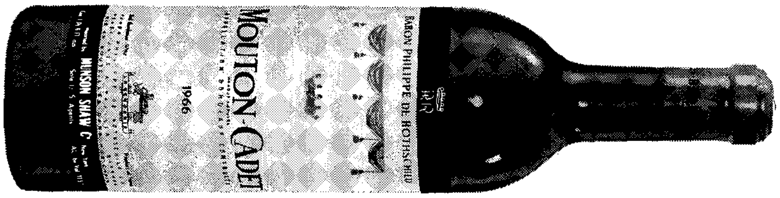

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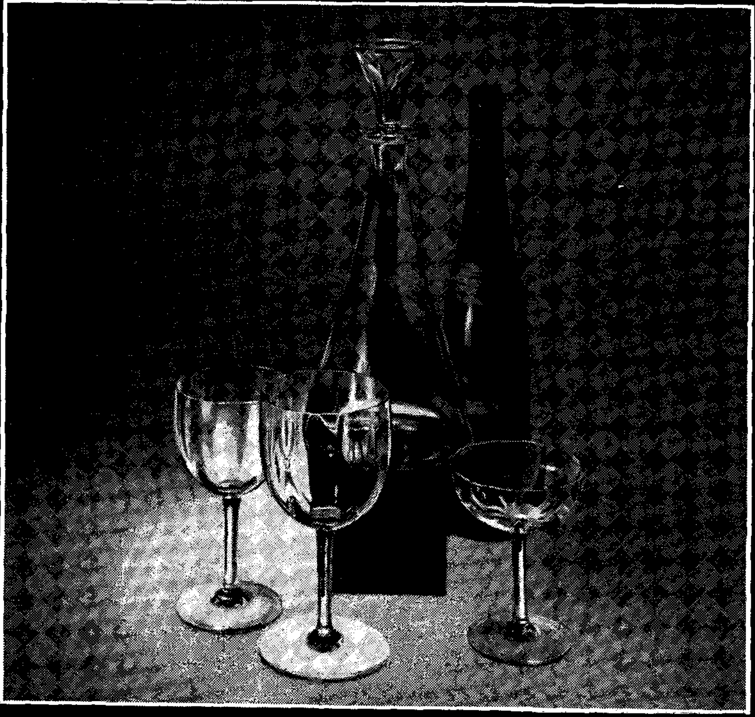

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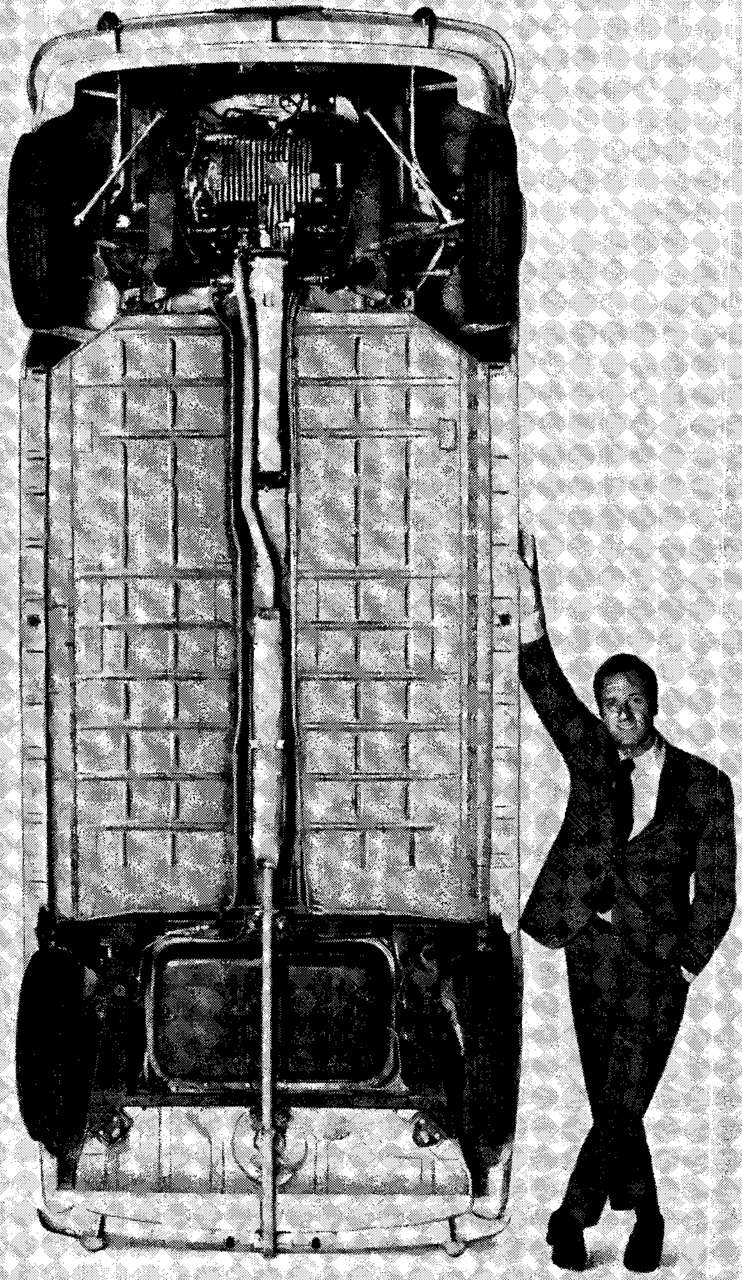

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THE THEATRE

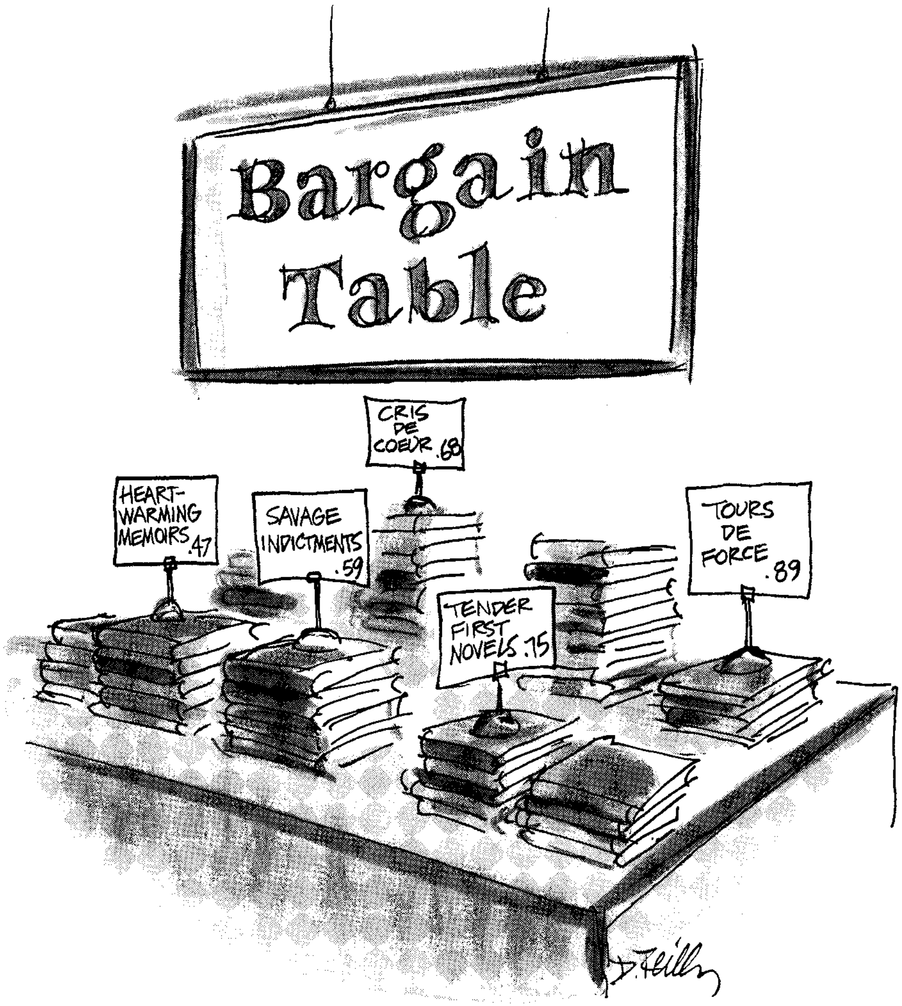
THE DEVIL AT ST. CHARLES'

A YOUNG playwright named Robert Marasco has come to town with a pleasant little thriller called "Child's Play," at the Royale. Broadway having set such a sparse table this season, Mr. Marasco runs the risk of being prematurely hailed as a Cordon Bleu, when what will do him the most good—or, rather, the least harm—at the beginning of his career is to offer precisely the degree of praise that his confection deserves. In a newspaper interview the day after the play opened, Mr. Marasco's understandable high spirits betrayed him into overoptimism; he described his handiwork as "kind of, I guess, a 'Turn of the Screw' thing," but it is as far from resembling that superb tale as Mr. Marasco's casual monosyllables are from the richly embroidered orotundities that James would have uttered if he had ever been so fortunate as to write, as he longed to do, a hit play. It is true that from time to time in "Child's Play" one catches echoes of the portentous footfalls of the Master, but the resonance of the evil in "The Turn of the Screw" is genuine, and therefore genuinely hair-raising, while the resonance of the evil in "Child's Play" is on the order of that to be found in Agatha Christie.

No one would hesitate to reveal the plot of any play that is intended to be taken seriously (". . . so then, you see, Hamlet meets the Ghost, and the Ghost says . . ."), but when it comes to thrillers it is monstrous to let slip a single telltale word. I will be as obscure as possible about what happens in "Child's Play," revealing little more than that it is set in a Catholic boys' school called St. Charles'; that the boys unaccountably begin to do dreadful physical injury to one another; that the victims appear to welcome their injuries; and that the general malaise afflicting the school leads to an increasingly savage quarrelsomeness among the small faculty of priests and lay teachers. In short, the Devil is loose at St. Charles', and it soon becomes plain that the dance to which he is calling the tune is the dance of death. Mr. Marasco has written his play so attractively and Joseph Hardy has directed it so nimbly that one accepts without cavil the curious fact that it exists in two halves that fail to join. On one side—and almost always on the same side of the stage—we are given evidence of the corruption of spirit suffered by the boys; on the other side are the bickering teachers. Now, it turns out that what has led to the diabolism of the boys is a certain relationship between two of the teachers, but the dynamics of the diabolism—the means by which the energy of an evil emotion or deed at A is converted into evil emotions and deeds at B, C, and D—is merely hinted at, and even the relationship between the two teachers is left largely undramatized. We are invited to let our flesh creep at the horror that lies coiled at the heart of the mystery, but the mystery itself is never explained.

The cast of "Child's Play" is exemplary. Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, Peter MacLean, and David Rounds (a young priest who gets the best lines; at one point, accused of being tardy, he replies, "I was in levitation and couldn't get down") make up the troubled faculty, and the nine schoolboys are choreographed rather than directed, being seen and not heard except when—suddenly, frightfully—they scream. The set, which consists of a faculty common room and a vast, dark Gothic staircase, is by Jo Mielziner, who has also provided the eerie lighting.

DESPITE what I have written above, I relate the plot of "Norman, Is That You?," at the Lyceum, not because I expect the play to be taken seriously but because there is no better way to let you see that it is based on a single highly implausible premise—to wit, that an evening in the theatre devoted entirely to jokes about homosexuals and homosexuality will prove hilarious. A fat, middle-aged Jewish businessman from Dayton, whose wife has just run off to Montreal with his brother Julius, comes to New York intending to spend a few days with his son Norman. (I may mention in passing that the audience is evidently supposed to find "fat," "middle-aged," "Jewish," "businessman,"



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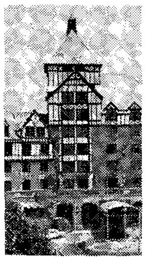


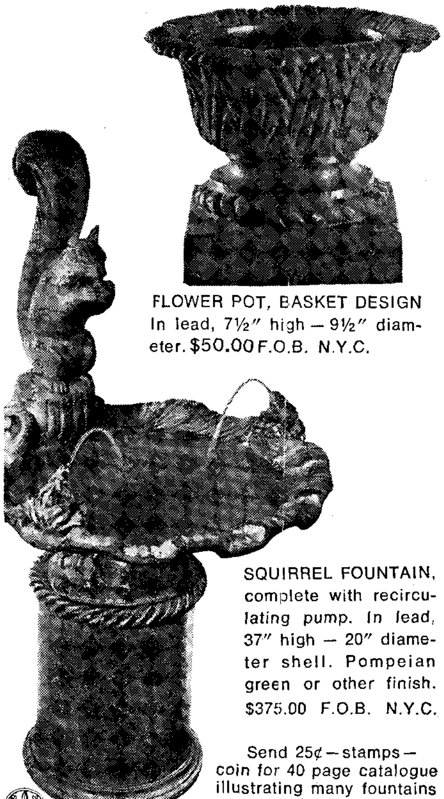
"Dayton," "Montreal," and especially "Julius" excruciatingly funny.) What the businessman doesn't know is that Norman is a homosexual, living in a lavender-tinted apartment with a good-looking, spectacularly dressed young man named Garson. Once the father learns the truth about his son's love life, the play becomes a repellent compendium of standup night-club jokes about "queers" and how they walk and talk and carry on together. The two authors of the play—Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick—are not so much resourceful as relentless; they have been trained in that harsh school of TV writing that piles one gag frantically atop another, on the assumption that if the poor boobs don't laugh at the first rotten joke, they may laugh at the second, or the third, or the fourth, or the four-hundredth. The result is a comedy of continuous effortful puerility, compiled by automata who would strive to squeeze a laff riot out of vivisection.

Lou Jacobi is the much-put-upon father in "Norman, Is That You?," and I admit that his skill, and the skill of a young actor named Walter Willison, suffice to keep the play from seeming totally inhumane. Mr. Willison is extraordinary; in the difficult role of Norman's cheerfully affectionate lover, he manages to convey an authentic grace and charm—qualities that can only be his, since they are certainly not the play's. Maureen Stapleton puts in a brief appearance toward the end of the play; she gives the impression of being surprised to find herself there, and no wonder. The blithe set is by William and Jean Eckart, the costumes are by Florence Klotz, and the direction is by George Abbott, who certainly moves with the times. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Mr. Feiffer Goes to Washington

THE action of Jules Feiffer's "The White House Murder Case" takes place six weeks before an election several administrations ahead, and it shifts back and forth (in Marsha L. Eck's beauty of a setting) between a jungle, where the United States is fighting a maladroit guerrilla war with Brazil, and the Cabinet Room in Washington. The play, which opened last week at Circle in the Square, is a satire, and its targets are— But surely there is no need to tell you, at this date, what Mr. Feiffer's targets are, or to describe his methods of dealing with them. I must say right off that as I watched it I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kept thinking, How clever!—in both the good and the pejorative senses. But I rarely laughed (or even winced with pain), whereas Elaine May, for example, who also goes after brutality and crookedness and stupidity and callousness, can make me laugh until I cry, or make me sit rigid with gooseflesh. Something—part of it is complacency—gets in the way of this play and muffles it. Nevertheless, many of the lines and details are original. The scenes in the Cabinet Room are studies in duplicity and idiocy, as the President and his advisers discuss ways to conceal from the American people that we are losing the war ("There have been setbacks, among them Operation Total Win," says the Secretary of Defense), and that some nerve gas released by the American Army has, because of a shift in the wind, blown back and killed or paralyzed hundreds of American troops. To report this fact, or any approximation of it, never enters anyone's mind, and no man has a keener ear for the jargon that camouflages candor than Mr. Feiffer. The meetings in the Cabinet Room amount to policy sessions in a public-relations office. When the President, during a few minutes of privacy, sends for his wife and asks her advice on his problems, her reply, "I want a divorce," comes like a splash of ice water. The wife is a worker in the Peace Movement, and she ends up dead, mysteriously stabbed by the metal shaft of a sign that reads "Make Love Not War;" the second act is concerned not only with solving the murder but with concealing it, too, from the general populace. As for the jungle scenes, they serve as an only intermittently effective counterpoint to all the official fatuity. A lieutenant minus a leg and an Army doctor who may be working for the C.I.A. wander around together, getting higher and higher on the nerve gas, and more and more filled with brotherly love and rosy plans for all mankind—as remote from reality, in their stoned innocence, as are the men in Washington.

The production, under Alan Arkin's ingenious direction, is entirely in keeping with the script. The actors, most of whom have had experience in nightclub improvisation, perform the caricature-characters assigned them with a sure touch. The best of them, Paul Benedict, plays the Postmaster General, political manager of the President's party, as if the role were not a comic-strip character at all. As for Mr. Feiffer, he clearly knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is just not good enough.

—EDITH OLIVER

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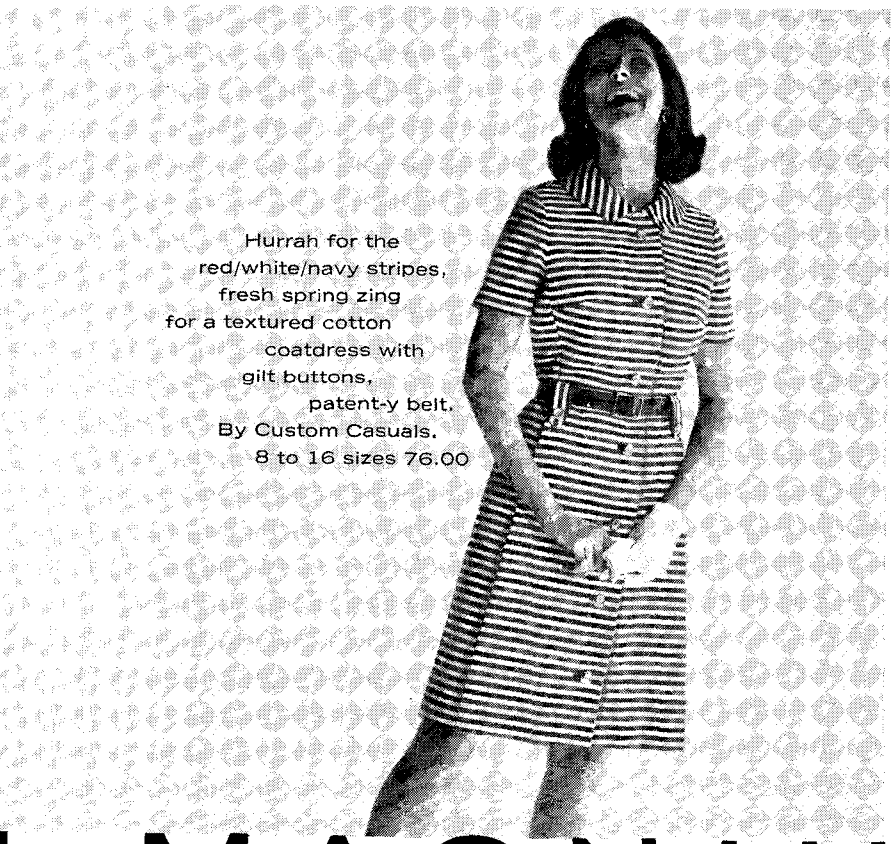

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sound and Fury, Signifying . . .

I SUPPOSE that every generation has to discover Dada all over again for itself and imagine that it has come upon an entirely new idea. The younger generation of composers has produced a great deal of Dada, but very little of it has been as pretentious as Luciano Berio's "This Means That . . . ," which was unveiled at Carnegie Hall last Tuesday night. Let me try to describe what happened. A little after half past eight, Dr. Charles DeCarlo, the president of Sarah Lawrence, strode to a desk in the middle of the stage, sat on a stool behind it, and began a lengthy and incredibly boring lecture on aesthetics. Before long, there were whistles from the audience and cries of something like "Shut up! Let's get on with the performance!" I suspect that Dr. DeCarlo's script was written for him (nobody extemporizing could have been that tiresome) and that the cries from the audience were prearranged. The idea, I imagine, was to indicate the futility of most talk and writing about music and the other arts—including the writing of the critics, who do not stand high in Mr. Berio's estimation. Anyhow, soon after this, and without disturbing Dr. DeCarlo's monologue, a few other people appeared on the stage—a viola player, who played an open fifth on two of his strings (this went on almost throughout the performance; Dr. DeCarlo had said something about the mystic quality of the perfect fifth), and some vocalists, including Cathy Berberian, Christiane Legrand, Sandra Mantovani, and the Swingle Singers. Miss Mantovani sang some melodies that sounded vaguely Near Eastern; Miss Berberian sang some folk songs that sounded Balkan, Greek, or Armenian; the Swingle Singers sang some small items by Satie, Ravel, de Falla, and Bach with their usual virtuosity. Nobody sang anything by Mr. Berio. The viola player continued to drone out his perfect fifth. Dr. DeCarlo, the patsy of the evening, continued to talk, but all one could hear of him was an occasional snatch about T. S. Eliot or some other prominent creative figure; the surrounding din made most of what he said inaudible. A tape (apparently Mr. Berio's only contribution to the evening, and a not very interesting one) provided retching, honking, and clattering noises, sometimes as a background, sometimes between the numbers being sung. After a while, apparently in a desperate effort to liven things up, a group of performers from the "Circo dell'Arte," whatever that is, came onstage in commedia-dell'arte or clown costumes (they were nondescript and unclassifiable) and began juggling Indian clubs. The viola player and Dr. DeCarlo continued droning. Finally, something was said by Dr. DeCarlo about "the beginning of the end." This, under the circumstances, was welcome. And, finally, the end did in fact come. Everybody left the stage except the viola player and his fifth, but the tape went on. Even after the viola player left, the tape continued for a short interval, and then the evening's event, which had lasted a little over an hour, was complete.

The audience was a fashionable avant-garde group, including many young people, but its reaction at the end was indifferent. What had happened was hardly worth the eight-dollar top Mr. Berio had charged for his spectacle. The only moments of interest were provided by the Swingle Singers, who could easily have filled the hall all by themselves, and who were, I am convinced, the only reason for the fairly large turnout. Really good Dada involves a certain amount of wit. This was not really good Dada. One wonders whether Mr. Berio's solution to the problem of the contemporary composer is that he should abdicate his function and become an impresario for performing artists—not a bad idea, considering the quality of most contemporary composition. In the program, Mr. Berio described "This Means That . . ." as "a project and not as finished work." Maybe he should give up and start over again.

THE New York City Opera opened its spring season last Thursday night. It promises to be an interesting one, offering some twenty-five new young singers, a new production of "Pelléas et Mélisande," and revivals of Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," Shostakovich's "Katerina Ismailova," and Rossini's "La Cenerentola," among others things. The opening had its usual gala character. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Bever-

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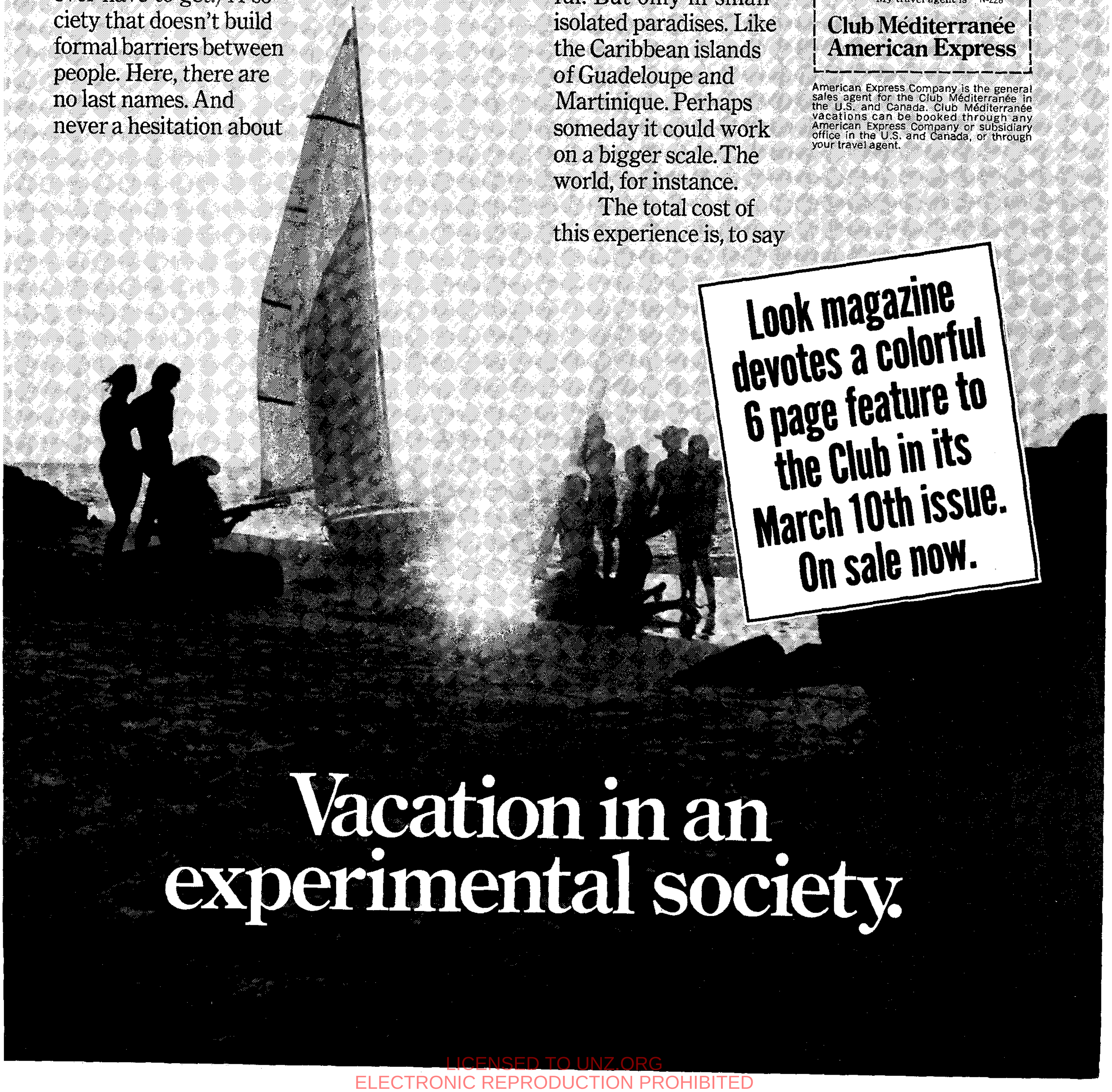

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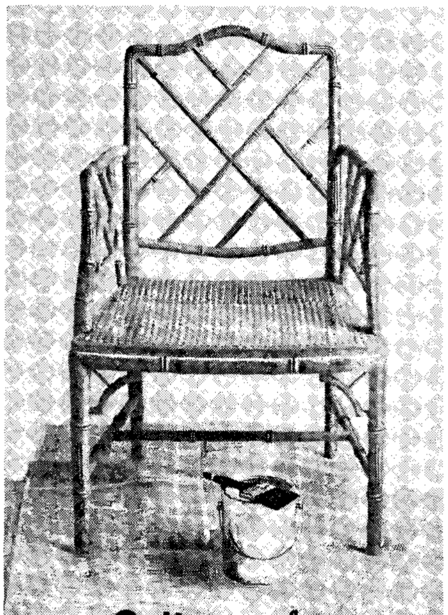

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ly Sills in the title role and a familiar cast, except for Nico Castel, in the role of Normanno. Beverly Evans was the Alisa, Michele Molese the Edgardo, Richard Fredricks the Ashton, Robert Hale the Raimondo, and David Clements the Arturo. On the whole, it was a splendid performance. Miss Sills was again the most engaging and touching Lucia I have ever heard, producing all the fireworks required of her, and involving the audience deeply in the troubles of the character she was portraying. Among the other singers, Mr. Fredricks, Mr. Hale, and Mr. Molese sang well and acted as though they were living their roles. The conducting of Charles Wilson was outstanding. He preserved exactly the balance between dramatic continuity and leeway for *bel canto* that an opera like "Lucia" requires. I recommend this production highly.

By the way, I was a bit naïve a few weeks ago when I said that as far as I knew the ascending chromatic scale was impossible to sing and was seldom written. There are two such scales in the first two acts of "Lucia," as Miss Sills sings the rôle, and two whose completion is interrupted in the Mad Scene. She sang them all without a trace of effort.

LAST Monday night, I went to the Hunter College Playhouse to hear the Netherlands Chamber Choir, a group consisting of a score of singers conducted by Felix de Nobel. The earlier part of the program consisted of works by fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Dutch and Italian composers, and they were lovingly and accurately performed. There was a Sanctus by Jacobus Clemens non Papa and an Agnus Dei by the same composer, the latter of which I thought the most interesting of the religious items. There were also religious works by Josquin des Prés, Jacobus Obrecht, and Giovanni Gabrieli—the last a Venetian who wrote a little later than the two others and was much influenced by them. There were also some delightful secular songs by the German Hans Leo Hassler, one of Gabrieli's contemporaries. The Dutch religious items were intricately contrapuntal, and, of course, they date from the time when the Low Countries and Flanders were the musical center of Europe. It is a pity that, because of the irreversibility of history, it is impossible to hear such music with the ears of those who first encountered it. So much has gone on in the meantime that only the retrained ear of a musicologist or of a devoted

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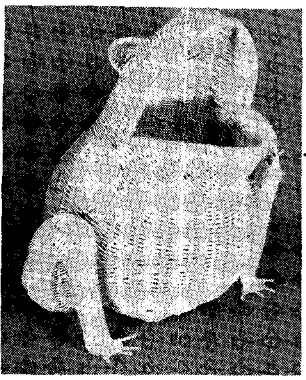

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specialist can grasp its emotional import. Nevertheless, it is possible to admire the contrapuntal skill of the composers, and to get, now and then, a notion of the antique grandeur that things like Gabrieli's "Timor et Tremor" contain. Curiously, it was Hassler's secular, or comparatively "popular," numbers that seemed most modern in feeling. They were less contrapuntal, or, more accurately, their counterpoint was of the note-against-note variety. The latter half of the program was given over to contemporary works by the Dutchman Rudolf Escher, the Englishman Benjamin Britten, and the Swiss Frank Martin. Among these, I found Escher's settings of poems by Emily Dickinson and Ronsard worth remembering, and Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" (words by W. H. Auden), which I do not think I had heard before, turned out to be an example of modern contrapuntal skill at its best. I have always been neutral about the music of Frank Martin. His songs, to words taken from Shakespeare's "The Tempest," seemed to me slightly weak. The singing was pure in intonation, expert in its attacks, and, from time to time, moving.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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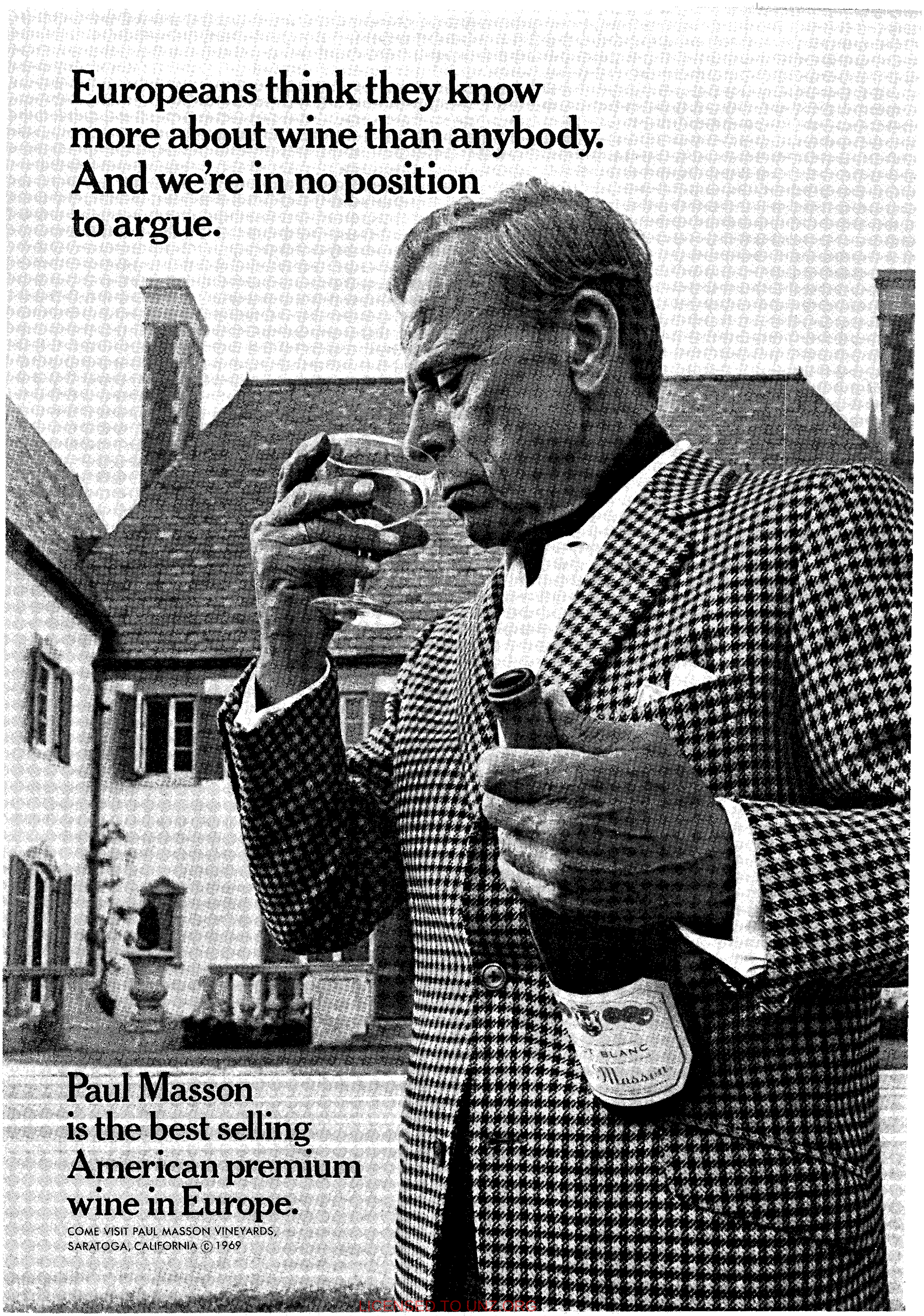

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CIVILIZATION

AMONG other things, civilization means abiding by a convention according to which we human beings agree not to burden each other with our excessive humanity. A wall, in spite of its frequent misuse, remains one of civilization's basic inventions; we have as much need of being separated as of being together. A vague sense of what is unbecoming, of what one is *not* supposed to do, shows itself over and over again to be a powerful ethical lever, although even Plato was unable to explain how it really works. Its principle is indefinable. It is also a fragile instrument, easy to destroy, and no one knows what to replace it with. Neither is it known how civilization would look without it. Both the optimism of scientists and the gloom of moralists appear irrelevant to the whole problem.

CULTURE

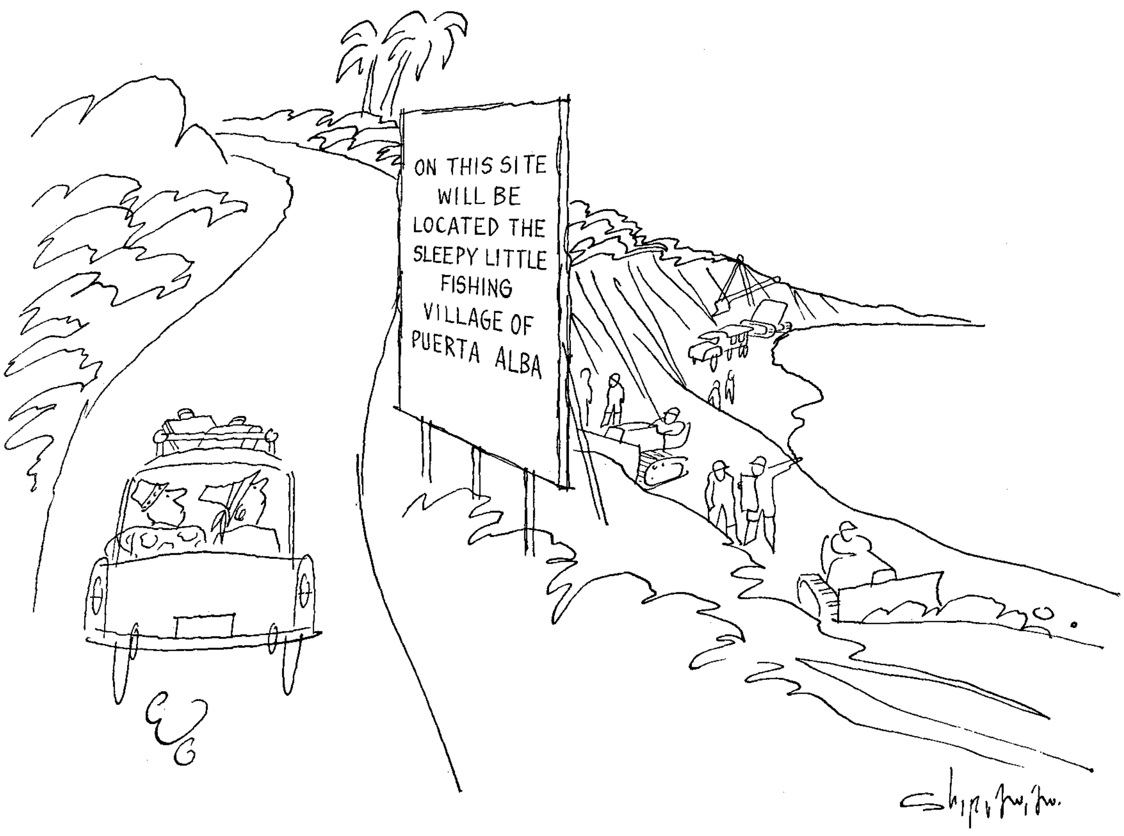
PARADISE and man's natural condition must have been delightful, but they had nothing in common with culture. Culture begins with the fig leaf. One can say—and many people have said—that culture as a whole is a nuisance, but no one can claim to advance culture by removing the fig leaf. Poetry, culture's loveliest flower, seems unimaginable without a *clad* human being. The proudest goal of literature is to deal with the invisible—not in terms of uncovering what is covered but in terms of comprehending the depth and complexity of coexisting forms and attires. An undressed *Homo* offers no hunting ground for discoveries. Nakedness says nothing about him, it just visualizes his form. His ego and his condition begin with clothes. Only the infinite diversity of clothes can give him the value of an unfathomable riddle. An undressed woman might be beautiful, but a half-dressed one is interesting. Art, from its very beginning familiar with the naked body, saw in it primarily a "form." Any time artists wanted to immerse themselves in the meaning and substance of life, they resorted to draperies or put hats on their models. Nakedness remained for them, through the ages, a means of perfecting their craft, and this held them inside the magic circle of culture.

THE TREASURE OF SHAME

SENSITIVITY remained the Grand Notion of Western literature for two centuries. And the most delicate psychological-philosophical device of human sensitivity was a feeling of shame. Goethe, Benjamin Constant, Shelley, Turgenev, and Conrad could all converge on the belief that shame is a virtue and a key to important human values. The last forty years of literary progress have established shamelessness as a criterion of sincerity.

VOYEURISM

MANY people are inclined to define the contemporary rise of sexual permissiveness as voyeurism. If this is correct, then the sources of permissiveness are obscure. The partisans of uncontrolled nudity in public maintain that their objectives and interests are aesthetic—that they believe "the body is a beautiful thing." The more numerous the artistic happenings and experimental ballets they stage to "help liberate the emotions" or "conquer the audience's fear of the human body," the more obvious it becomes that not the body but certain parts of it are of interest to the body's defenders. The Greeks, incontestably the legitimate discoverers and trueborn connoisseurs of the beauty of the human body, were manifest anti-voyeurists. A visit to any museum will quickly demonstrate how little they emphasized the private parts. And we have to assume that it was not prudery that inhibited them and induced them to belittle what today's reformers magnify; the sage candor of the ancient Greeks in such matters is well reflected in their history and their writings. We must assume, then, that it was, rather, a lack



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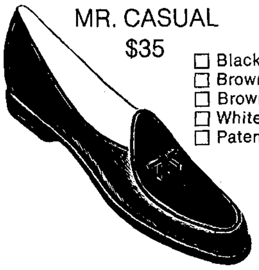

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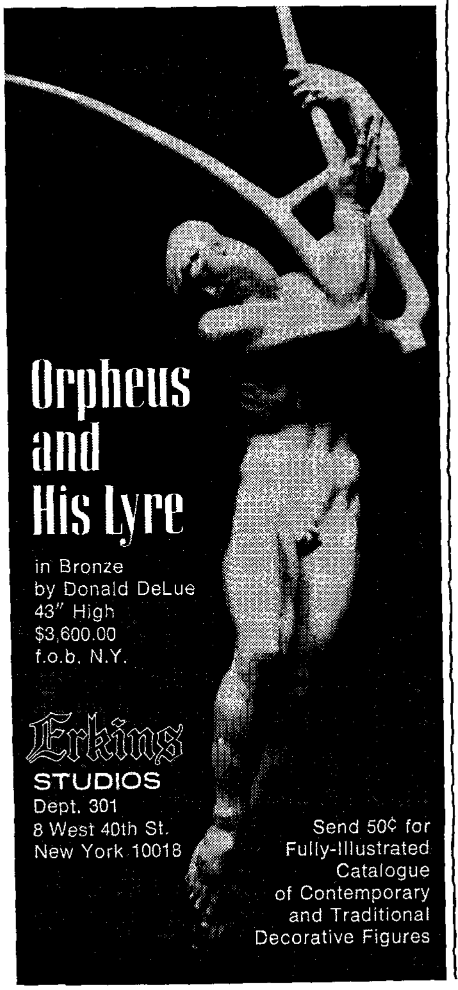
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On Dismal End Points

When everyone finds it possible to undress everywhere, the individual, private act of undressing loses its intimate and ultimate significance. By advocating its publicness, the staunch spokesmen for individual deliverance through nakedness abolish its individuality and shift it into the category of collective experience. This could prove lethal to so many values that its consequences might break through the narrow margins of the issue of mores. Nakedness is the source of painful inequalities. Clothing is one of the most democratic and egalitarian institutions in mankind's history. The apostles of spiritual reward through stripping argue that once the basic inhibition is overcome and "something is unlocked within," the inequalities and the feeling of shamefulness turn into a benign sense of fulfillment and freedom which lets us forget about them. They just overlook one trifle; namely, that the inequalities do not disappear because some people can forget about them.

Our Losses

An actor and an actress performing in a play with profound ambitions strip onstage, get into a well-exposed bed, and realistically imitate (let's hope) lovemaking. It doesn't excite us anymore. It doesn't shock us, either. It doesn't liberate anything in us, although some theatre critics and social commentators claim it does. What I experience is a feeling of loss. I feel sorry for my depleted sensitivity. I think with deep concern about where my desensitization will lead. I worry about what it would take to shock me again. I am disgusted by the theft of my privilege of being shocked.

Europe and America

Is the current American kind of permissiveness in morals and manners more licentious—that is, more socially harmful and culturally repulsive—than the current European one? I think it is. Europe is old, experienced, insidious, and skeptical. Its ambivalence toward the erotic is delicately poised, and now, after centuries of refinement, serves more as a restraint than as a release. Europe underwent many periods of permissive decadence, and none of them ever succeeded in completely shattering the radical bonds between eroticism and culture. Woman's position in European civilization was always heliocentric, and much more independent

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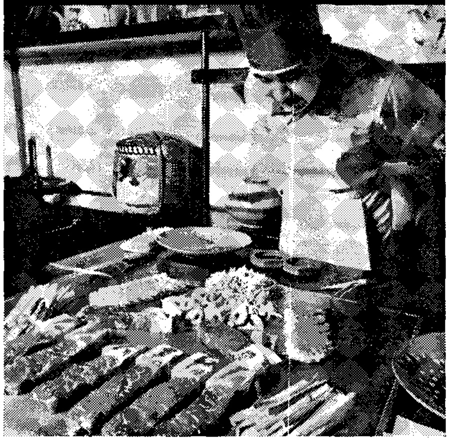

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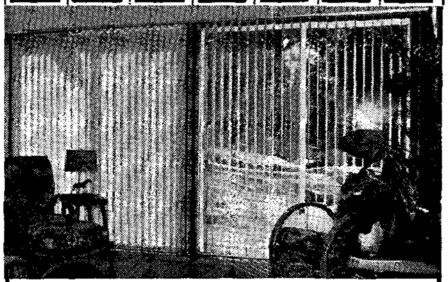

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and influential than would be generally acknowledged; this was achieved chiefly through the tactical finesse of European women, distilled through ages of merciless strife, during which they favored scoring real gains *without* propagandizing them. Europe is passionless. Its system of correlation between mores and their abuse, love and sex, emotion and its sensual implementation has been thoroughly examined and well classified. The most complicated issues were so long studied and tested, and so accurately translated into solid and comfortable patterns, that a powerful sexual tradition has resulted whose abundance of moral and emotional compartments and drawers enables everyone to find his own warm refuge from destructive torment. Or, if necessary, to find an appeasing solution among the impregnable fortifications of reason, empiricism, and venerable hypocrisy. Many aspects of European life are now yielding to the relentless blessings and monstrosities of modern mass society and its impact upon civilization, but sexual culture is one of the last bastions of unbending Europeanism, and any signs of its capitulation are misleading. Sweden's lethargic and schizophrenic asexuality advertising itself as debauchery and Spain's volcanic and skillfully tamed prurience disguised as chastity are both characteristically European. Too much was long forbidden in America, so today too much is permitted. Both prohibition and exaggerated permissiveness lead to losses. Both deprive the sexual life of the same qualities: depth, sophistication, variety. In 1953, a movie was condemned because the word "virgin" was pronounced on the screen. In 1967, a successful New York theatre director considered total nudity on the stage "a potent and liberating device," and declared, "We're bound to see more of it." Asked if nudity would eventually reach the point of cliché, he answered, with self-assurance, "Of course." It's doubtful whether he would have been able to reflect and come up with a reply to the question of why we should turn into a cliché, and thus give up, one of the most precious playthings mankind has ever derived from its own destiny; namely, the distinction between intimacy and openness. For two centuries, a majority of Americans were held in a strict persuasion that sex could serve only to produce children or sin or bawdy entertainment. Some forty years ago, Freud, simplified for instant use, began teaching them that sex also produced endless, and not easily explained, troubles and complications,

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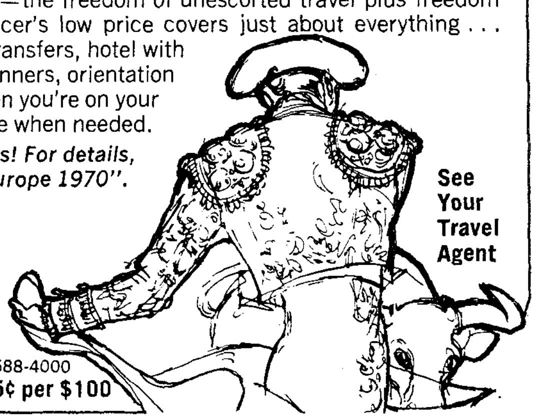

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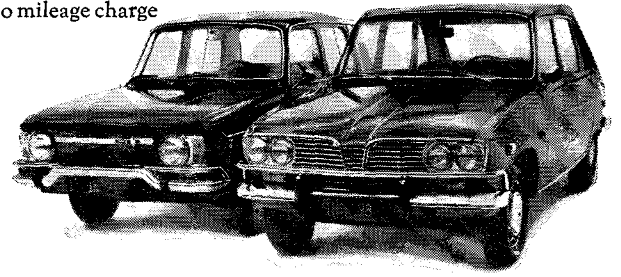

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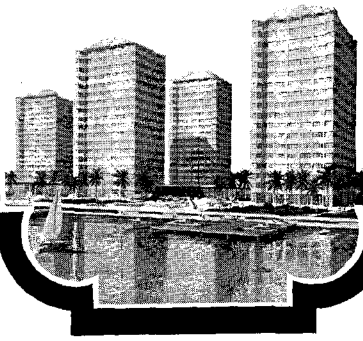

whose sole advantage was that of being *en vogue.* No longer than a decade ago, bemused Americans discovered that sex is simply a part of the eternal human condition, like everything else, grief and anguish included—that it may encompass casualness and tragedy, mischievous grotesquerie and distasteful tawdriness, random little dramas and lifelong goals, permanent enigmas, endless agonies, convoluted mysteries, and nondescript perfection. Engulfing this newly acquired sensitivity in a chaotic tide of permissiveness might prove to be the American crime of the century.

Another New York stage meteorite recently said, "In time, people may get immune to nudes onstage." But why? Why must we become *immune* to something that should remain one of the marvellous gifts of human existence? Life is no cornucopia of such gifts. Why should we willfully transform the splendor of exceptionality into the drabness of the commonplace and hail it as mankind's grand victory?

I have nothing against those glossy, offensive sex magazines for the quarter-intelligentsia; they may even fulfill a positive social function. But not when they come equipped with a "philosophy." "I'm working toward a better, healthier, saner society," a well-known New York publisher of titillating tawdriness said in a press interview, and with such a statement we reach a point at which the hoary, corrosive European intelligence proves to be a better moral breakwater than the American social robustness does. In Europe, sex magazines and pornography publishers, if they want to survive, have to operate with a *clin d'œil* and a sturdy, cynical assessment of their own moral value. In America, they consider themselves, in all seriousness, missionaries, because commercial success and social impunity have given them the impression that they are approved by Providence.

Joys of Exorcism

"YOU have to get to the point where people aren't shocked anymore," said someone who called himself an underground editor and who was also a lead singer with what has been classified as one of the most "obscene" New York rock groups. "It's not being jaded—it's when people know sex is not a *threat to them* and they accept it." I felt a sort of affection for the man. Poor eternal American Boy Scout, lost among spectres of his inherited past! His desperate obscenities, shouted with the help of electric amplification, are his defense against his own puritanical idealism, which he dreads and can't get rid of. He wants to come to the rescue of all those whose teeth are chattering in the spooky forest of sex organs. In his utterly frightened, paralyzed child's mind, forlorn in the unknown, there isn't even a glimmering of the fact that sex might *not* be a threat—that it is a human, not a satanic, attribute, and does not need to be exorcised.

Simplifying History

PERMISSIVENESS is by no means an invention or a monopoly of our age. The Italian Renaissance and the French Rococo had a licentious record that would be hard to beat. People's activities then far exceeded in refinement our clumsily prefabricated set of pleasures. People then also knew how to chisel their depravity into imperishable works of art, which is not exactly the forte of our era. Their permitted hypocrisy and perfidy activated an amoral sophistication beside which our bluntness, called by us "honesty," appears boorish, tedious, and arid. The stunts performed by teen-agers from the houses of Borgia, Sforza, and Medici would plant a deep feeling of inferiority in our most daredevil swingers. The inventiveness, taste, and dialectical skill of the eighteenth-century French erotic theoreticians would plunge the spiritual leaders of the American sexual revolution into embittered frustration. It's also difficult to prove that permissiveness is an unequivocal mark of decay and decline. Both the Renaissance and the Enlightenment were periods of bloom, and their permissive societies were extraordinarily strong in every respect. The reference to the French Revolution as one of the natural consequences of the permissive Enlightenment may be misleading, since the overthrow of feudalism was more the work of the dynamic force of expansion than the result of nihilism, satiety, and self-destruction. The essential difference between permissiveness then and permissiveness now is quantitative. Our permissive model is industrial, collective, and mass-produced. It has been proved beyond any doubt that the Western mass society produces everything in surplus, and that in many cases this surplus is the primary source of our moral confusion. During the Depression, excesses of food used to be destroyed so as to uphold the price level. Since that time, our ability to produce has increased astronomically, and so has our machinery for distribution. The blow came from an unexpected direction: our mass output of goods ceased to be exclusively material, and thus engendered a multitude of hopelessly tangled difficulties, resulting in a socio-moral mess. Among other things, we have facilitated a mass access to the so-called pleasures of life, and the effects of this access are still chaotic. And if, as Karl Marx said, quantity turns into a new quality, it's difficult to predict what the next moral code will be.

Through the centuries, lovemaking aspired to the condition of an art. It was considered élitist and aristocratic, if not in its nature, then surely in its subtle ramifications. It was a pleasure meant only for the wealthy. It was a celestial treat meant only for the refined. It was a debauchery meant only for the sophisticated. The populace just made children or indulged their animal instincts. Occasionally, rustic lovemaking became as fashionable as peasant dishes. Moreover, permissiveness, preserved as a trait of the upper classes, always managed to perpetuate its own high standards, and never slipped into insipid casualness. The haves knew how to maintain a certain infrastructure of functional hypocrisy that was constantly busy eliminating the cheap and the commonplace from what was meant to be a perennial festivity of the singular and the exquisite. The bed always served as a function of something else—of morality among Christians, of a vital force during the Renaissance, of the cult of sensualism among the rationalists of the neoclassical era, of highstrung feelings among the Romantics, and, finally, of social snobbery and a lifetime career during the bourgeois nineteenth century. Intellect, finesse, taste, sacrifice, courage conditioned lovemaking, elevated it to the level of the art of life. Power, money, and feelings were major devices in attaining that level. But such devices had to be acquired. This took time, filled up one's life, increased the price of each acquisition, made every achievement valuable.

The first effect of the output distributed as mass pleasure was the transformation of lovemaking into amusement—accessible, harmless, and inexpensive. What an average well-to-do bourgeois family can bestow today upon its offspring surpasses in many respects what Rodrigo Borgia could give to Caesar and Lucretia in order to facilitate their participation in life's glamour. What the rich and the powerful once indulged in in their lavish car-

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riages—perennial symbols of their social and existential status—everyone is doing today in a medium-sized automobile. The mass-produced bed is a supplement to everyday life—cheap, convenient, banal, and measurably interesting. It doesn't influence human destiny, and it settles nothing. No one is interested in saving souls in exchange for their owners' abstaining from jumping into bed; no one exaggerates the bed's place in life. Being in bed has, for the most part, no results at all. With the liberation and total emancipation of women, hypocrisy has been completely defeated, suppressed, evicted. We have fought down bigotry, abolished nearly all forms of verbal and visual censorship, permitted extreme openness. We no longer have any hypocrisy in our manners and habits, but we are aware of some kind of meaninglessness, whose origin no one knows anything about; it has sneaked in and is very distinctly around. Lovemaking has become candid, natural, universal, simple in the noblest sense, and easy in the best sense, but we feel that some unnamed yet powerful human reason for such activity has somehow evaporated from human existence, leaving a strange sensation of emptiness behind.

FORM AND CONTENT

PERMISSIVENESS is rarely the effect of individual bad will or of a bad impulse. Rather, it is produced by what many people consider sincerity and directness, and moral and social value are attributed to it. But something has gone wrong when irresponsibility and thoughtlessness become indistinguishable from moral advancement and intellectual progress. We won't have to wait very long to learn how sexual permissiveness annihilates the very tissue of human relations. Sexual interdependence is initially form, not content, and has the unique ability to transmute itself into a complex emotional content. The devaluation of form means, in the long run, the destruction of content. To judge by appearances, shallowness and perfunctoriness of approach affect the form. In fact, they destroy the core and the sense of human community.

MORALISTS

IT'S curious that our epoch has not bred any Savonarolas or Knoxes. Although sin is a non-word for so many, there is enough ominously distorted truth to preach against, and enough to inflame the most imaginative and talented indignation. But perhaps there is also an inherent recognition of the hopelessness of any such effort.

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PORNOGRAPHY

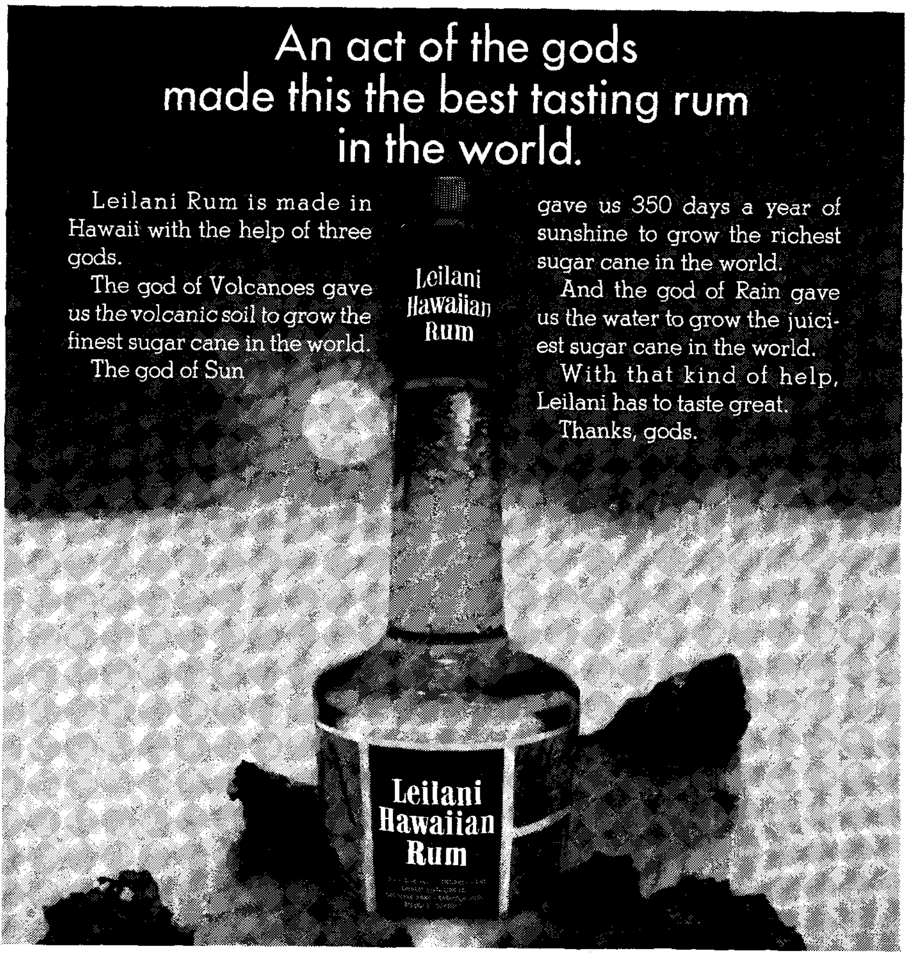
PORNOGRAPHY is vanishing from our world vision. It's time to reflect upon whether this is good or not. The mass production of sexual "sincerity" or obscene "innocence" kills pornography. This may be a cultural loss. The role of pornography was connected with the complex and ambivalent aesthetics of prohibition in the Judeo-Christian heritage. In its classic function of inducing all kinds of malaises over forbidden delights, pornography enriched the sensibility. Its absence will result in boredom and indifference in the face of everything that should have remained fascinating.

ON CINEMATIC SATISFACTION

THE notion that everything looks better on the screen is well known to film students. Anything that the film touches it embellishes in the most treacherous way. To bewildered mankind, the movies have gradually uncovered the previously unknown nature of a bloody brawl, of murder, of ideal love. The last few generations have acquired, thanks to the movies, a priceless knowledge of how antiseptic, spotless, impeccable, attractive, glamorous, nice, and easy these components of life can be. The film industry has concentrated lately on the portrayal of sexual satisfaction. "We poor women!" a lady I know commented. "First, lies were told about how we love. Now lies are told about how we are loved."

LOVE

THE generation in revolt seems to associate the basic word "love" with various feelings for which other words exist. Humanness, charity, compassion, clemency, loyalty, sympathy, comprehension, mutual understanding, human solidarity, communication, a natural penchant toward other beings are well-established notions, which have been thoroughly explored semantically. Moreover, they have more precise significances, better tested in language, history, literature, and human behavior, than has love, an exact knowledge of which eludes us; we know only *how* it reveals itself and acts. Thousands of years of poetry and music have tried to register and codify love's manifestations and revelations, but we are still far from a complete understanding of it, and even farther from the exhaustion of its unpredictable possibilities. One thing that seems to have been fairly well determined, how-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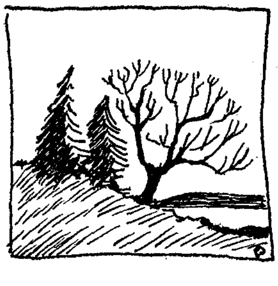
ever, is the influence of permissiveness on love, both in the social atmosphere and in individual instances. One of Christianity's greatest discoveries was summed up in the modest observation that the sinner longs more intensely after the ideal good than the non-sinner does. The more one sins, the more one covets innocence, but, at the same time, the farther removed the innocence is from one. This subtle formula applies smoothly to our torments with love: the more one abuses love, the more one craves love, and the less one is able either to feel or to obtain it. Whenever we equate, or identify, sex with love, the same goes for it. By detaching sex from its strictly personal goals and endowing it with quasi-social tasks, the permissive society brings it down to a drab, ordinary, though by no means new, set of deficiencies. Sexuality in itself may be a magnificent component of life, but the more pervasive a factor it becomes, the less meaning it has. Hence, if sex is to be sustained as a "delightful adventure" or a "miraculous herb of life," it has to be protected from devaluation, and it deserves the creation of a special psycho-moral sheath in which to preserve its splendid victories. Lest we become stranded with a sexual life that is equated with nutrition, we must safeguard its exceptionality. In refusing to accept nudity in public as a proof of progress and emancipation, we are acting to preserve a sense of the intimate exclusivity of the naked body for exceptional moments in our lives. This is the very marrow of the human right to a life that is something *more* than simple vegetation. It has complicated ontological ramifications. In an epoch in which God has been declared dead, the absence of sin is obvious. However, the yearning after the mere existence of the notion of sin must be deeply rooted in human souls. The feverish preoccupation with guilt in modern literature proves it better than anything else. All possible forms of guilt are exhaustively exposed and examined in the contemporary novel, theatre, film—save one; that is, the guilt about one's own life which is caused by the uncontrolled, amorphous permissiveness of one's environment. Nonetheless, we should know where the euphoria of the up-to-date, liberated, freewheeling woman ends and where her anguish and grief begin. We should know what price she pays in the annihilation of intensity of feeling—one of the priceless attributes of woman's maturity through the centuries—by permissive mores. "Women are as free to be predatory as men are," a silly clergyman recently said, as if in a caricature of a response, during a silly discussion sponsored by a silly sex magazine, "and we have to adjust to that." "One of the things *we're* discovering is that woman is not sexually passive," added another spirited clerical theorist-become-expert, who had apparently been unaware until then of something that the Babylonians knew as well as any liberated East Village pornography peddler and that the cleric could have easily learned from the Bible. Sad though it may be, anyone who embraces permissiveness has nothing new to say on the subject.



The Out Sin of Compassion

WHAT is one to do with one's life when everything has been tried by the age of twenty? Oh, something will always be found. Life knows no vacuum; it regenerates itself. Besides, the ideologues of permissiveness do not care for such a detail as *one's* life. They are fearless defenders of the facile generality. The almighty American news media, so heavily responsible for the current attitude of laissez-faire in mores, likewise have little interest in the individual. A national magazine of serious social pretensions features a story about "groupies," an In but not original behavioral phenomenon consisting of youthful females committing sexual aggression against juvenile rock musicians, and involving haphazard lovemaking at any price and in every possible way, reminiscent of dedicated autograph collecting. The magazine likens such proceedings to "the women who gravitated to the 19th-century British Romantic poets," conveniently forgetting that these women were after individuals, and that their supposed contemporary equivalents are after whole groups, often composed of a dozen males. But this may be a typical omission, for which the mass orientation of our time can be blamed. The magazine quotes a former groupie as saying, "I'm 33, and I've made it with all the early biggies, and more. You know what I've got to show for it? Three kids from three different guys—which three I'm not sure. I've gone the dope route, been busted twice, and taken the cure at Lexington, Kentucky." The article's comment is

"Most groupies may be luckier." So writes a magazine that claims to represent moderate liberalism and thoughtfulness, and to have an immense influence on this society. Above all, in its editorial enunciations it pretends to the highest merit of enlightened responsibility. Yet it shuns the word "some" in favor of "most," as if ignoring the probability that the overwhelming majority of the groupies end up tragically, and as if closing its eyes to the dismal fact that a frightening number of other girls will be pushed onto the same path by that small word "most." This I see as the depersonalized impudence of the American press.

ON DEFICIENCY

"TRADITION?" a young man repeated after I used the word. "What do you have in mind? What does *it* mean?" I didn't feel like explaining. As a matter of fact, I didn't know how to. It seemed to me impossible. At the same time, I saw clearly how much self-disgust fills the days and nights, the emotions, reflections, and deeds of all those who try, or have tried, to live without any tradition. Tradition is an intricate and vengeful value. Consciously or not, every individual, group, and community strives to establish a tradition. The efforts of its enemies to defy this banal truth only expose their ignorance of themselves.

THE SOURCES

WITH no gross error, we can trace the modern permissive trends back to fashionable attitudes in cultural criticism. At the beginning of the century, the incoming hegemony of psychology over contemporary civilization started the long disintegration of critical criteria. Moral argument deteriorated into an often ridiculed convention. The most sophisticated attempts to restore its value, such as those of Kafka and Camus, were successfully countered by the pseudo-morality of politics, and by the growing influence of psychological relativism, which frequently perverted literary ideologies, giving them hysterical and masochistic sub-texts. Literature and art, under the pressure of an all-pervasive permissive criticism, have almost renounced their didactic purpose, limiting their goal to an increasingly unproductive dissection of the human ego, with its bad odors, grotesque deformations, and futile contortions. A situation has been created in which any allegiance to basic ethical norms or any attempt to make a critical assess-

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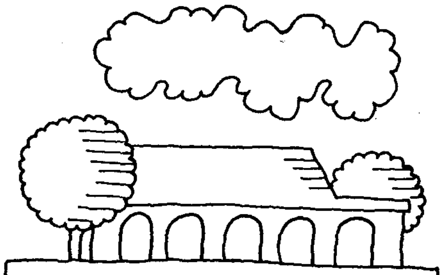

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ment on the basis of timeless values is condemned by the critics as infantilism, simplism, or second-rate literature, theatre, film, etc. The sublime tradition of posing moral questions, which had been a sacred privilege and a sacred duty of literature since its dawning, has been abandoned of late in favor of a pretended effort to list aberrations, such a list being considered literature's new glory by contemporary critics. The critics have thereby created a paradise for shrewd operators with dirty minds. Certainly the critics' degradation of literature has degraded them, too. They have lost the sensitiveness of perception which gave critics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries great creative standing. They have appeared lamentably helpless in the face of countless pieces of fakery. The majority of the works they praise, with a characteristic lack of reticence, and award prizes to, sink into oblivion within months. The critics avenge their defeat by manufacturing more fake values from doleful mediocrity, and this once again proves them unreliable, and increases their rage and frustration. So we bring into being a *perpetuum mobile* of presenting herd instincts as sophistication, acclaiming boredom as depth, offering barrenness as finesse, introducing cynical smartness as objectivity. There is no escape, for the slightest attempt to defend simple human decency would endanger the critics' position in the permissive society they helped to shape. And this is what the critics can afford least of all.

Health

THE bus passes a movie house featuring a film notorious for its obscene bluntness. One of two boys about fourteen years old who are sitting across from me asks, "Have you seen it?" "Yes," the second answers. "It's nothing special." And he shrugs with a convincing lack of involvement. The boy doesn't know it, but he is already crippled.

Gloomy Prospects

THE vengeance of literary "honesty," "openness," and "bitter-end innocence" upon literature itself will be terrifying. It will take almost everything from literature's substance. The everydayness of sex is just the beginning.

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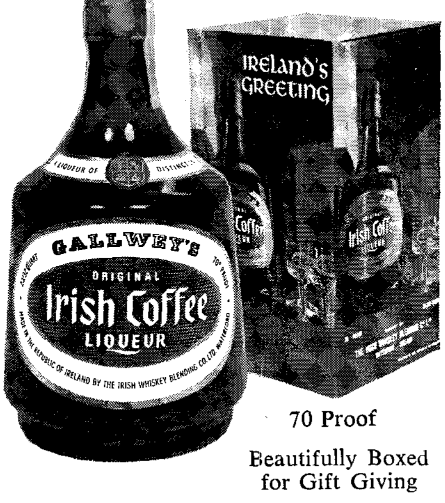

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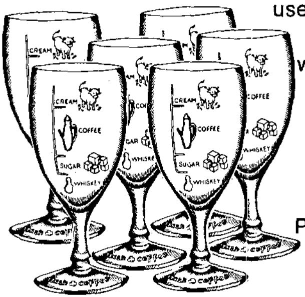

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mire said to me, "I was a swinger for half my life. Anything hip in outlook and idea at once captivated me. My courage in defense of the new was an expression of my faith in my righteousness. Besides, it was an excellent time to be different—to be against the norms and for extraordinary things that were hard to accept. I had a constant feeling of delectable superiority—enjoyed the ineffable sweetness of ruining without harming. Now I've become bored with all that. Everyone today feels so enfranchised and independent that the emancipation of instincts, penchants, and predilections has come to taste like cheap food—stuff that one has to swallow because one has neither money nor time for anything better, or else because one is too dull to go after something else. I begin to dream about the simple delights of being a square. A staunch square, and a square by choice, who is intellectually conscious of his virtues and takes a solemn, well-justified pride in his beliefs. A person who gives a splendid new meaning to that abused, tortured, but how fascinating word 'convention.' I begin to perceive the perverse delights of temperance, of faithfulness in love, and I catch myself going into transports over an unobtrusive necktie."

RECTITUDE

THESE days, rectitude is the only nonconformity. Heroic is the man who dares to be legitimate.

CONVENTIONALISM

NOISY pseudo-anti-opportunists in an age when a blowup is considered art claim that conventionalism equals cowardice. The opposite is true. Permissiveness is today's opportunism and conformity. The alternative to conventionalism is a tepid, shallow chaos of indifference, a dull oppression by rudimentary necessities, a poltroonery in the face of any decision deriving from a definite, detectable value. We are heading toward a reality in which the richness and the pride of existence will be determined by a loyalty to conventions within which we will look desperately for charm, beauty, and the way to get the most out of life.

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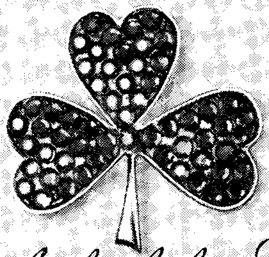

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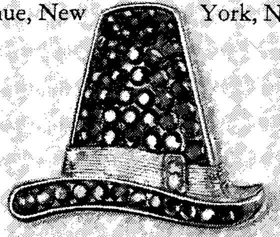

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that neither marriage nor eternal love is possible in our time. They do not realize that marriage has always been an impossible enterprise, or at least a perversely difficult one, and that love has never been very durable, to say nothing of eternal. Thousands of years ago, people knew that as well as we know it now, but they maintained that by sticking to so-called principles one could manage both the inconveniences of marriage and the troubles of love. This theory proved to be the source of many memorable dramas and works of fiction, and, contrary to our contemporary beliefs, it somehow proved valid. Today, although we have ample theoretical preparation for dealing with the difficulties, and ample freedom to avoid every damaging inhibition and constraint, the ubiquitous discontent worsens.

A PREMONITION

AFTER youth's current inversion of values and reëvaluation of emotions, the simple feeling of jealousy will be the first to make a triumphal comeback. The next generation's literature will rediscover its poisonous thrills and tyrannical agonies.

THE UNDERGROUND

EVERYONE who lived through the Second World War on the European continent, as I did, knows that the word "underground" denoted the armed resistance movement against the Nazi invaders. And it is in many countries a sacrosanct word. It was, and has remained, a synonym for heroic clandestine activity—a symbol of a relentless fight against overwhelming forces of oppression. A member of the underground had to be prepared to pay with his life for his participation in its activities. Anyone who survived will never forget the sacrifice of those who fell. In America, the word "underground" is now being applied to persons involved in producing and selling erotic literature, photographs, and movies. Their activity is fully legal, undergoes no persecution at all—rather, it enjoys commercial popularity. Why they insist on using this euphemism remains a mystery. These persons do not cherish any struggle. They do not even live in accordance with the values they propagandize. They dwell in comfortable suburban homes, surrounded by their families. Leading the life of righteous middle-class burghers with a little shady income, they meticulously avoid any bouts with vice. It may be that the word "underground" is one of the insincere relics of puritan language. But words take revenge. In a moment of need, they may turn against tongues that have martyrized them.

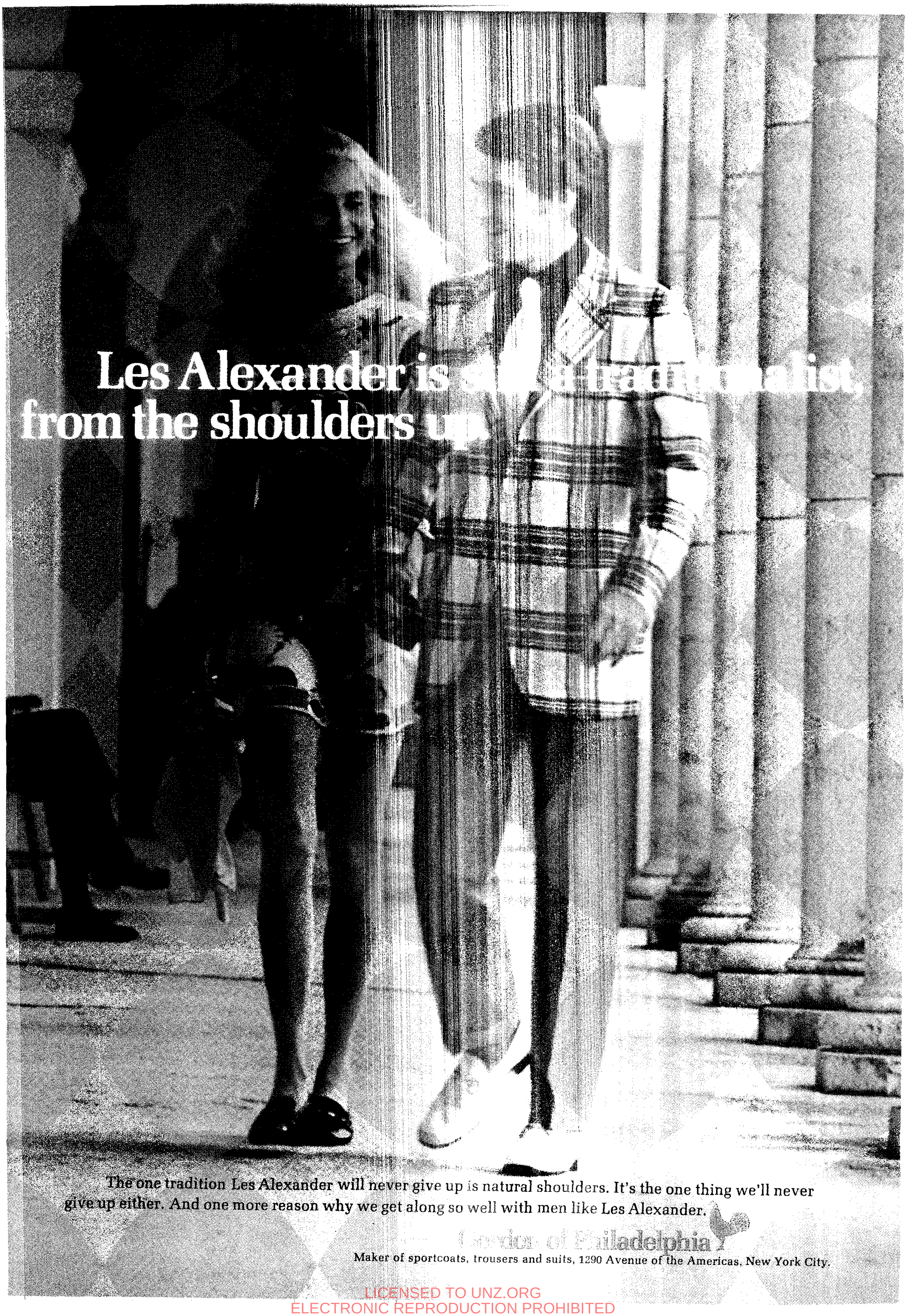
THE HAPPENING AND THE VERY RECENT PAST

HAPPENINGS are a variety of *tableau vivant*. The most striking difference between some recent Happenings and the popular pastimes of Louisa May Alcott's epoch is that the little women are now nude. Occasionally, a garbage can is blown up, to symbolize an act of creation and provide a substitute for the tedious chores of painting or sculpturing. The directors of Happenings involving nudity want us to observe a naked human body in an emotionless way—or, at least, in a way devoid of the emotions that used to accompany such a sight. They claim that depriving ourselves of any excitement, or any other feeling of exceptionality, will give us a new and more valuable awareness, will even testify to our superior humanness. Their demands accord with those of a group that existed not so very long ago. These predecessors were the S.S. men in charge of the Auschwitz crematorium. They, too, looked with a cool and indifferent eye upon throngs of naked bodies, depriving them of the usual human significance of nakedness. They scored this artistic achievement of eliminating human feelings some twenty-five years ago, and I presume that the liberated artists of today may feel a little flat at being so upstaged. Not long ago, leafing through an American quarterly devoted to the most advanced ideas in theatre, I ran into pictures of Happenings packed with nude men and women. The periodical naturally characterized these Happenings as a peak of theatrical accomplishment. I had a strange sense of familiarity. The Nazi-sponsored photographs and newsreels of the Oven Era came oddly to mind.

"LA NUIT ET LE MOMENT"

IN 1755, Crébillon *fils*, a French libertine writer whose openness would cause the New York avant-garde to blush and whose finesse would poison them with corrosive envy, wrote in his novel "La Nuit et le Moment," one of the classics of licentious literature, "Perhaps we are unaware of it ourselves, but even though everything we understand as principle and decency is so much discredited these days, we still feel a need for it."

—LEOPOLD TYRMAND


Les Alexander is still a traditionalist,
from the shoulders up.

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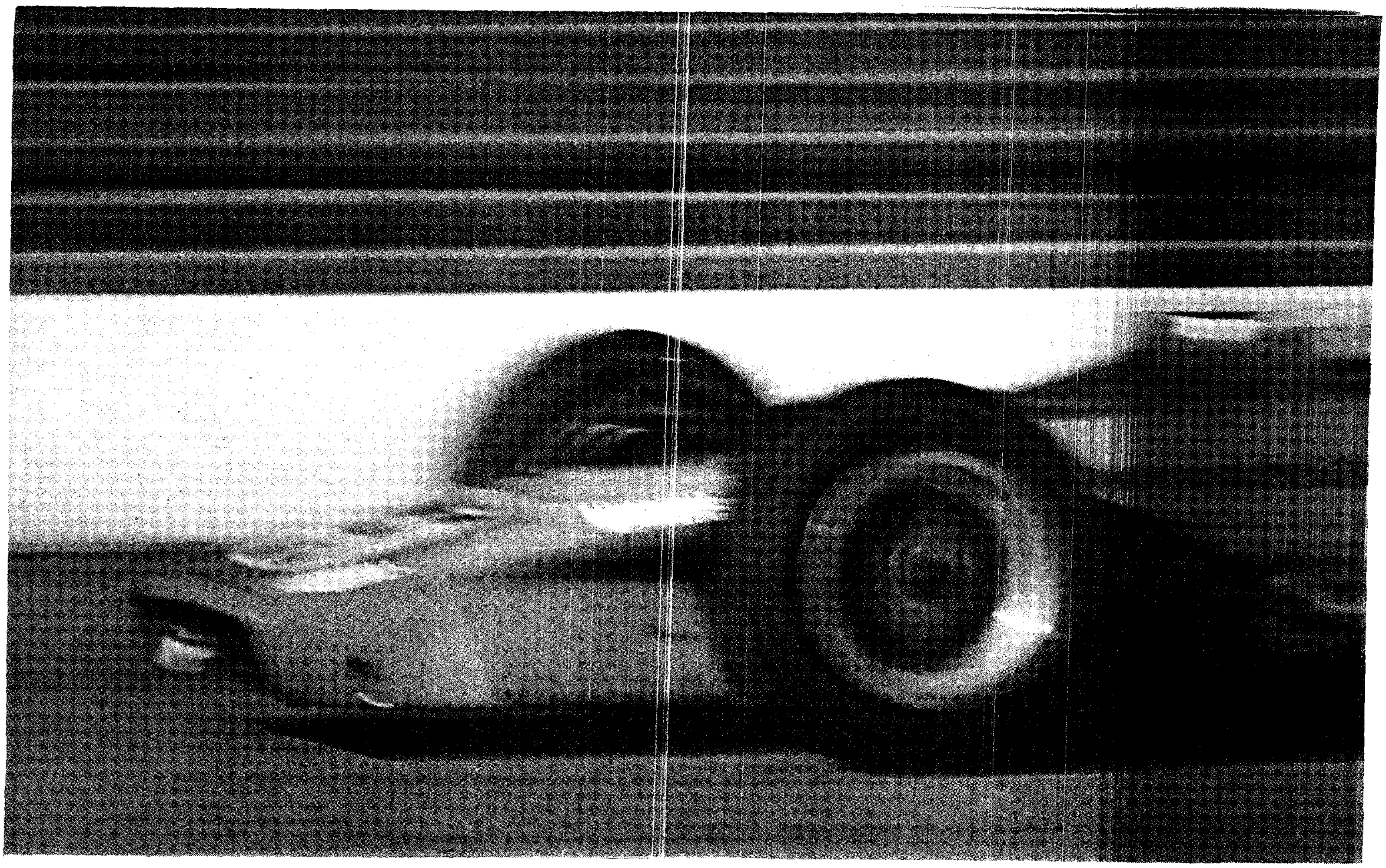
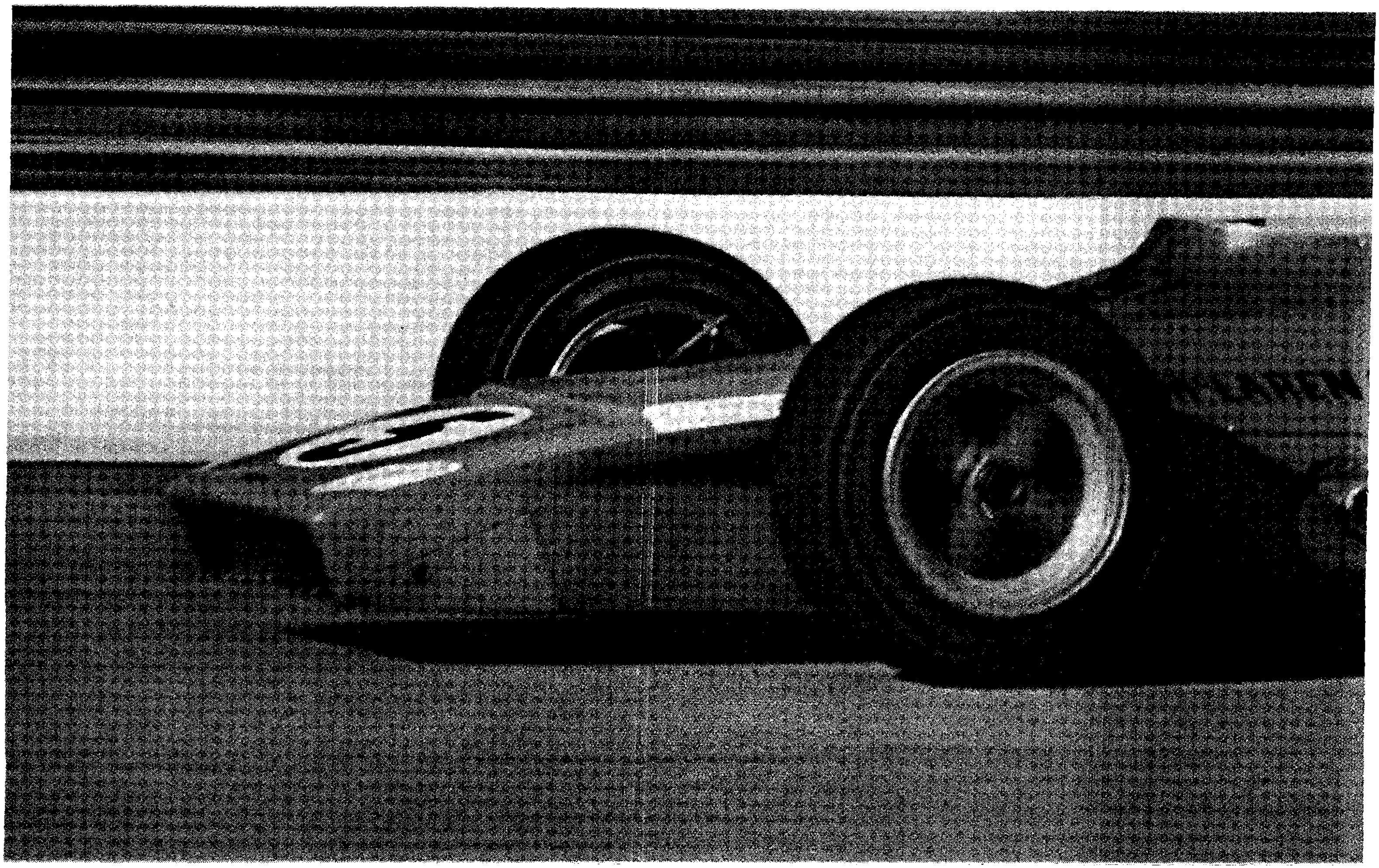
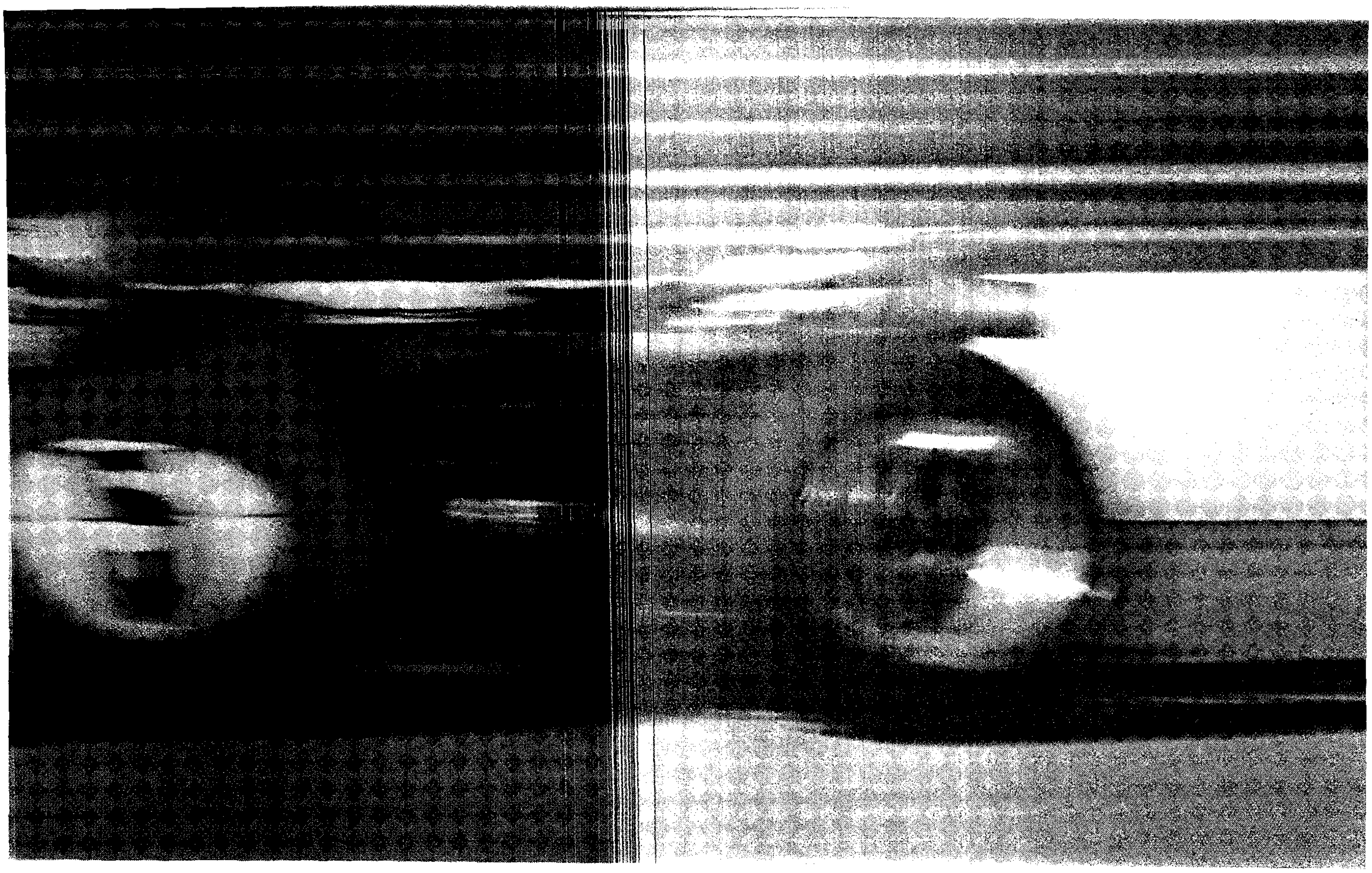


If it's worth a second glance it should be in magazines.





The moving image is like real life. It comes and it goes in the flickering of an eye.

The trouble is, there are a lot of things you can't absorb in the flickering of an eye. A race car ghosting past at 200 mph is one obvious example.

Ditto, the beauty of a piece of art...the coverage of a great event...the detail of a new product.

[illegible] understanding, you need a second glance. [illegible] that you need magazines with their second-glance strengths. (Ask Zenith, ask Eastman Kodak, ask Bell & Howell, ask Westinghouse if *that* isn't true.)

Magazines freeze the world. Magazines are where a split second lasts as long as you want.

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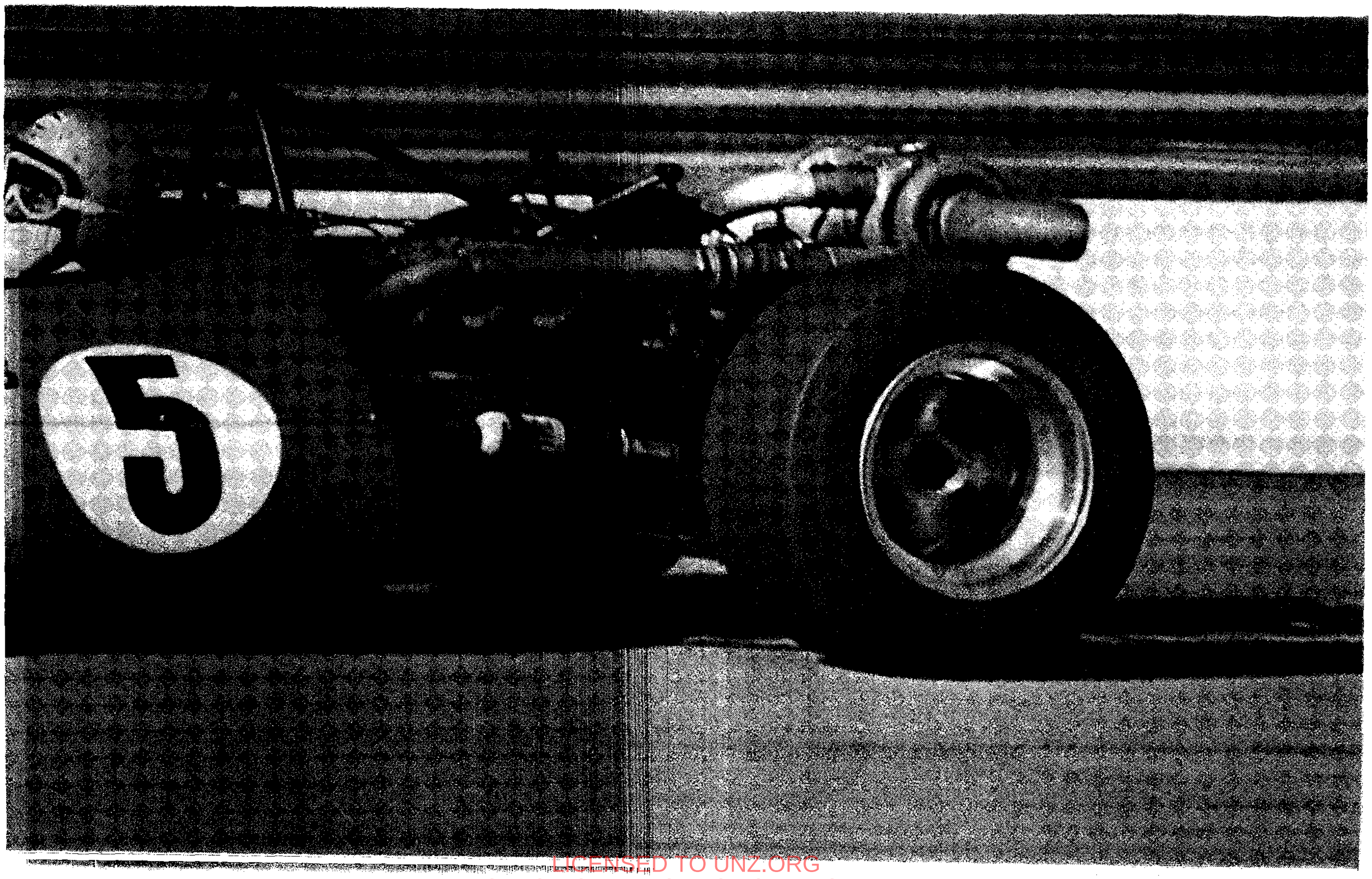

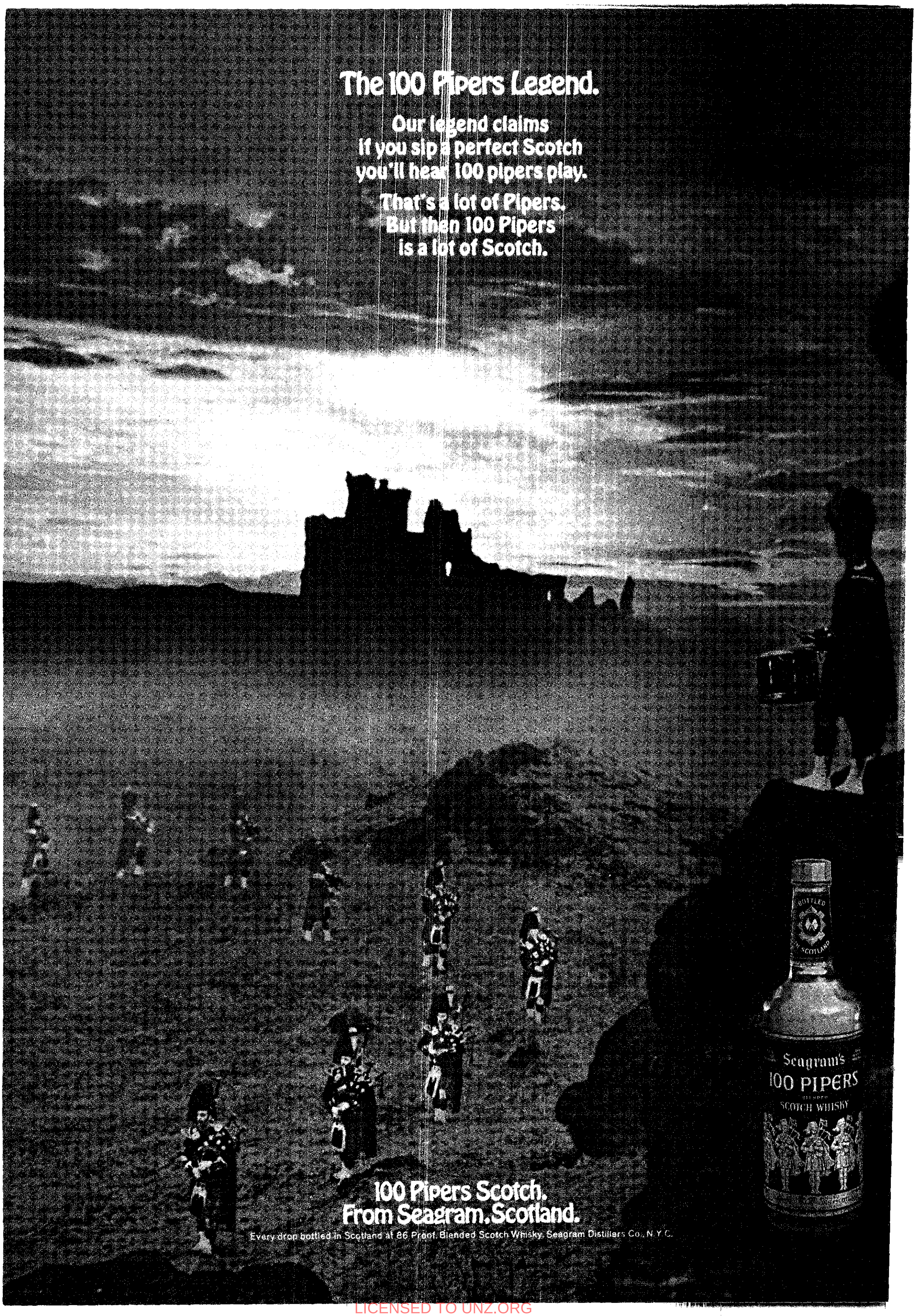
The 100 Pipers Legend.
Our legend claims
if you sip a perfect Scotch
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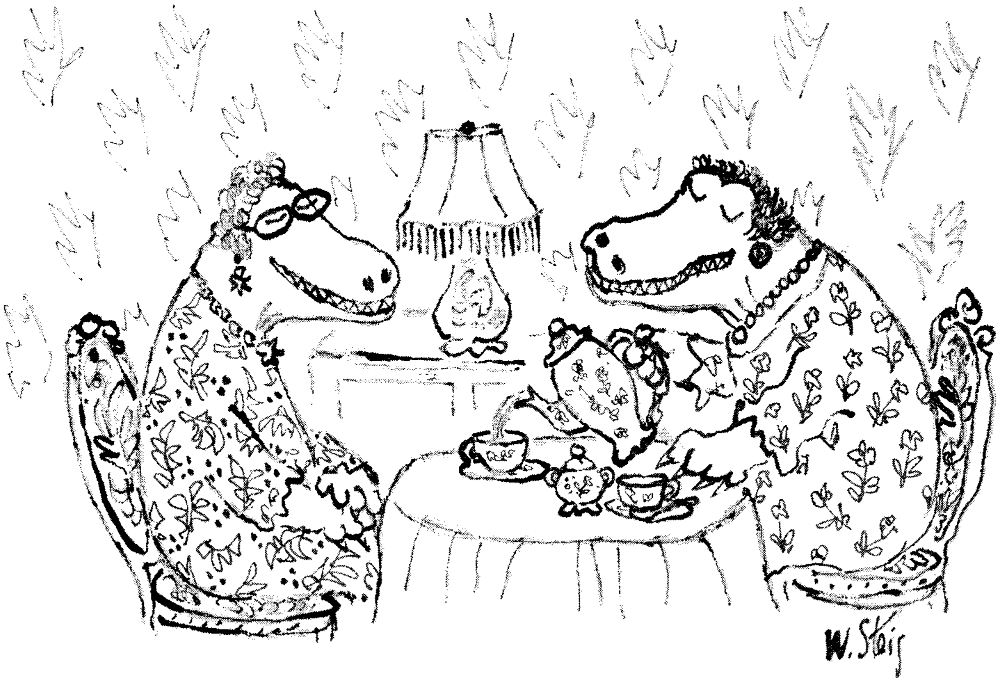
AROUND CITY HALL

BECAUSE the government of New York City depends so heavily on the state and federal governments for its economic well-being, no New York mayor in his right mind would want to appear optimistic about how things are going with his administration during the season of budget hearings in the Albany State House and on Capitol Hill. Almost daily, therefore, John Lindsay is likely to have on his morning agenda some proclamation concerning the wretched, politically slighted lot of the city dweller in general and the New Yorker in particular. Later in the day, however, and not for attribution, members of his new administration sometimes allow themselves a moderately cheerful progress report, always well hedged against the possibility that the next civic disaster might strike within the hour. Their criteria are largely short-range and subjective—that is, political. (Asked at a recent press conference if he was ready to denounce as a political document the preliminary state budget, whose allotment for the city's needs was disappointing, Lindsay looked astonished. "Any budget that any government has ever proposed in the history of free systems is a political document," he said. The state legislature and Congress were political, of course. So were the Governor and the President. "And, of course, *I* am political. . . . It's not a bad word, you know," he added, without a sign of repentance.) Understandably, the members of any mayor's inner circle feel that things are going better in a city when the opposition is temporarily too busy regrouping to throw rocks at their chief, and when the breaks, for a change, regularly favor a man who once, like Lindsay in the cold-weather months of 1968-69, seemed unable to make any move that didn't lead to some debacle for which all sides could fairly blame him. The shift in Mayor Lindsay's luck includes the fact that so far this winter no really crippling snowstorms have hit the city, although after even a few flurries he reportedly sends half the city's available Sanitation Department trucks to dig out Queens, making amends for his neglect of that borough's snow problems last year—a political *gaffe* that seems to have taken its place among fabled American blunders only a little below that of Fred Merkle's failure to touch second base in the 1908 game between the Giants and the Cubs, thus indirectly depriving the Giants of the pennant.

In a series of end-of-the-year interviews about his ambitions for the new term, Lindsay resorted, as he has on other occasions, to Yeats's line about the malady of modern times: "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold." (The quotation is from the poet's "The Second Coming," although there is no evidence that Lindsay—especially the new, officially humble Lindsay—confuses himself with anyone slouching toward Bethlehem.) Lindsay dwelt at greatest length on his hopes for reconciliation among warring racial and economic factions in the city, and for a new understanding among people in the suburbs and outlying towns; namely, that they must learn to share the city's problems, which more and more will be their own. Fortunately, the public schools, where blunders by Lindsay and others have left traces that no fleet of snow machines can haul away, have been comparatively quiet all season. The schools' potential for tragic conflict is no doubt as high as ever, but at the moment the decibels are down, and so is the incidence of open violence. This surface improvement may reflect to some degree the fact that the press is less inclined this year to treat each cafeteria-line fistfight as an aspect of Armageddon. In the absence of hovering reporters, and especially of television cameras, the members of yelling, flailing crowds often seem to find business elsewhere. There are, of course, other explanations for the interim calm, including the hardly encouraging discovery from Board of Education records that there may be less violence in the school corridors because, owing to a sharp increase in what the files on students call truancy and the records of teacher attendance refer to as an unusually high use of sick leave, there are fewer bodies on hand. There is also a grim theory that the opposing sides are simply saving their strength and their substantial arsenals for the period after March 19th, when the thirty school districts into which state law has divided the city will vote on new community school boards. The elections will mean the almost certain loss of independent status for the three small experimental school districts in which 1968's hostilities were centered. In at least two of these special enclaves—Ocean Hill-Brownsville, in Brooklyn, and I.S. 201, in Manhattan—the present governing boards, which have thousands of supporters, black and white, all over the city, have no intention of going quietly, and the local version of The Troubles may again be upon us in full force.

According to one theory of public life, the winning politician is not the man who spends his time gathering civic credits to himself but the operator who can most often persuade the public that whatever went wrong was somebody else's fault. In the matter of transportation, this winter's major local issue, Lindsay has been especially lucky in his most visible adversary—Dr. William J. Ronan. Until four and a half years ago, Ronan was secretary to Rockefeller, and then the Governor appointed him chairman of the state Metropolitan Transportation Authority, a powerful new superagency whose subsidiaries include the local Transit Authority, which runs the city's publicly owned subways and buses. The



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M.T.A. presided over the expensive contract settlement with the transit unions on January 1st, after which getting up the money for it was the city's problem. Because the city's charter requires it to have a balanced budget, and because the transit system was already running at a large deficit, it seemed that the twenty-cent fare might have to rise more than fifty per cent. This would happen "over my dead body," said Lindsay, dramatically, but no one required him to play dead when, after the legislature rejected his move to hold the fare to twenty-five cents by, among other things, increasing tolls paid by commuters driving into New York (the city has no taxing powers except those granted it by the state), Ronan prescribed a thirty-cent fare—actually sixty cents for many riders, since there are no provisions for transfers. A few days after that, Ronan proposed a twenty-per-cent rise in fares on the Long Island Rail Road, also an M.T.A. enterprise, but the commuters' screams of pain, unlike those of the local straphangers, were heard in Albany, and the M.T.A. discovered that a special state loan to the Long Island (which already enjoys a fat state subsidy, as the subways do not) would make it possible to halve the railroad's fare increase. This highhanded acting out of the political theory, also known to be popular in Washington, that rural and suburban votes are the only ones that signify was so blatant that Lindsay scarcely had to go through the motions of making his standard speech about the city and the short end of the stick. Though there was no question that, as the Mayor knew perfectly well, hard economics and good sense were on Ronan's side in the case of the subway fare, the M.T.A. chairman had succeeded in enraging the maximum possible number of New Yorkers. Their view of him was not improved by the fact that most published photographs show him with the pursed lips and cold eyes of a small-town banker about to turn down an applicant for a loan, or by the knowledge that, at Rockefeller's insistence, his annual salary was raised to seventy thousand dollars, making him the highest-paid city or state officeholder in the country. Lindsay, whose relationship with Ronan's sponsor has never been cooler, is presumably anything but depressed over the Governor's association in the public's mind with everybody's favorite villain, or over Rockefeller's clumsy observation along the way that, considering the fares in some other communities, the city's subway passengers were lucky to be paying only thirty cents a ride. New Yorkers are used to all kinds of verbal abuse, but a politician calls them lucky at his peril.

THE Mayor's little joke last November about finding places on his staff for Gil Hodges and Tom Seaver in return for the Mets' part in his re-election went no further, but delegates from all the other elements credited with important assists in his victory now stud the table of organization at City Hall, giving the executive branch of the city government a more ecumenical look than it has ever had before. Lindsay's three deputy mayors are a Liberal, a Republican, and a Democrat, who, by further good management, are an Irishman, an Italian, and a Jew living, respectively, in the boroughs of Richmond, Manhattan, and the Bronx. Deputy Mayor Timothy Costello, the former chairman of the New York State Liberal Party, is the single holdover from the first term. Richard Aurelio, the Republican, was Lindsay's campaign manager last year. It was Aurelio who, the Mayor plans to say in his book "The City," to be published next month, "held the ship together in the most turbulent seas I have yet sailed." The Democrat, Robert Morgenthau, was, of course, his party's candidate for governor in 1962, and for eight and a half years he was the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, compiling an impressive record as an enemy of organized crime. He resigned in December at the request of Attorney General Mitchell to make way for a Republican, Whitney North Seymour, Jr. Although his removal may well have been no more than a routine exercise under the spoils system, cautiously delayed for nearly a year after the Republicans took over in Washington, local Democrats have naturally preferred to view it as a sinister ruse to prevent further legal harassment of highly placed Republicans. The appointment of Morgenthau carried out a campaign promise made not by Lindsay but by John Marchi, his Republican rival in the mayoralty race—that, if elected, he would name a deputy mayor, "a good guy," to be in charge of going after crime in the city. This proposal had raised the question of how the Police Commissioner, the five District Attorneys, and the city's Commissioner of Investigation would then fill up their days. In naming Morgenthau, Lindsay mentioned that the new Deputy Mayor would also oversee the city's relations with the state and federal governments, but he didn't say that the city already has fully staffed offices for this work in both Albany and Washington. The outline of Morgenthau's extensive responsibilities was followed by the bad news that ecumenism doesn't come cheap; salaries and additional offices for the new Deputy Mayor and his staff would set the city back over half a million dollars a year. This considerably more than cancelled out Lindsay's virtuous gesture a week earlier of vetoing as unseemly in a time of urban crisis a City Council-sponsored raise in his own pay to eighty-five thousand dollars a year from fifty thousand.

Lindsay's staff appointments this time around involved little recourse to former Yale classmates or to the nationally known experts in technical fields for whom he ostentatiously scoured the country four years ago. The experts, it has been noted, had a tendency to take a quick look at the desperate nature of the city's problems and back rapidly away in the direction of more manageable assignments or into the shelter of foundations, where they could deal with urban questions on a higher level. One thing Lindsay was reported to be on the lookout for this time was a talent for organization and efficiency—qualities noticeably lacking in some of his first-term appointees. Gordon Chase, his new head of the Health Services Administration, for example, is well known as a first-class administrator but has no medical experience. Lindsay's most unorthodox appointment so far has been that of the new head of the Environmental Protection Administration. The Mayor chose former State Assemblyman Jerome Kretchmer, an energetic and flamboyant young Reform Democrat. Now that Kretchmer's scientifically qualified predecessors had got through measuring just how bad pollution was in the city, Lindsay suggested, it was time to bring on a politician capable of dramatizing the issues and getting the necessary bills through the City Council and the state legislature. The Administrator-designate's first demonstration of his talent for improving the local environment was impressive. Called on by Hunter College students and faculty members who had been stymied by M.T.A. red tape in their project to repaint and otherwise embellish part of the dingy Sixty-eighth Street subway station near the school, Kretchmer cut through the paper underbrush for them, and the Mayor invited Ronan to stop around during the rehabilitation

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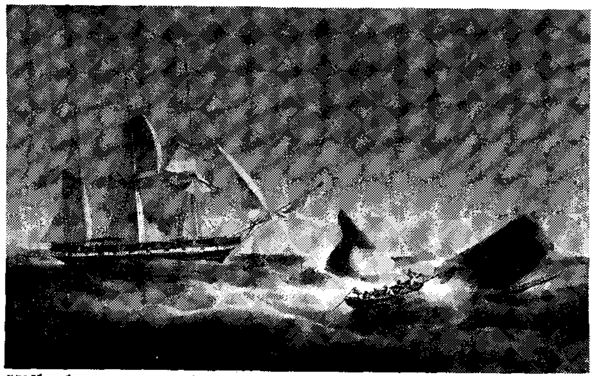
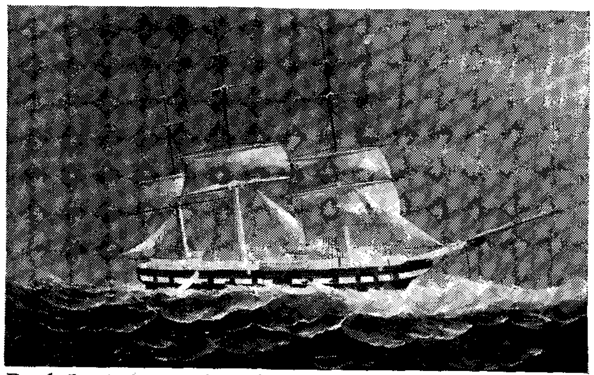
A most important auction of antique marine paintings with works by American, English, Italian, and Chinese artists; whaling artifacts; scrimshaw; rare Currier & Ives prints; rare Fall River Line prints; and many other related items. Illustrated Catalogue: $3.50 (By Mail $4.00)



Rare Whaling Scene by W. J. Huggins, signed and dated 1841.



American Bark In A Storm by Charles S. Raleigh, signed and dated 1878.

MARCH 28, 1970—10:00 AM

Collection of decoys, pewter, antique furniture, rare Liverpool jugs, edged weapons, firearms and many other collectables from the collection and stock of the late Russell Goldstein of Fall River, Mass. Illustrated Catalogue: $2.50 (By Mail $3.00)

Mr. Goldstein's noted personal collection of antique firearms will be auctioned Monday, June 8, 1970. Illustrated Catalogue: $5.00 (By Mail $6.00)

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The upagain downagain hemline

A SHORT STORY OF VARYING LENGTH.

Once upon a time
there was a fashion genie
who said, "let there be hems
to the knee," and all the
women of the land wore their
hems to the knee.

And then one day,
the genie said, "let there be
hems above the knee,"
and all the women of the land
raised their hems above the
knee... some raised them a little,
some a little more
and some went way, way up.

And then one day,
the genie said, "let there be
hems down to there!"
Well! By this time,
all the women of the land,
having been somewhat
emancipated due to various
and sundry social upheavals,
decided that while they liked
the genie's last decree,
they also liked his first two.

And so the women of the
land, to this day,
are still doing their
own thing . . . and all at
the same time!

The moral of the story is:
Genies are genies but there's
no genie like a woman with
taste who has a magical
tailor making her clothes.
Because no matter how many
hem lengths there are,
this magical tailor does them
all in just the right way.

And all the smart women
in the land live happily
ever after in Towncliffe.

The Towncliffe Attitude.

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bee. To everyone's surprise, the famously dour head of the M.T.A. was soon helping blow up balloons.

Like a number of other recent Lindsay appointees, Kretchmer sports a luxuriant mustache and sideburns that approach mutton chops, and he favors psychedelic ties and purple and chartreuse shirts—all of which contribute to the impression of metamorphosis at City Hall. But obviously the problems that confront the new administration and its manner of dealing with them won't necessarily change as rapidly as its sartorial style. On a recent Thursday, the new Board of Estimate, a body that lost some powers in the 1963 city-charter revision but retains the final say about many of the city's laws, held its second meeting of the new year in the big assembly room on the second floor of City Hall. Sitting around the elevated cherrywood horseshoe at the front of the room were the Board's voting members: Sanford Garelik, President of the City Council, looking a little tentative in his new political role after an adult lifetime as a policeman; Comptroller Abraham Beame, looking, in contrast, quite at home, having held his present job from 1961 until 1965, when he gave it up to run for mayor against John Lindsay; the five Borough Presidents; and Werner Kramarsky, representing the Mayor, who rarely attends Board meetings. Kramarsky, a slight, dark-eyed man, was making his final appearance before giving way to his designated successor, the vice-chairman of the Liberal Party. On the floor of the chamber, clustered around a small lectern, a dozen agitated residents of the lower East Side, white, black, and Puerto Rican, were trying to discover why a hearing had been put off for the third time on their request to be allowed to lease as a community center the Christadora House, a vacant city-owned building at East Ninth Street and Avenue B. Their lawyer, young and long-haired, explained to the Board that they were all working people who had now given up a third day's pay to come down to City Hall for nothing. They represented all the leading people in their neighborhood, he said, and while the city delayed, the building they had plans for was crumbling, going down. Shrugging his shoulders, Kramarsky told him that the Board had ruled to postpone, and the group filed out disconsolately.

A hearing followed on the South Zerega Avenue Urban Renewal Plan, a project for a sixty-acre industrial park in the Bronx. The owners of a number of small shops and factories were fearful that the park would displace them. "I know I am just a little businessman," pleaded a delicatessen owner, "but we all feel our own toothaches." After lengthy rhetoric from Board members establishing their support of small businessmen in general ("My father has been a small businessman all his life," announced Robert Abrams, Borough President of the Bronx), the Board voted to proceed with the project.

The largest share of the meeting was given over to the question of whether the eight private bus lines still operating in the city should be permitted to raise their fares to thirty cents. In the end, the Board voted to limit them to a twenty-five-cent fare, agreeing to use certain escrow funds at the city's disposal to make up the difference in cases of extreme hardship. This was recognized as a pointed lesson to Rockefeller on how a government with a heart could show consideration for the plight of its constituents.

One of the day's last decisions involved a large low-income city-housing development to be built in the Lindenwood-Howard Beach section of Queens, which residents of the area had delayed through legal maneuvers since June, 1966. Two well-dressed women who represented Lindenwood community organizations spoke against the project. The first presented a petition against it signed by thirty-five hundred residents of the area. Of the people who had been asked to sign the petition, she said, only three had been in favor of the project. The city was proving itself totally insensitive to its middle-class residents. The woman who followed her declared that the project, if built, would cause "intense and bitter hatred," and charged Mayor Lindsay with "generating the very emotions he promised to reconcile" in his statements last December about his hopes for his new administration.

Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, who is black, leaned forward. "Will the presence of low-income residents in itself induce hostility?" he asked the witness.

Oh, no, she said quickly, it was just that the community didn't have the facilities for such people.

"If the facilities were provided, would the community accept the people?" Sutton asked her.

The woman hesitated. It would have to reconsider, she said.

There was one more speaker against the project—Rabbi Rafael Saffra, of the Rockwood Park Jewish Center, in

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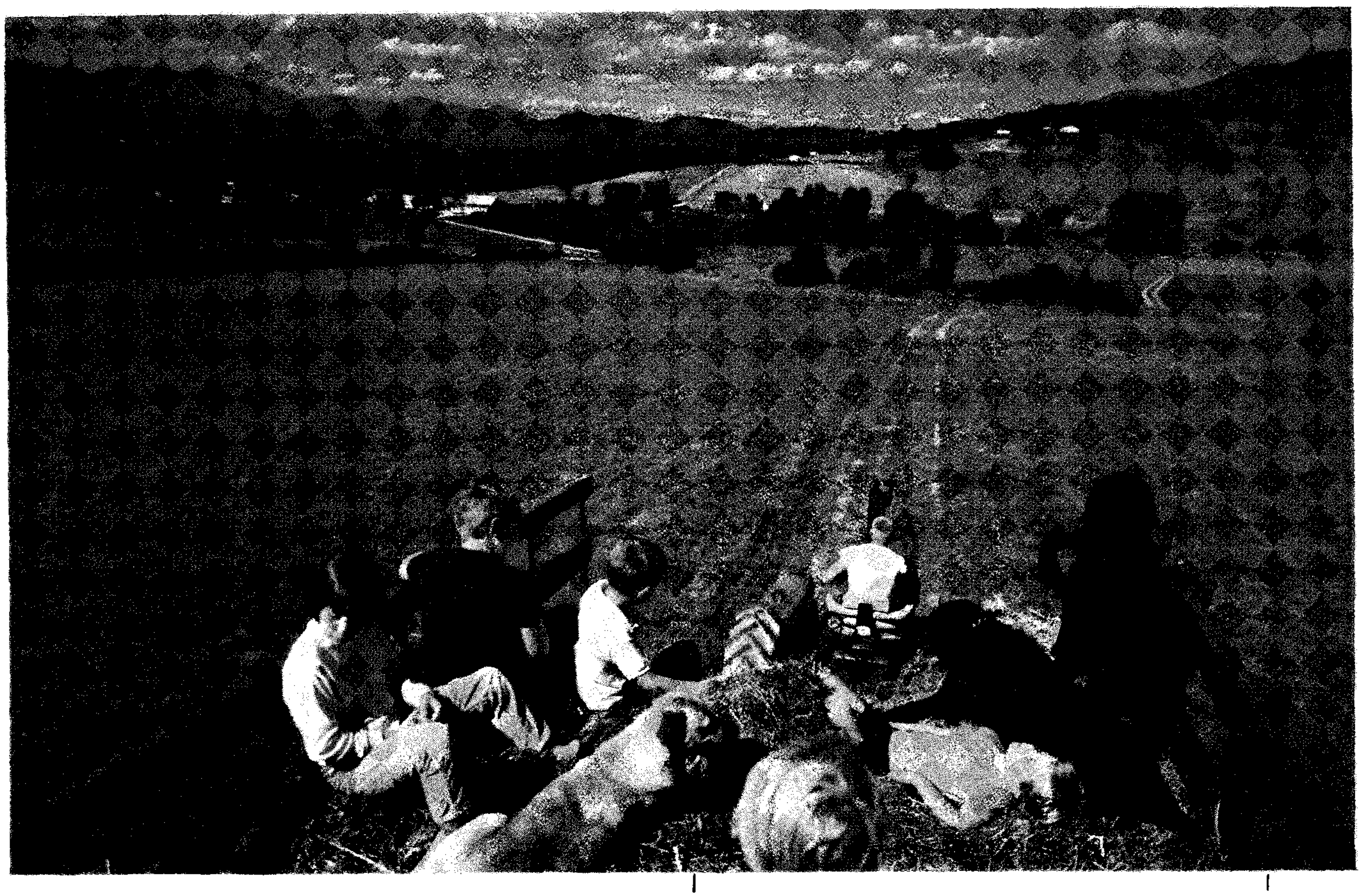

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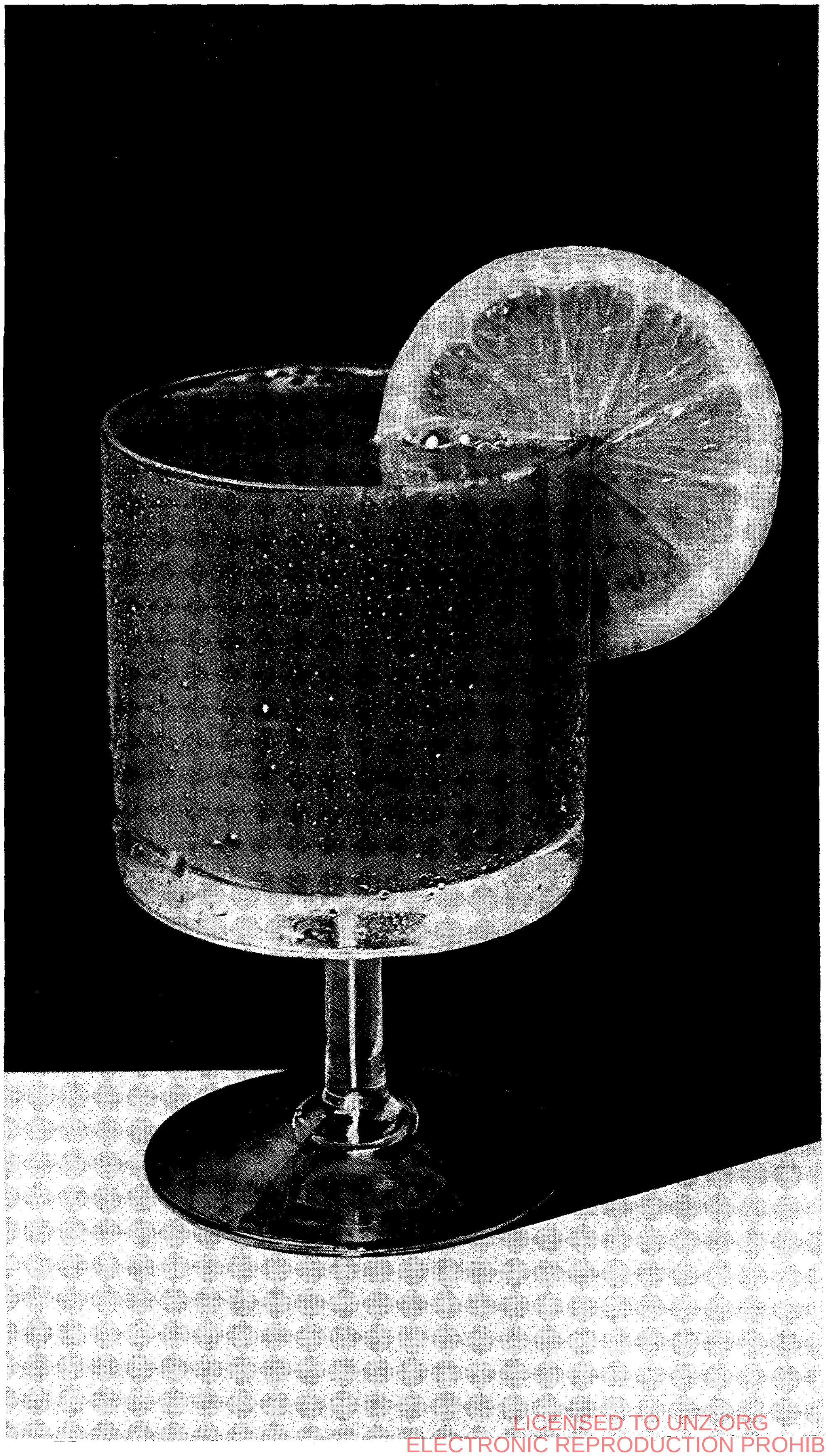

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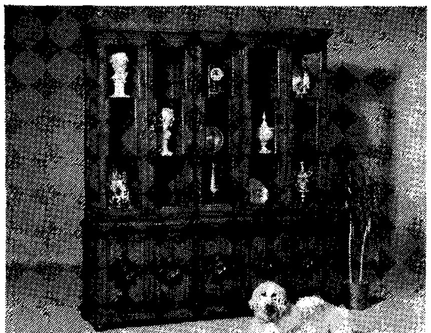

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Howard Beach. Ninety per cent of the people in his community, he said, were members of ethnic minorities. In the Lindenwood section, most people lived in fifty-thousand-dollar houses. The new project would not blend with such houses. Because of the threatened project, "panic and fear have settled across the hearts and minds of homeowners," the Rabbi said.

Sutton leaned forward again. "But where are they to go—these people who want and need to get out of the ghettos?" he asked the Rabbi. "If every time plans are made to help them, a community says it does not want them, where are they to go?"

The Rabbi suggested that the neighborhoods they were now living in should be "rehabilitated."

"You would therefore keep them in the ghettos?" asked Sutton. As before, his voice was very soft.

"Of course, I am sorry that there are ghettos, but that is the way it is," said Rabbi Saffra.

When the proposal was put to a vote, all the Board members except Sydney Leviss, the Borough President of Queens, voted in favor of the project. Kramarsky cast his vote in the Mayor's name, but first he made a small speech. "Change threatens people," he said. "Fear makes them invent reasons for being against change. They cite a lack of facilities and so on, which actually stands for quite something else." Addressing the delegation from Queens, he said, "Your community will have to undergo some change. I hope that the change will be salutary, that you and the newcomers will learn from living next door to each other." The people from Queens gathered up their papers and left, stony-faced. Two sharply dressed young men in the third row, who work in the city administration and who had been following the proceedings closely, also got up to go.

"Well, we finally got that one through," one of them said.

"Yeah," said his companion. "But have you noticed they never build these projects on the upper East Side or across the street from Gracie Mansion? It's always some poor slobs in Lindenwood who get it. And don't think they'll let Lindsay forget it next time."

SOON after the opening of a Board of Estimate meeting three weeks later, George Canaris, a bushy-haired citizen who makes a hobby of attending Board sessions, strode forward and waved his long arms at Edward Morrison, Lindsay's new representa-

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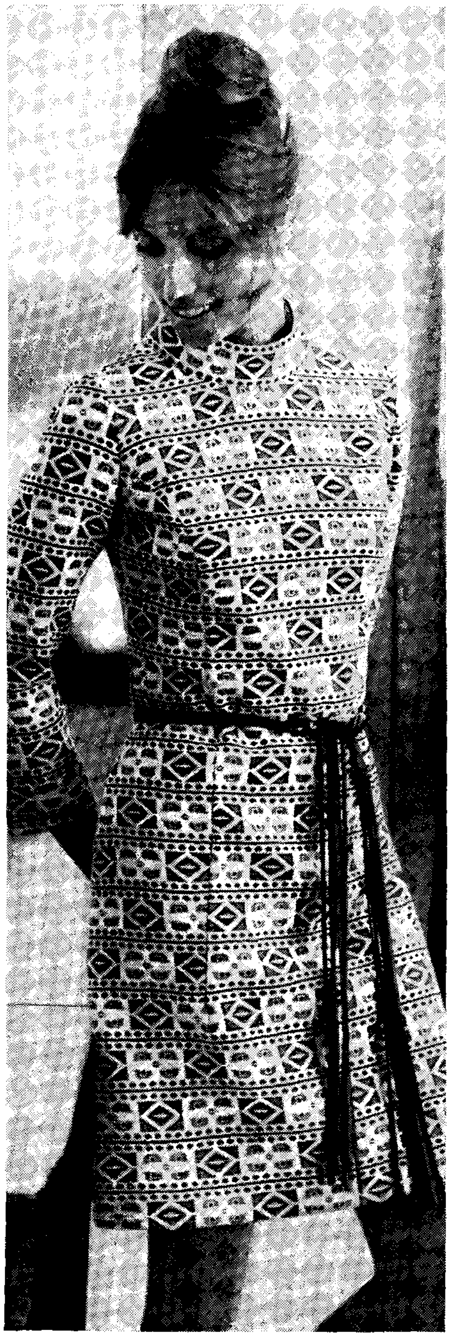

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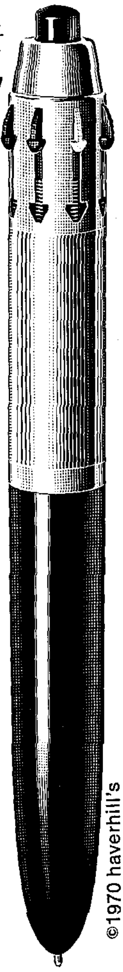

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tive. "What have you done with Mr. Kramarsky?" he demanded. Turning red, Morrison, a tall, balding young man, said he hadn't done anything with Mr. Kramarsky, who he understood had been promoted. The longest hearing of this meeting was one devoted to the Cooper Square Development Plan, which would provide more than a thousand units of lower- and middle-income housing in adjacent areas. Community leaders had come in record numbers to express their preference for neighborhoods made up of people of varying income, race, and, as quite a few of them put it, "life style." The area to be renewed and developed is, of course, part of the lower East Side, which is now more than fifty per cent non-white and which sixty years ago was a ghetto in the original sense. When the plan, which had been under negotiation in different forms for a decade, was finally passed unanimously by the Board, members of the audience—gray-haired ladies in tweed suits, tall black men, Chinese mothers with children pulling at their fringed blue-jeans, and long-haired young people of all races—cheered, shouted, flung their arms around each other, and, in some cases, cried.

A large crowd had come once more to argue the case for a community lease of the Christadora House, and these people left later in a far less jubilant frame of mind. Some thirty prominent lower East Side citizens spoke in support of the proposal, and the appearance among them of Barry Gottehrer, Executive Assistant to the Mayor for Special Community Problems, confirmed the badly kept secret that it was a Lindsay project. Two days before, however, City Council President Garelik had mentioned to reporters a rumor that some of the prospective Christadora sub-tenants might be pro-Castro groups and other militants. He had also expressed grave doubts about the amount of the appropriation for the new Deputy Mayor's office, and had voted against it in a private Board of Estimate session. In a dull news week, this had quickly been built into a program of open defiance of Lindsay, who had brought Garelik into politics by choosing him as his running mate last year. At this Board of Estimate meeting, Garelik, a former Chief Inspector of Police, asked the day's sharpest questions of the Christadora witnesses. Although the witnesses denied the pro-Castro rumors, the Board announced after a lengthy executive session that, with Garelik, Beame, and the Borough Presidents of Brooklyn, Richmond,

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and Queens in the majority, it had voted to postpone a decision on the Christadora matter still another month.

Since midmorning, gawky television cameras had towered at one side of the high horseshoe, and at intervals one of the photographers had run forward and waved a light meter in the face of witnesses or Board members. Avenue B community problems did not interest them. They were waiting for the Board's vote on the Morgenthau appropriation. According to a rumor streaking about the room all day, Garelik and Beame would combine with several of the Borough Presidents to defeat the proposal, putting Lindsay in the soup.

It was almost 6 P.M. when the television lights snapped on and spectators, blinking, saw that the Mayor had slipped into Morrison's seat. Smiling and exuberant, he did not look like a man about to lose one. Something besides a building lease had apparently been discussed in the long executive session. Almost casually he announced—the opposition must always be provided with a small face-saver—that forty-five-thousand dollars budgeted for the new Deputy Mayor's office for this half of the fiscal year would go to people already on the city payroll and that twenty-five thousand dollars "will not be spent." He then broke into an even broader smile when he saw who had stepped up to the lectern to oppose the appropriation. It was Mario Procaccino, bouncy, beaming, wearing a bright-blue shirt for television. Procaccino, the Democratic candidate for mayor last November, declared that, speaking now as an ordinary small taxpayer, he considered the proposed appropriation exorbitant, unnecessary, and "another political plum." But when the vote was taken, every member of the Board of Estimate voted with Lindsay except for Comptroller Beame, whose job, after all, is to keep a sharp eye on expenditures. Before the vote, the representative of the Borough President of Brooklyn made some revelatory remarks about Brooklyn's special needs that the Mayor might keep in mind during the next months. The room rocked with laughter. Before casting his vote, Garelik said in a low voice that, on reconsidering the figures the Mayor had provided, he felt that they were entirely reasonable. "They put the arm on the Chief Inspector," Procaccino went around telling everyone afterward, but, having been in and out of City Hall all his life, he didn't sound at all surprised.

—ANDY LOGAN

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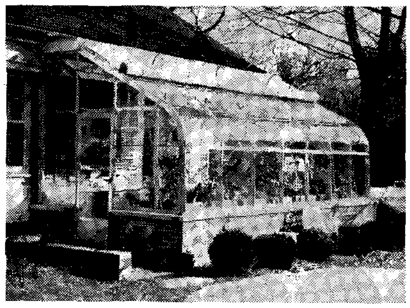

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BOOKS

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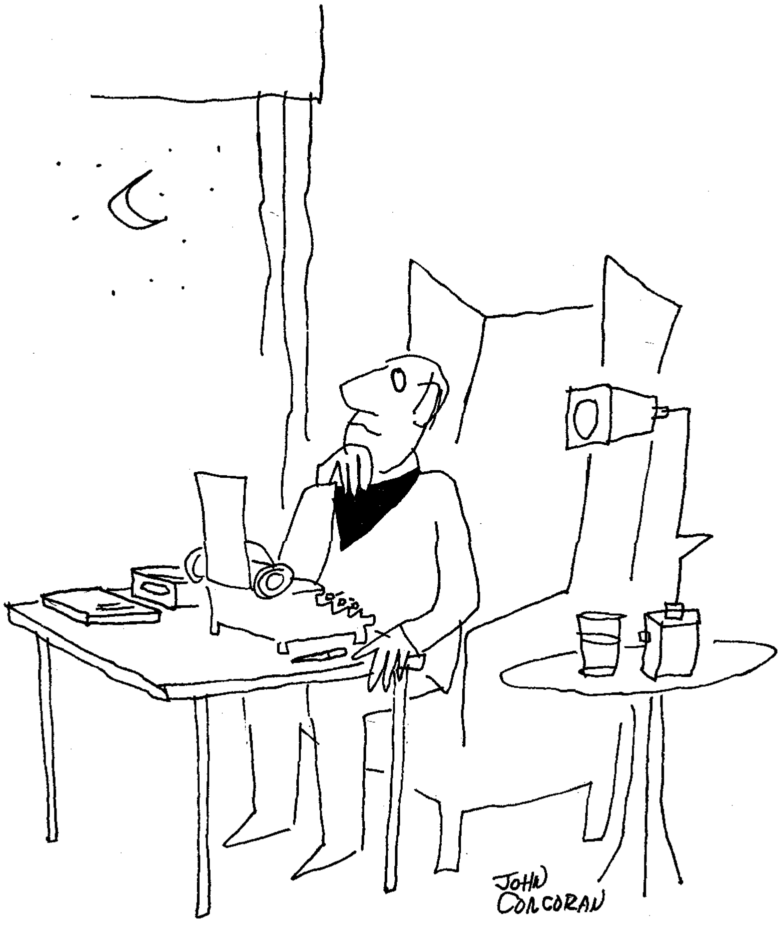
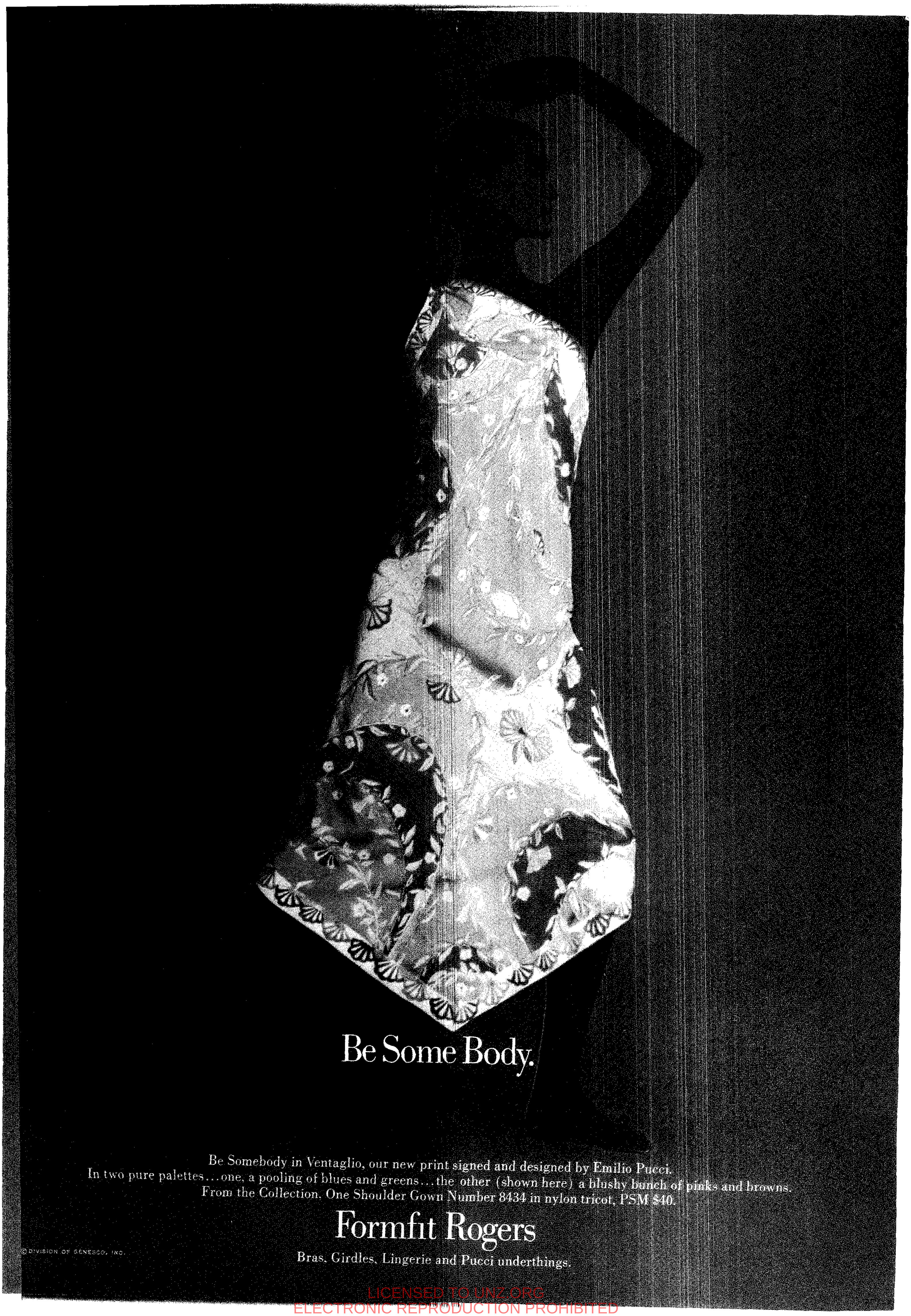
GRAHAM GREENE, now in his middle sixties, has just presented us with one more work, "Travels with My Aunt" (Viking). He has also presented us with an enigma. Just what is this new book, anyway? An extended piece of self-parody? A straight comic novel? A comedy masking a tragic parable? To answer these questions—and to place the book in context—I would like to glance briefly back over Mr. Greene's career. In the old days—before 1970, that is—he clearly labelled his fictions either as novels (i.e., serious works) or as entertainments (i.e., light suspense stories); in a book as recent as his "Collected Essays" (1969), the ad-card page neatly classifies ten titles as novels and seven as entertainments. "Travels with My Aunt," however, simply lists them all together as "novels," and is identified as a novel on the title page. Except for the difficulties it raises in classifying the newest book—I'll get to them in a minute—this lumping together may be just as well, for some of the books have moved back and forth across the line over the years. If I am not mistaken, the author moved one of them—"Brighton Rock"—from "entertainment" to "novel" some years after it was published. If I had to make my own list of his six most lasting books, it would jump all over the lot, from "Journey Without Maps" (1936), a stunning travel book with the force of Greene's best fiction, on through "Brighton Rock" (1938) to "The Power and the Glory" (1940), "The Heart of the Matter" (1948), and "Twenty-One Stories" (1954), concluding with the then entertainment "Our Man in Havana" (1958). Some of the earlier and later books, though still highly readable—Greene is, as everyone agrees, a splendid storyteller—are either too thin and topical to survive ("The Confidential Agent," "The Ministry of Fear") or too steeped in Greene's elegiac tone and mystico-religious ardor to remain this side unbelievability and bathos ("The End of the Affair").

This is not meant as a dismissal. Greene has given us, in his unmistakable voice over these thirty-five years, a series of tales of uncommon civility, imagination, humor, and compassion; he has definitively described hundreds of known and unknown places; he has filled a stage—or, rather, a sound stage, for he was among the first to see the action of a novel from a cinematographer's point of view—with characters we will remember; and he has encompassed the terrors of his time without being engulfed by them. Nevertheless, he may be in some danger, at this point in his career, of letting down, of coasting on his reputation, of writing loosely and self-indulgently, of turning upon himself, in the self-mocking guise of the public man ribbing the private writer, and reducing his art to parody. Hemingway, sad to say, did this unconsciously in his later years; Fitzgerald, even more sadly, did it on purpose, in such painful late work as the "Pat Hobby Stories;" only Waugh, of the modern writers who come readily to mind, managed to turn the war between private self and public image in a writer's later and more celebrated years into a great novel, "The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold." Greene has not followed the classic course of the twentieth-century novelists: early fame, early consolidation, steep and rapid decline. (His development, it is true, has had many peaks and valleys, and his greatest successes are often interspersed with relative failures.) For that reason, despite the perhaps ominous appearance of a certain stockness, a certain roteness in his next-to-last novel, "The Comedians" (1966), I am quite prepared to believe that he will dazzle us again with future novels, comic or serious.



The Role of the Church in a Changing World

"Travels with My Aunt" is not the book to do this. It is a pastiche of Graham Greene past and present. It is unbuttoned and expansive. It is the Author Having Fun. He does indeed, and we do. He riddles the story with agreeable jokes, amusing descriptions, and witty dialogue; he kids himself and his contemporaries; he creates one enduring character (Aunt Augusta) and describes a place we will not forget (Boulogne). Yet there is something less than serious—and it is, naturally, necessary to be very serious in order to be very funny—about the author's attitude toward the book. He seems to subordinate his own tone, voice, and vision to the requirements of a stunt or *jeu d'esprit*, and not one that comes naturally to a Graham Greene. The story begins well within his familiar ambit. It begins, in fact, as virtually all the good British suspense stories of the last thirty years—Greene's, Ambler's, Household's—do: with the encroach-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ment of chance and circumstance, of the whole menacing outside world, on an insular, innocent, ordinary man. But Greene's ordinary man is, even for the genre, excessively flat and dull. He is Henry Pulling, a prematurely retired London bank manager; his life is solitary and featureless, his interests confined to dahlia-growing. He is so by design, I would guess, and as a conscious spoof of this kind of thriller hero—a masterpiece of nullity, which disqualifies him as an object of our (or the author's) interest and compassion for the remainder of the book. He is overshadowed throughout by Aunt Augusta, the still unretired *grande horizontale* of seventy-three who sweeps back into his life at his mother's funeral and proceeds to make him her companion and confidant on a series of improbable journeys—to Brighton, to Paris and Istanbul, to South America. Once we have accepted her unlikely but artfully drawn character—her eternally red hair, her habit of forming complete and syntactically impeccable sentences in casual conversation, her string of aged con-man lovers, her crooked black butler and bedfellow Wordsworth, her Edwardian imperiousness, and her sweeping disregard for the law—we can reasonably expect the story to take wing and carry us along to an unpredictable and satisfactory conclusion. Unfortunately, the book does not get off the ground. It was one thing, in "Our Man in Havana," for us to shelve our disbelief and accept the possibility that Wormold, a lovely and ludicrous man trapped by financial necessity, could become an impromptu secret agent and pass the plans of a vacuum cleaner off as those of a secret weapon; it is another to accept the series of assaults on our credulity that "Travels with My Aunt" presents. We are asked to believe that a dotty fortune-teller's predictions could turn out entirely true, that Aunt Augusta could smuggle a suitcase full of ten-pound banknotes out of England and into France on a commercial airliner, that she could convey a gold ingot from Paris to Istanbul without detection, that the blank and reticent bachelor Henry Pulling could renounce his life in London and settle down happily to a future of Browning-reading with a sixteen-year-old bride in Paraguay.

If that last reference rings a bell, it is probably meant to. Throughout the book, Greene salutes or cocks a snook at himself and other writers. The Orient Express episode, in which the train is without food, uncomfortable, and any-

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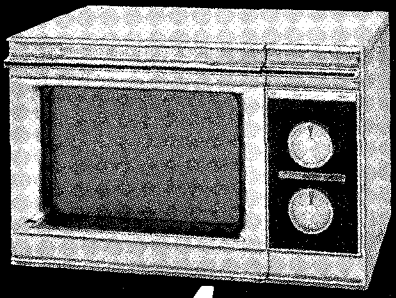

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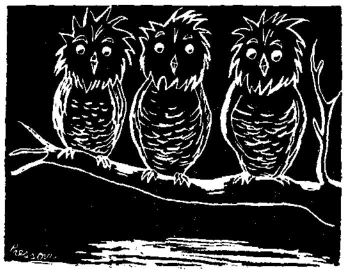

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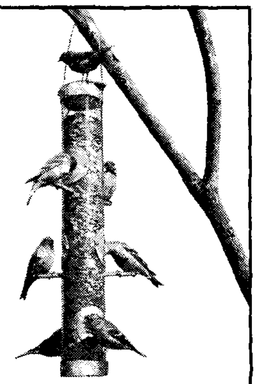

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thing but "glamorous," is an extended joke on Greene's own early thriller, "Stamboul Train." The Turkish colonel of police Aunt Augusta falls foul of is Hakim—one letter removed from the redoubtable Colonel Haki of "A Coffin for Dimitrios." And the hero of a trashy spy story she consumes is "a tough, sentimental man called Amis." But the form of the whole book, which may account for the allusion at the end, is Waugh. A series of utterly unexpected events that carry the hero from balmy skies to boiling oil and back again, a series of intercessions by powerful friends and foes that by turn exalt and debase him, a series of vivid depictions of official and private lunacy that contrast with his diffident sanity: all these are patents of Mr. Waugh's. Through the arrogance of Waugh's stage management, the rigor of his prose, the heartlessness of his confrontations, he at length makes us feel love and sorrow for a Tony Last, a William Boot, a Guy Crouchback.

But this is not Mr. Greene's style at all. He does not put his people through their paces, ring the changes on their lives, from above or afar; rather, he (like his reader) enters into the character—Pinkie, Scobie, Wormold—from the start. Compassion for the character, and the character's opposition to his world, are posited; the whole novel (or entertainment) is always built up from that point and point of view. There is a dogged, even a bloodhound adherence *to that character, that viewpoint,* all the way. At the end, when he yields to persuasion or coercion or is destroyed by his intransigence, we have the impression of a single life, a single thread, followed down to where it knots or breaks; the world is a setting, a countervailing force, but never, as in Waugh, a mad machine that subsumes and denies all its people alike.

I urge you to read "Travels with My Aunt" for the fun in it. I ask you not to expect Graham Greene at his best. And I hope that both of us can look forward to a new Graham Greene, a year or two from now, in which this strong and accomplished writer once more extends himself to extend the limits of his art. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHILDREN ARE CIVILIANS TOO, by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill). Twenty-six sketches and stories written between 1947 and 1951, when Mr. Böll was in his

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All but one of these pieces appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

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my jacket designer, my binder,
my advertising agency, and my muse,
for making all this possible."

THE 21ST ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 4th, the seven winners of the 1970 National Book Awards will be honored in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are the books by American authors published in the United States in 1969 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

ARTS AND LETTERS

LILLIAN HELLMAN—*An Unfinished Woman*, A Memoir. Little, Brown
RICHARD HOWARD—*Alone With America*, Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950. Atheneum
NOEL PERRIN—*Dr. Bowdler's Legacy*, A History of Expurgated Books in England and America. Atheneum
JOHN UNTERECKER—*Voyager*, A Life of Hart Crane. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
GORE VIDAL—*Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship*. Little, Brown

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

VERA AND BILL CLEAVER—*Where the Lilies Bloom*, (Ill. by Jim Spanfeller). Lippincott
EDNA MITCHELL PRESTON—*Pop Corn & Ma Goodness*, (Ill. by Robert Andrew Parker). Viking
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER—*A Day of Pleasure*, Stories of a Boy Growing Up in Warsaw. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
WILLIAM STEIG—*Sylvester and the Magic Pebble*, (Illustrated by the author). Windmill Books/ Simon & Schuster
EDWIN TUNIS—*The Young United States 1783 to 1830*, (Illustrated by the author). World Publishing

FICTION

LEONARD GARDNER—*Fat City*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LEONARD MICHAELS—*Going Places*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
JOYCE CAROL OATES—*Them*. Vanguard Press
JEAN STAFFORD—*The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
KURT VONNEGUT, JR.—*Slaughterhouse-Five or The Children's Crusade*. A Seymour Lawrence Book/ Delacorte Press

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DEAN ACHESON—*Present at the Creation*, My Years in the State Department. W. W. Norton
TOWNSEND HOOPES—*The Limits of Intervention*. David McKay
T. HARRY WILLIAMS—*Huey Long*. Alfred A. Knopf
JOHN WOMACK, JR.—*Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*. Alfred A. Knopf
GORDON S. WOOD—*The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787*. Univ. of North Carolina Press

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

KENNETH E. BOULDING—*Beyond Economics*, Essays on Society, Religion, and Ethics. Univ. of Mich. Press
LOREN EISELEY—*The Unexpected Universe*. Harcourt, Brace & World
ERIK H. ERIKSON—*Gandhi's Truth*, On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. W. W. Norton
ROLLO MAY—*Love and Will*. W. W. Norton
THEODORE ROSZAK—*The Making of a Counter Culture*, Reflections on the Technocratic Society and Its Youthful Opposition. Doubleday

POETRY

DANIEL BERRIGAN—*False Gods, Real Men*. Macmillan
ELIZABETH BISHOP—*The Complete Poems*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI—*The Secret Meaning of Things*. New Directions
ROBERT LOWELL—*Notebook 1967-68*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
PHILIP WHALEN—*On Bear's Head*. Harcourt, Brace & World/Coyote

TRANSLATION

DENISE LEVERTOV—*Selected Poems*, Eugène Guillevic. New Directions
RALPH MANHEIM—*Castle to Castle*, Louis-Ferdinand Céline. A Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press
PHILIPPE RADLEY—*The Italics Are Mine*, Nina Berberova. Harcourt, Brace & World
RICHARD SEAVER & HELEN R. LANE—*Manifestoes of Surrealism*, André Breton. Univ. of Michigan Press
JOHN UPTON—*Cumboto*, Ramón Díaz Sánchez. Univ. of Texas Press

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

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early thirties and just beginning to publish. He had spent six years in the war as a soldier, and been wounded and made a prisoner. All but three of his stories are told in the first person, and the characters are either soldiers at the front, in hospitals, or in prison camps, or men trying (usually unsuccessfully) to adjust to peace after 1945. The author's viewpoint ranges from realistic through fantastic to mystical. Curiously, none of the results is moving, as though Mr. Böll's diffuse style needed more space than these brief pieces afford.

Love Story, by Erich Segal (Harper & Row). This story of the love and marriage of a Radcliffe girl and a Harvard boy is small, sticky, and spongy—a trifle as ever was.

GENERAL

Russian Prospect, by Erik de Mauny (Atheneum). The author began to learn Russian as a youth in New Zealand and, after the Second World War, studied more Russian in London. He has also translated from the French. The reader benefits from de Mauny's sense of language in two ways: the writing is attractive, and de Mauny evidently can grasp a foreign culture, even to that difficult level of recognizing what he does not understand about it. His recollection of his three-year stint as the B.B.C.'s Russian correspondent deals with day-to-day living in Moscow, making a documentary film in Siberia, meetings with Kim Philby, and covering news stories. De Mauny likes Russians and dislikes their repressive government, but, like almost everybody else who has thought about it, he has no idea how much repression is traditionally Russian and how much specifically Communist. His book is a first-class—personal (but not idiosyncratic), good-tempered, intelligent, and warm—account of a reporter's discoveries about the Soviet Union.

Ireland's Civil War, by Calton Younger (Taplinger). A thorough, impartial account of the war between Irishmen that took place after Ireland (according to some patriotic Irishmen) had won her war against England or (according to other patriotic Irishmen) had been duped into accepting a treaty that offered less than Irish freedom. The author, an Australian, is not dispassionate—he feels the Irish Civil War of 1922-23 was tragic, horrifying, and mistaken—but he has done his best to understand and explain how it came about. He has used unpublished sources, among them records of British Cabinet debates on Irish policy. These show that de Valera and other anti-treaty leaders were wrong in assuming that England's final offer was a bluff, for the English Cabinet was indeed ready to go to war rather than make further concessions. However, Mr. Younger points out that de Valera's concept of association with the Commonwealth, a concession unthinkable to Englishmen after the First World War, became acceptable to them after the Second. Like many another definitive history, this affecting, engrossing narrative turns up few villains but many good men acting badly.

Africa in Prose, edited by O. R. Dathorne and Willfried Feuser (Penguin African Library). An excellent selection of African prose of this century, edited by a Guyanese and a German, with all the contributors black except for Castro Soromenho, an amazingly black-oriented white Mozambiquan. The selections range from some missionary-moral and prissy works characteristic of the early years of the century to some impressive fiction of the present: a shattering selection from "A Walk in the Night," by the South African novelist Alex la Guma; a subtle and understated story by the Tanzanian writer D. N. Malinwa; and a modern symbolist story by a Nigerian writer with the memorable name of Edward Babatunde Horatio-Jones. An admirable book, depressing only when one realizes how many of the talented contributors are Ibo, now caught up in the agonies of the fall of Biafra.

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Another point is that we are havint the whole hotel inspected again to ensure that everything is perfect. Itrust that the odd members of my management team passing through the rooms will not bother you unnecessarily.—*Part of a welcoming letter that a guest of the Hotel Sonesta, Milan, found in his room.*

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•

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